

J. R. Kamm

Library of the Theological Seminary.

PRINCETON, N. J.

Green Fund

Feb. 13/79

BX 5199 .M27 M3 v.2
Marsh, Catherine, 1818-1912.
The life of the Rev. William
Marsh, D.D.

Sixty.....





Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2015



BECKENHAM CHURCH.

THE LIFE

OF THE

REV. WILLIAM MARSH, D. D.

BY HIS DAUGHTER,

THE AUTHOR OF 'MEMORIALS OF CAPTAIN HEDLEY VICARS.'

*By Mrs. Matilda H. Chalmers
niece Marsh*

'He had eyes lifted up to heaven, the best of books in his hand, the law of truth was written upon his lips, the world was behind his back. He stood as if he pleaded with men; and a crown of gold did hang over his head.'

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

VOL. II.

NEW YORK:
ROBERT CARTER AND BROTHERS,
No. 530 BROADWAY.
1867.

CHAPTER XI.

ONE HOME AGAIN.

' O DAYS of Heaven, and nights of equal praise,
Serene and peaceful as those heavenly days
When souls drawn upwards in communion sweet
Enjoy the stillness of some calm retreat,
Discourse, as if released and safe at home,
Of dangers past, and wonders yet to come,
And spread the sacred treasures of the breast
Upon the lap of covenanted rest.'

COWPER.



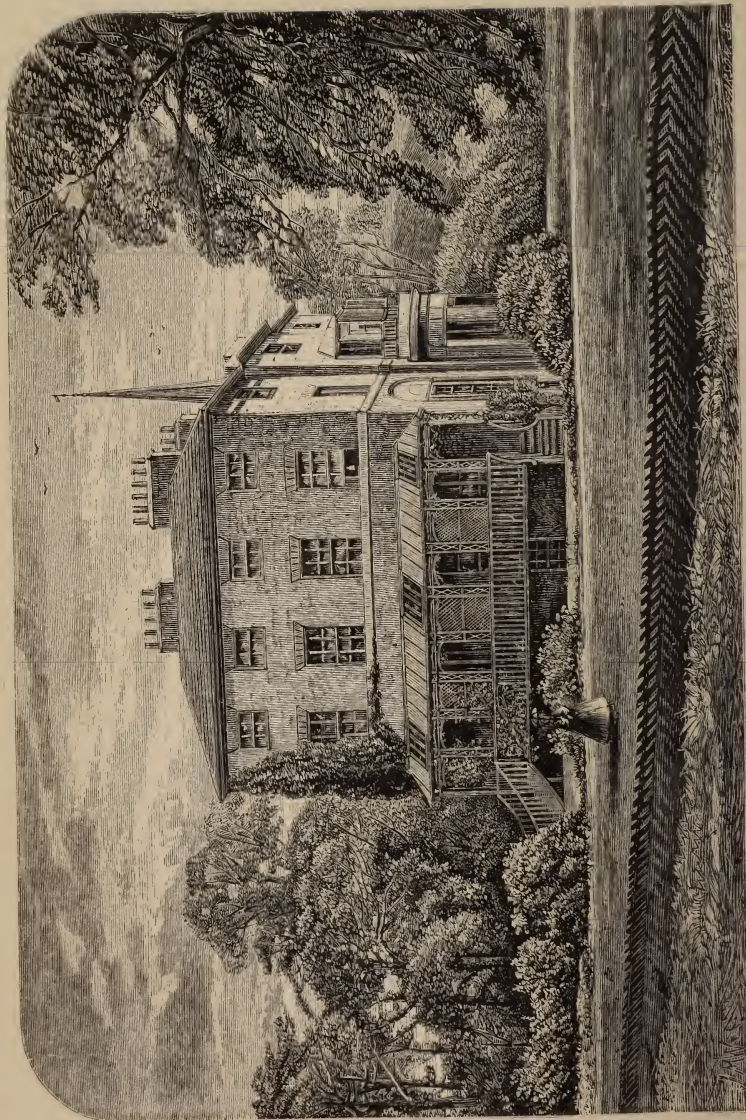
ONE HOME AGAIN.

EARLY in the spring of 1851, Mr. Chalmers was presented to the living of Beckenham, in Kent. The first letter which he wrote, after accepting it, was to my father, affectionately to urge him to resign a charge too heavy for his advancing years; and to come and take up his abode at Beckenham Rectory, occupying himself with any share in the services of the Church to which he might feel equal, without the constraint of necessity. My father felt the wisdom of this counsel, and after brief consideration he accepted the proposal so lovingly made, recognising it as the answer to the prayer in which he had agreed to unite with my sister. But he delayed his departure from Leamington for a few months, until a judicious and devoted Christian minister, the Rev. Thomas Bromley, was found to succeed him at St. Mary's. When this appointment was made, he prepared with delight to share one home again with his beloved daughter and son-in-law. But his happiness in the prospect of this family reunion was not unmixed with tender regrets for the friends and parishioners whom he was about to leave. Within the large circle of his acquaintance in

Leamington, he had attached to himself in an especial manner, a small knot of friends, who, in addition to their value for his ministry, were bound to him by ties of warm Christian affection. Amongst these may be mentioned Mr. and Mrs. Earle of Newbold Firs, whose agreeable society, with that of their bright young family, he frequently enjoyed at his own house; the Rev. James Riddell, who with his devoted wife and daughters were ever ready to assist in works of piety and benevolence. Mrs. Paske, a beloved friend of Colchester days, who, with her daughter, had settled at Leamington, chiefly for the sake of being near their old pastor; and Mr. and Mrs. O'Halloran, who were linked with all his interests in the place.

Testimonies to the reverence and affection with which he was regarded, flowed in from all sides. Amongst others, an eminent Nonconformist minister, the Rev. Dr. Octavius Winslow, thus wrote: 'The religious associations in Leamington meet now with depression and a sense of loss. It would be impossible to describe how all of every shade of opinion miss the animated eloquence with holy unction, the youthful ardour and buoyancy with apostolical wisdom and tenderness, so happily blended in Dr. Marsh. We seem to have lost a uniting link. Wherever he was present, the Dove of Peace (we felt) was brooding overhead.'

On leaving Leamington, my father and Mrs. Marsh paid a short visit to her beloved sister-in-law, the late Mrs. Lyttleton Powys, and from her house he wrote that he hoped to arrive at Beckenham Rectory on Saturday the 19th of July, in order to give his children their



BECKENHAM RECTORY

earnest desire, that he should spend his birthday in his new home.

Children and grandchildren had been assembled from far and near to welcome his first arrival at Beckenham. The best suite of rooms in that charming rectory had been reserved for him and Mrs. Marsh, by the thoughtful love of its owners.

My father was expected by five o'clock, but six, and at length seven had struck, and no sign of his arrival was given. In the dulness of 'hope deferred,' the large family party sat down to dinner without his joy-giving presence.

Suddenly, however, a peal rang out from the belfry of the village church; and scarcely had they all reached the steps in front of the hall-door when the carriage was seen driving in at the gateway. Servants and lingering workmen at that inspiring call, hastily left their employments to follow the family; and almost as quickly my sister's little son climbed out of his crib in the nursery, to run down stairs and spring into the arms of his grandsire.

As he entered the house, the sweet voice of my eldest sister led the old and loved doxology—

‘Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost’—

in which every one heartily joined.

At the first note of the song of thanksgiving, my father uncovered his venerable head; and he bowed it in reverence, when the last note had died away, as he prayed, ‘Peace be to this house, and to all who enter here.’ Then,

with a look of radiant love around, he exclaimed, 'I dwell among mine own people!'

Immediately afterwards, he was led by my sister to see his own rooms. As he looked from the windows on the sweet English views of garden and lawn, and fields and wood and stream, his eyes were often lifted up in praise to God; and he said, 'I shall like to go from this paradise to the Paradise above.'

From first to last, he thoroughly enjoyed his residence in Beckenham. In addition to its own attractions, and the happiness he found in the large family circle, the easy access to London gave him the opportunity of renewing many of his old friendships, and of taking an active part in several of the religious meetings, as well as of sharing in other ways in the deep and stirring interests of the metropolis.

It was pleasant to see the welcome which, wherever he went, awaited him. In Exeter Hall, the sight of his silvery head was watched for, and his smile of recognition was sought both by clergy and laity on the platform, and by numbers amongst the audience in the body of the hall. His address was eagerly expected, and received with a general expression of warm interest and reverent affection.

At the meeting of the Society for Promoting Christianity amongst the Jews, he was peculiarly happy, and especially in his manner of addressing the Hebrew children educated at the Society's school in Bethnal Green, who are present on these occasions. Dearly did he love to listen to the rich melody of the national voice, in the anthems and hymns which they sang, before the commencement of the

meeting; and especially to the one with which they usually closed, beginning with this verse—

‘ When His salvation bringing
 To Zion Jesus came,
 The children all stood singing
 Hosanna to His name.
 Hosanna !
 Hosanna to Jesus our King !’

Frequently at these meetings might be seen the last of my father’s contemporaries and his first fellow-worker in the ministry, Mr. Haldane Stewart. They generally sat side by side, and their ‘hoary heads’ were ‘crowns of glory’ to those Christian assemblies.

He regularly attended also the meetings of the Bible, the Church Missionary, the Prayer-book and Homily, and the Soldiers’ Friend Societies. The Protestant Association too had the benefit of his earnest advocacy; and on its platform he often met, with no slight pleasure, Dr. Hugh M’Neile, the friend who from early manhood had been dear to him; whose warm sympathy had brought him from Liverpool to Birmingham, to speak words of comfort to my father in his deepest bereavement; and whose unwearied work for God, and unflinching courage in the front of the battle for Protestant truth, at all risks of loss of worldly promotion—had made my father continually thank God on his behalf.

Another of his pleasures, perhaps the dearest, in Exeter Hall, and elsewhere, was to meet on every platform where the cause of scriptural religion or philanthropy was advocated,—the man known and respected even in the dingy

alleys of St. Giles's, and among the haunts of thieves—the friend of the friendless, the champion of the overtaken, himself working harder than any, to redress the wrongs of the poor and needy—the Earl of Shaftesbury.

But if meeting with valued friends on these occasions was a delight to him, it would be impossible to describe the happiness which filled his heart as he listened to the stories of territory after territory reclaimed from waste places of the earth for its lawful King—to whose final crowning, 'with many crowns,' His faithful servant was joyfully looking forward.

' PERFECT LOVE CASTETH OUT FEAR.'

' DEAR MR. GORDON,—. . . Oh, if the great day were kept in view, what different Christians we should be! "How will such a spirit or such a line of conduct appear then?" would be the great question. The more love prevails, the less fearful will be that day. "Herein is our love made perfect, that we may have boldness in the day of judgment" (1 John iv. 17). It may be understood thus—So that we have boldness in (reference to) the day of judgment. Because we are partakers of His nature, which is love. Again, "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren."

' More humility, and more love, would go far towards healing all divisions in the Church. We must pray for "all who profess and call themselves Christians."

' Love to you all.—Yours ever truly, WM. MARSH.'

‘AH, dear friend, if the Thracians wept over the cradle but rejoiced over the tomb, under the idea of the miseries of life being ended, how much more may Christians rejoice over the tomb of those who, like the beloved Henry, have entered upon eternal joys. The loss, indeed, must be felt by survivors, and especially by yourself; but in proportion as you can look beyond the grave,—for he is not there,—you will be cheered even in the gloom. His heart was overflowing with love. This arose from having known and believed the love that God had to him. And love is the true meetness for that kingdom which the blessed Redeemer, by overcoming the sharpness of death, has opened to all believers. I enclose my little tract on the loss of friends, but you need it not. May the Comforter bring to your recollection every soothing thought, and fill you with the delightful prospect of being ever with those you love, yea, ever with the Lord, the eternal fountain of joy to all His people.—Yours, dear friend, in true sympathy,

‘WM. MARSH.’

ON THE TESTIMONY OF SOME UNBELIEVERS TO THE
EXCELLENCE OF CHRISTIANITY.

‘WILL the quotation from Lord Bolingbroke answer any purpose with Mr. —— ?

‘Under such impressions as his, what deep research there should be as to the evidences of the Divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ, and what deep silence rather than speaking lightly of it, or inducing others so to speak.

‘“He that believeth on Him is not condemned: but

he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God. And this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil" (John iii. 18, 19). Here He solemnly condemns wilful unbelief. But we must despair of none.

' That great philosopher, Dr. Mason Good, was an unbeliever, but he became convinced that Christianity must be Divine, from the effect it had produced on a person he had attended as a medical adviser. He then read the Scriptures with diligence, and prayed God to enlighten him, and became one of the most useful Christians of the day.

' Lord Herbert, a freethinker, calls Christianity the best religion, and acknowledges that its doctrines and precepts aim at the establishment of those very articles of belief in which he says all religion consists. Dr. Tindall, a freethinker, says, that Christianity is a most holy religion.

' Lord Bolingbroke asserts, that no religion has ever appeared in the world, the natural tendency of which is to promote the purest happiness of mankind, like the Christian faith; that no system can be more simple and plain. "It is," he adds, "a complete system, adapted to answer all the purposes of religion, natural and revealed." He thinks that it could not be opposed by thinking and rational beings, had it been propagated with the same simplicity with which it was originally taught by Christ. "Supposing Christianity to have been an invention, it had been the most amiable and the most useful invention that was ever imposed on mankind for their good."'

‘MY DEAR FRIEND,—I do not in the least wonder at your desolate feelings. We are not angels, but of the human nature, and sorrow is a part of our portion here. But your desolate feelings are no proofs that God does not love you. I often think of the wisdom of Manoah’s wife (Judges xiii. 23). You have not only heard of salvation by Jesus Christ our Lord, but have believed there is no salvation in any other; and you will find it to be true, and will be enabled to rejoice in Him, notwithstanding the shrinking of nature from the sorrow under which you suffer. I lift up my heart while writing, that, though “walking in darkness,” you may yet trust that all shall end well. . . . You say you “would, but cannot give your heart to God.” “If there be first a willing mind, it is accepted.” “He knoweth whereof we are made, and remembereth that we are dust,” and has compassion on our infirmities. One of the Fathers said, “Take my heart, for I cannot give it to Thee. Keep my heart, for I cannot keep it for Thee; and save me in spite of myself.”’

‘IF Christians would take common sense as their guide, they would make such discoveries as to the Divine character and the Divine purposes, as would astonish and delight their hearts. But we must be patient towards all men, and not unchristianize any because they cannot see with our eyes. As long as they hold Christ the Head, and derive an influence from Him as members, all will be well. Light increases as I read, yet I have nothing *new* to advance. It is the old truth, the everlasting truth, that God is light, and God is love.’

‘ IF men had studied how time could be misspent, money wasted, temper injured, spiritual duties neglected, and religion be regarded rather as burdensome than as making the happiness of man, they could not have invented a better mode than the usual amusements of cards, assemblies, theatres, and such like.

‘ Where the treasure is, there is the heart ; and where the heart, there the happiness ; and where the happiness, there the God.’

ON THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS SECOND DAUGHTER’S
MARRIAGE.

‘ *Nov. 26th, for 27th, 1853.*

‘ LOST, ten years ago, a daughter, named Matilda Harriett Marsh. Gained, ten years ago, a son, named Frederick Courteney Chalmers. Both redeemed property, belonging to the Redeemer for ever ; and, through Providence and grace, both, with all theirs, mine for ever.

‘ *Text for the day.*

‘ “ In everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God.”

‘ “ And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.”

‘ *My Text.*

‘ The God which hath fed me all my life long unto this

day, the Angel which redeemed me from all evil, bless them all.

WM. MARSH.'

'Whoever will bring all "the property" here before Christmas shall have their carriage paid, and be handsomely rewarded.'

By the request of Mr. Chalmers, my father preached once every Sunday in the parish church; from time to time, also, he assisted some of the neighbouring clergy. There was a morning service every Wednesday in Beckenham Church, after which he regularly preached. Several of the clergy and laity from the surrounding parishes felt it to be a privilege to attend; gathering wisdom from his ripened experience, and deep Scriptural knowledge. Some of these friends would come to the rectory afterwards; and, whilst partaking of the ever-ready hospitality to be found there, enjoyed finding a place in the genial family circle of which he was the centre and the sunshine.

Children, grandchildren, and in later years, great-grandchildren gathered around him, delighting in the varied play of his pleasant wit, his store of anecdotes, told with brevity, point, and animation; his brilliant spirits, and inexhaustible sweetness of temper.

And none the less were they impressed by the manner in which he held every gift as a trust to be used for his Master; and consecrated every affection of that loving heart, by setting the Lord always before Him.

From the time when the Lord had called him, the language of his heart had been—

‘ Become my rejoicing, my stronghold of love,
My aim and my end ;
My glory on earth, and my glory above,
O Jesus, my Friend !’

And now, in old age, the steadily increasing knowledge of his Saviour, rooted in ever-deepening humility, had ripened into a conscious and abiding ‘fellowship with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ.’

He sustained the freshness of his mind by diligent reading. From eight in the morning till twelve at night he was constantly occupied in reading, writing, or conversation. Works of literature or science, the press of the day, leading reviews, biographies, and writings on prophetic subjects, formed his recreation. But his studies lay amongst the works of the old divines. The writings of the Reformers, of Archbishop Leighton, and Bishops Jewel, Horne, and Hall were some of his especial favourites. In Owen and Erskine, also, he found much food for thought. Not less was his interest in continuing to hold communion, through their writings, with the fathers of his own early day—Scott, Newton, Romaine, and other leaders of the evangelical revival of the last century—men of whom he was wont to say, ‘There were giants in those days.’

But far above all other books, did he read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest, the Word of God. A few years later, he told his children, that besides the constant study of the New Testament, he had read the Bible straight through more than fifty times. Rich was the harvest reaped from his meditation day and night in the

law of his God, by those who conversed with him on Scriptural subjects, or who had the privilege of being present when he conducted family worship.

It would be vain to attempt, by any fragments preserved, to give an idea of the mingled brightness and wisdom of his conversations. But some of the following thoughts may recal to those who knew him happy hours passed in his society.

These words were noted down, from time to time, by his eldest daughter, Mrs. Francis Trench, whose mind was in such harmony with her father's that she was peculiarly happy in calling forth his views on scriptural subjects. She thus writes :—

‘ One Sunday evening, when he was delighting us by his presence at Islip Rectory, after I had been singing his favourite hymn,—

“ There is a land of pure delight,”

he gave me another rendering of the last verse, which turns it into a prayer :—

“ Place me, O Lord, where Moses stood,
The promised land to see ;
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Could keep me back from Thee.”

‘ Then he added, “ Do you know that Moses died of joy? He was not allowed to enter the promised land. There were reasons for this. Moses was typical of the law, and therefore could not enter the land of promise. Also, the Lord would reprove his conduct on one occasion ; but though He could not allow him to enter Canaan, He would let him *see* it. ‘ Oh let me see that goodly land !’

So the Lord told him to go up the mount. When Moses was on the top of Pisgah"—(here he stood up and pointed out, in imagination, the various places)—"the Lord told him to look at the land. There is Bethlehem, where Messiah will be born; there is Galilee, where He will frequently teach the people; there is Jerusalem, where He will reprove the errors of the priests; there is Gethsemane, where will commence His dreadful agony; there is Calvary, where He will die a sacrifice for the sins of mankind; there is the grave of Joseph of Arimathea, where His body will be laid. From thence He will rise from the dead, and appear to many of His disciples. From Mount Olivet He will ascend gloriously into heaven. Then His gospel will be preached, and a way will be open to Jew and Gentile to have, through Him, eternal life. But, Moses, your people must pass through a fiery trial. They must be driven from their own land, and trodden under foot of the Gentiles, till the 'times of the Gentiles be fulfilled;' and when the tribulation is ended, they shall see Messiah in yonder clouds. They shall be converted to Him. They shall be more blessed than ever. From that period He will put His fear into them, that they shall never depart from Him. Jerusalem shall be the metropolis of the globe, and the holy of holies; Judea, the holy place; and the rest of the world the court of the Gentiles. Thus shall God be glorified in the final glory of your people!" And here he acted Moses fainting and dying—"I can bear no more!" He had had such a wonderful view of the whole dispensation, that his heart burst with joy."

‘Speaking afterwards about a testimony on a dying bed as not being *needful*, but *pleasant* when given, he mentioned that Mr. Cadogan had said, “Don’t tell me what his death was, tell me what his life was.”

‘On another occasion, he remarked, “If I were to speak to a wilful infidel, who propagates his unbelief, I should say, You are both unreasonable and uncharitable. What do you mean? It is not the way of sound reason to take the side of danger. If this Book be true, where are you then? You take the side of danger, therefore you are unreasonable. And you are uncharitable. This Book has been the comfort of many a sorrowing heart in this world. They have drawn their comfort thence. It has given them a hope beyond this world and its trials, beyond death and the grave. If you take this Book from them, what have you to give in its stead? See how uncharitable you are.”

‘Speaking of views which would, in this day, be called Ritualistic, he said, “They put tradition in the place of Scripture; the priesthood in the place of Christ; and the Sacraments in the place of the Holy Spirit.”

“There are two things a man should do: Follow his conscience, and endeavour to get his conscience as much enlightened as he can.”

‘One evening he gave us a beautiful commentary on the Romans; and, at the last chapter, he said, “Who are

those that may help in this work? ‘Phœbe, our sister;’ ‘Tryphena and Tryphosa;’ and you know the list. Women lent their aid then; and women, as well as men, may lend their aid now.”

‘Then, speaking of visiting the people at Islip, he gave me the following instructions: “In your visits, I would be short, not to tire the people, nor to take up too much of their time. You might say something like this: ‘A soul, a Saviour, and a heaven.’ ‘Time is short, with all its trials. Eternity will be long, with all its blessings;’ and then a text or two of Scripture. A soul: ‘What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?’ A Saviour, who ‘came to seek and to save that which was lost.’ A heaven: ‘In my Father’s house are many mansions.’”

‘He told me of an old woman, living by herself in an isolated cottage at Ashampstead, whom he asked one day, “Molly, are you not afraid sometimes of being alone all night?” to which she replied,

“My noonday walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.”

‘One Sunday morning, he said, “May this Sabbath day be a *high* day to many souls,” and then made the following verse:—

“May many troubled souls this day,
Like little Samuel, learn to pray,
‘Speak, for thy servant heareth.’
And many souls, oppressed with guilt,
Hear of that blood on Calvary spilt,
Which the believer cheereth.”

‘Speaking of the passage, Heb. xi. 6, he said, “Two things to believe: His being, and His bounty.”

“Faith, hope, and love are the great privileges of our religion. Let us daily pray that God may give us the increase of faith, hope, and love.

“*Faith*, in the first Coming of our Lord; hope, in His second Coming; love, to Him who came into our world to save us,—who lived and died, and rose again, and ascended into Heaven, and ever liveth to make intercession for us.

“*Hope* of the second Coming of our blessed Redeemer. The Spirit of Christ in all the prophets testified beforehand of the sufferings of Christ and the glory that should follow. Not one book of the New Testament that does not refer to it. In the 1st Epistle to the Thessalonians, it is mentioned five times.

“God is love; and he that *delleth in love* dwelleth in God, and God in him. Hereafter it will be inscribed on the skies of the universe, that ‘GOD IS LOVE.’”

‘One of my sisters went with me to his sitting-room late one night to persuade him to leave off reading and retire to rest. He was kneeling, with his back to the door and did not see or hear us (from his deafness). We paused for a moment before noiselessly retreating. His hands were upraised, and we caught the words, “Hasten, Lord, the time when the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and His Christ; when Thou shalt make Jerusalem a praise in the earth; when all shall sing, ‘Salvation to our God and the

Lamb. Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. Hallelujah!"

'At the close of Easter Day he said, "What an indulgence God has granted me in assembling so large a number of my children and grandchildren for Easter. All mercies come to us through Redemption.

' Every blessing, without measure,
Flows to us through Christ the Lord.'

"An old clergyman once said, 'When I come to die, I shall have my greatest grief and my greatest joy; my greatest grief that I have done so little for the Lord Jesus, and my greatest joy that the Lord Jesus has done so much for me.'"

"For a thrice threefold cord, look to FATHER, SON, AND HOLY GHOST, as the objects of faith, hope, and love, and this will enable you to live soberly, righteously, and godly. Yet a little while, and we shall find ourselves in a world where every thing will be to our hearts' content. I wish I could think of it morning, noon, and night, and of Him who became poor that I might be thus rich; a man of sorrows, that I might be thus joyful."

"WAITING for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of the body" (Rom. viii. 23). The idea is from ancient customs.

"A private adoption. A public adoption. The Christian's private adoption (Gal. iv. 6). His public adoption, the Resurrection."

“ Christian friendship soon begins and never ends.”

“ I am still able to preach twice a week, but I confess weariness; it is one of the few things in which we can be apostolic.”

“ True science and true religion are friends,—the God of nature is the God of grace.”

“ No effort in the Lord's service is ever in vain; but trust in the merit of any service is always in vain; and it is remarkable that those who do most good works are the last persons in the world to trust in them. ‘What hast thou that thou hast not received?’ is a text continually before their eyes.”

“ What would this world be without the sun, and what would our hearts be without the Sun of Righteousness?”

“ I would not live in this world without a Providence, nor leave it without a Saviour.”

“ Let us look to the antitype of the brazen serpent; to Him who uttered the words, ‘It is finished.’ Let us look at Joseph of Arimathea's empty tomb; let us go to the mount of Olives, and behold Him ascending to the Father's right hand. Oh, let us behold Him as ever living to make intercession for us; as offering up our poor prayers and praises, perfuming them with His merits, and see that we are accounted righteous in the sight of God for His sake, our sins forgiven, our poor services accepted. Let us pray

that all unbelieving doubts and fears may be removed; regard all discouraging thoughts as coming from beneath, all encouraging thoughts as coming from above. Pray that you may thus overcome the evil one. Men are little aware of his great and mysterious power, but thus you shall not be ignorant of his devices. Look to Jesus to bring you safe to eternal life, and believe that nothing shall separate you from His love; ‘neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord;’ and thus you shall have joy in believing.”

‘The following was written in a copy of Mr. Trench’s *Life of St. John*, when presented to a friend by my father:—

“ To believe with St. John,
 To love with St. John,
 To serve with St. John;
 This is eternal life,
 This is blessedness,
 This is usefulness.”

“ If I were to fall into a river and were just drowning, and some benevolent man jumped in and saved me, I should praise that man for what he had done for me; but if afterwards I heard that he was a very good and a very benevolent man, and did much good in the world, I should praise him for what he was in himself. So have we cause to praise the Lord for what he has done for us, and for what He is in Himself. ‘Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord.’ ”

‘ One evening my husband spoke of a reason why some to whom he had alluded had taken refuge in Romanism, namely, that they could not bear the thought of responsibility. My father remarked, “Then they choose a fellow-creature to be responsible for them rather than the Almighty Saviour Himself. I think,” he added, “that reply of Judah to his father Jacob would be true and beautiful if applied to the Saviour, representing Him as saying to the Father touching every soul committed to His care, ‘I will be surety for him; of my hand shalt thou require him: if I bring him not unto thee, and set him before thee, then let me bear the blame for ever.’”

‘ Mr. Trench quoted a saying of old Fuller’s:—“ He that falls into sin is a man; he that grieves at sin is a saint; he that boasts of sin is a devil.” My father replied, “ Only one thing more, He that forgives it is GOD.”

“ We should endeavour to remember our mercies. We remember our trials, but we are too apt to forget our mercies. Among the greatest is the forgiveness of sins.”

‘ Speaking of the blessings of salvation by Christ, he said,—

“ If a person is a believer in Christ, what does he gain ?

“ He gains the pardon of all his sins.

“ What more does he gain ?

“ He gains acceptance with God.

“ Anything more ?

“ Yes, the Holy Spirit to sanctify him.

“Anything more?”

“Yes, all things become blessings. The curse is turned into a blessing.

“Anything more?”

“Yes, all the strength he needs by the way; and then an entrance into Paradise.

“Anything more?”

“Yes, the resurrection of the body, made like unto Christ’s glorious body.

“Anything more?”

“Yes, to sit with Christ on His Throne; to reign with Him.

“Anything more?”

“I will tell you at the end of eternity.”

‘In speaking on the subject of introducing religious conversation in society, without knowing the character of those present, or how it will be taken, he observed, “We are sometimes too ready to fancy that it will not be well received; but,” he added, “it is very difficult at times, specially if there is nobody to support one. We have in the Proverbs, ‘A word spoken *in due season*, how good is it.’ The figure also is very remarkable, ‘*seasoned with salt.*’ It must not be too much.”

‘On a visit of my dear father to us at Reading, in May 1854, he told us, “I was baptized, confirmed, ordained deacon, and appointed lecturer, all in one parish. Coming here,” he added, “reminds me of all the way by which the Lord hath led me. A call for much humility and

much gratitude. 'Thou shalt consider in thine heart, and remember all the way in which the Lord thy God led thee.'"

'Referring to the future state, beyond the millennial period, he said, "The mediatorial work having accomplished all that was intended, then the Triune God becomes 'all in all.'" He considered that the inhabitants of our earth in the millennium would be "a race of men preparing for a higher state, as Adam in Paradise, supposing he had lived a thousand years there in an unfallen state." Then he added, "It appears to me that the millennial world is to be distinct from the 'kings and priests.' Kings have subjects, and priests have services. *They* are to 'reign with Christ' during the thousand years; and to 'serve Him,' 'seeing His face.'

"If we can only say Hosanna now, we shall sing Hallelujah then."

"That is a fine expression, not only liberty, but '*glorious* liberty of the children of God.' There are two other things mentioned in that chapter (Rom. viii.), the 'manifestation of the sons of God,' and the 'redemption of the body.' They have not yet been manifested. 'The world knoweth us not;' but 'when manifested,' they will enjoy their glorious liberty in a redeemed body."

'He remarked, "Though the passages are not many, I think they are very decided as to the consciousness of the spirit in the separate state, and quite warrant the beauti-

ful expression in our funeral service, 'With whom do *live* the spirits of just men made perfect.' The most clear, I think, is 'absent from the body, present with the Lord.'

'Speaking of Romans v., he said, "It is a wonderful chapter. The contrast between the two Adams, the one bringing death, the other life. The one bringing evil, the other good. The whole of blessing, preponderating over the curse, will be 'much more' than we can tell."

"The Law is subservient to the Gospel, by convincing us of our need of a Saviour, and the Gospel, when believed, becomes subservient to the Law, by producing in us the spirit of love."

"Our remedy under the consciousness of sin is to be found in Christ's merits and atonement. Our comfort under trials and temptations is in His sympathy; but we do not want sympathy in *sin*—for *that* we have *His blood* that 'cleanseth from all sin.'"

"The 'full assurance of *faith*' is a bounden duty. I have no right to doubt the Gospel. If I do not believe the record, I make God a liar. The 'full assurance of *hope*' is in our own perseverance to the end. There are many persons who have the full assurance of *faith*, who think they have no faith at all. They do not doubt the Gospel, but they doubt their own interest in it. You evangelicals," he playfully added, "make faith everything!—So we do. Believe and live; believe and hope; believe and obey; believe and love; believe and suffer; believe and serve; believe and go to heaven. I have only one

thing more to say. There is a wonderful passage to encourage the lowest degree of faith (Heb. xi. 6): 'He that cometh to God' has only to believe two things, the being and the bounty of God, and then he will have a wonderful display of that bounty in the Gospel."

"There was a serpent in the Paradise of man. There will be no serpent in the Paradise of God. That alone will make a vast difference."

'Speaking of Psalm ciii., in an exposition, he said, "David's harp was in beautiful tune when he wrote this, and he earnestly wishes to keep it in tune, and that to the best tune, the tune of praise, so he repeats it, 'Bless the Lord, O my soul; bless the Lord, and forget not all His benefits.' The memory is too often far too tenacious of what it ought to forget, and too easily forgets what it ought to remember."

"As to religious reading, I am more than ever delighted with the four Gospels. I like daily to read something that our blessed Saviour said, or did, or suffered whilst on earth. There are four things remarkably noticeable in His character: Majesty and meekness, power and gentleness. The greatest man upon earth is he who is most humble. I remember an old hymn, speaking of searching for the Saviour when He was upon earth, having this line—

'Mark the lowest, that is He.'

In the spring of 1852, Mr. Chalmers was requested to preach at Colchester; and on his return to Beckenham,

he brought to his father-in-law such an urgent entreaty from his old flock, that, after an absence of twenty-three years, he would once more come amongst them, that his heart felt constrained to comply with it. It was therefore arranged that at the approaching anniversary of the Church Missionary Society, he should preach for it in the pulpit of St. Peter's, by the warm invitation of the vicar; and spend a few days amidst his old and faithful friends.

Accordingly, in the month of June, he went thither, accompanied by several members of his family. On arriving at the station, he found a crowd of well-remembered faces smiling their welcomes; whilst on some of the elder ones were tears of joy. Peals rang out from belfry to belfry of the distant churches, sounding softly across the river. On the road from the station to the town, groups of aged women were seen, waiting to catch a glimpse of their beloved old pastor's face. Windows had been engaged, for invalids to see him, in the street along which he was to pass; whilst a younger generation who had been trained to revere him, and to know his face by the portrait which hung in so many homes, blithely followed the carriage.

Opposite the door of the vicarage, a large number of men had assembled, who reverently raised their hats, but suppressed a shout of welcome, because one who had been no less dear to them, and who was by his side when he left that place, was no longer an inhabitant of this world.

On Sunday morning, St. Peter's was crowded with worshippers; and when the musical tones of that familiar voice, which had not sounded within those walls for so

many years, were heard at the commencement of the Communion service, a suppressed exclamation of thankfulness was audible in several parts of the church. He preached Christ that day with even more than his usual tender earnestness. In the afternoon, he addressed the children and their teachers in the schoolroom ; and, in the evening, again preached at St. Peter's.

The old beadle returned for the day to an office for which his strength had long been unequal, and followed his former vicar with watchful care, looking more than once into the pulpit to see that he had him safe at last. Several of the poor came long before the hour for service, in order to secure places between the vestry and the pulpit, that they might be able to touch his gown as he passed. Every foot of ground in the church was occupied ; yet crowds were obliged to retire disappointed of entrance. A clergyman in the neighbourhood, and two Dissenting ministers in the town, had closed their respective places of worship that they might give their congregations the opportunity of attending at St. Peter's that evening, to hear words of 'truth and soberness' from the lips of one who had so long been 'esteemed very highly in love for his work's sake.'

Early in the week, my father pleaded the cause of the Church Missionary Society at the anniversary meetings. Wherever he went, his appearance was hailed with enthusiasm ; and every word which fell from his lips was treasured by that grateful people. The old tie, never broken, was renewed in fresh strength ; and year after year, from that time, until his health began to fail, he went to Col-

chester to preach and to speak for the Bible, the Jews, or the Church Missionary Society.

These visits afforded him the greatest pleasure; not merely from the gratification of the personal attachment of so many in different classes of life, but he had the joy, which an apostle counted unsurpassed, of seeing that his children walked in the Truth.

His excellent successor, the Rev. Samuel Carr, who, in his boyhood, had been led to the Saviour by my father's instrumentality, welcomed him with almost filial affection; and when, after his death, a stranger filled his place, it was with no stranger's heart that the Rev. Henry Caddell received the aged pastor. He opened his church and his home to welcome him, with loving respect, as a father in Christ, delighted that his parishioners should benefit by the experience of one so long and deeply taught of God.

On these occasions, he visited many of the sick, who had been formerly members of his flock. Amongst others the Miss Keymers, who in years of sickness and trial were finding the comfort of the truths they had learnt in early life from his lips. Mrs. Francis, a warm-hearted and consistent Christian, between whose family and his own a steadfast friendship had been kept up, principally by the frequent visits and correspondence of her eldest daughter; whose gentle and retiring character, blended with remarkable unselfishness and benevolence, had won his most affectionate regard. Since his latest visit to Colchester, that beloved mother and daughter have both fallen asleep in Jesus.

On leaving Colchester, my father usually went to

Birch Hall, the home of his long-loved friends, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gray Round. It was his delight to attend their annual Church Missionary meeting, held in the spacious hall, where neighbours and tenants, to the number of three hundred, assembled to hear from him and others, stories of the gospel of peace in heathen lands. But he never allowed himself to pleading for a society without remembering his ambassadorship, and its claims; bearing in mind to beseech those around him, in apostolic language, to 'be reconciled to God.' Nor did he forget to urge upon those who had found the way of peace, to 'press toward the mark, for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.'

These visits to Birch Hall were always seasons of most refreshing Christian intercourse, not only with Mr. and Mrs. Round, in whom he delighted; but also from the enjoyment he found in the society of the rector of Birch (the Rev. William Harrison), between whom and himself there existed a peculiar sympathy of character and view.

In the year 1853, my father visited Terling Place, in Essex, the residence of his beloved and valued friend Lord Rayleigh. In former years Lord Rayleigh had been quartered, for a short time, in Colchester, when he had but recently received the message of life and peace. Lord Rayleigh not only made diligent use of his leisure in attending the public ministry at St. Peter's, but also availed himself of every opportunity of gaining help and strength in private intercourse and friendship with my father.

They met again, after many years, with undiminished

feelings of attachment; and Lord Rayleigh's welcome was warmly seconded by his wife, who, though until then a stranger, had ever after her own place in the affections of her husband's old and revered friend. Here also he met, for the first time, one whose manly frankness and noble simplicity of character, combined with his bright and fervent piety, at once gained my father's heart; and who, on his part, looked up to the aged Christian with a tender veneration, which rapidly ripened into a close communion of spirit rarely seen between two friends of such different ages. The young stranger was Lady Rayleigh's eldest brother, Captain Hedley Vicars, of the 97th Regiment, shortly afterwards to become well known as a devoted soldier of the cross and his country.

On my father's return to Beckenham, after the first of his visits to Colchester, he was deeply interested in a medical man, who had come to stay in the village in a hopeless consumption; and who was in deep despondency of heart, as well as sceptical in his views of revealed religion. Great was the joy to my father of watching the opening of the fine mind of the sufferer to 'the truth as it is in Jesus;' whilst to Mr. Reeve, the very sight of my father's face seemed to bring thoughts of peace and joy.

In the summer of 1853, the numbers of workmen assembling for the building of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, and for the formation of the grounds, brought a great and long-lasting interest to Beckenham Rectory. My father shared in the whole, and in every detail of the work, with even more than his usual animation and wonderful power of sympathy. Although age prevented his

going much amongst them, yet, whenever they were brought within his reach, his kindly looks and venerable appearance caused his words of counsel to be listened to with respectful interest. He always addressed them after their tea-parties in the grounds of the rectory; and not a man amidst those numbers would fail to kneel down when he led them in prayer.

Few things delighted him more than the mingling of rich and poor in these festivities. His birthday was anticipated in the parish as one of the high days of the year. All the old people were invited to drink tea on the lawn; and an easy spring-van went to and fro, from one end of the parish to the other, in the service of the most infirm.

On the first of these occasions, two old persons, who had been bedridden for years, found the use of their limbs for the day. In some cases, strenuous efforts were made to prove that the required age had been reached; and even elderly looks were now and then pleaded as a sufficient qualification. But with all due allowances for such cases, it was computed that the united ages of the members of the first 'birthday tea-party' amounted to four thousand years.

Many friends from the neighbourhood, and from London, besides parishioners, were invited to see and share the enjoyment of the poor and aged.

After tea was concluded, my father prayed for a blessing upon all assembled, before speaking to them in his own winning manner; and then the following hymn was sung:—

' There is a land of pure delight
Where saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers ;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
That heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green ;
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood
While Jordan rolled between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross that narrow sea,
They shivering stand upon the brink,
And fear to launch away.

Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With faith's unclouded eyes :

Could we but stand where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.'

CHAPTER XII.

SHADOW AND SUNSHINE.

.
' They have ended life's brief story,
They have reach'd the Home of Glory,
Over death victorious !

.
Are we not upon the river,
Sailing fast—to meet for ever
On more holy, happy ground ?

.
Friends, who there await our landing,
Comrades, round the throne now standing,
We salute you, and we come.'

LANGE.

SHADOW AND SUNSHINE.

IN the midst of the consternation and intense excitement produced throughout the country, by the announcement of the first European war in which England had been engaged in the lifetime of this generation, my father took the deepest interest in the British soldiers called out—many of them for the first time—to fight the battles of their country.

No one could feel a more intense anxiety for British soldiers ordered out on active service than he did. He remembered that which younger men could only know from the calm pages of history,—the horrors of a great war. His thoughts, his sympathies, his prayers, were alike occupied with the subject; and he was the first to propose and commence a private subscription for providing every soldier with a pocket Bible or New Testament before the transports sailed.

Although unable personally to take any part in distributing them, he felt the warmest interest in having this desire carried out by a member of his family, in the first days of hurried departure of several regiments, and afterwards through the agents of the Soldiers' Friend Society.

He had been brought up amidst military associations from his childhood ; not only was his father a gallant soldier, but his grandfather had been an officer in the 1st Life Guards, and many of his ancestors had been distinguished for their courage in the field. These things may have helped to quicken his ready sympathies on behalf of the army ; but, apart from all associations, it would have been enough for him that men were going forth with their lives in their hands, and heroically to endure hardships and sufferings. Every plan of private benevolence for the relief of our brave and patient soldiers, during the terrible winter spent before Sebastopol, was joyfully forwarded by him, as far as lay in his power. At this time, he was the mainspring of the Soldiers' Friend Society, of which he was elected president, and for which he raised considerable sums of money by public and private appeals. He also united with the Duchess of Gordon in supplying funds for sending out, as one of the Scripture-readers to the soldiers, Mr. Duncan Matheson,—a man whose untiring energy and devotedness of spirit made him highly qualified for the work.

The tidings brought by Lord Raglan's despatch, on Good Friday, 1855, of Hedley Vicars' gallant death, at the close of his first battle, and in the moment of victory, pierced my father's heart with sorrow ; and, in the depths of his tender sympathy with yet deeper mourners, he told us that he had said, in the language of David when lamenting over his son, 'Would God that I had died for thee !'

He preached the following Sunday on the subject, with

some effort at first ; but Easter Day had as ever brought with it for him a vivid realization of ' that blessed hope,' the earnest of which it commemorates. Already his faith had grasped at the meeting on the resurrection morning ; so that his sermon became almost as much a *Te Deum* of victory as a lament over the slain.

One of his hearers was his only surviving brother. He was in failing health at the time ; but his deep and sorrowful interest in the subject of the sermon led him, at the risk of increased illness, to attend divine service that day (as it proved to be) for the last time on earth.

He was then, and for the remainder of his life, an inmate of the rectory. After the death of his wife, the beloved companion of fifty-seven years, which had taken place in the previous winter, Mr. Chalmers and my sister had brought him away from his desolate house to their happy home, where his rich and loving nature caused him to make his own the joys and sorrows of those around him.

He now became gradually weaker ; and in a short time was only able to rise from his bed for a few hours in the evening. Yet, in the midst of illness and suffering, frequent flashes of his gay spirits and irrepressible wit and humour lent a charm to his sick-room. A sitting-room on the ground floor had been thoughtfully given up for his use by my sister ; and from this time, it was arranged for him to sleep there, in order to save him the fatigue of going up-stairs, and as it communicated with the drawing-room he was able, almost every evening, to make one of the family party.

It was the delight of the two aged brothers to recall together the scenes and friends of their childhood, some seventy years before ; and many a hearty laugh might be heard ringing from voices which never lost the melody of youth. Very lovely was it to the eyes of children and grandchildren, evening after evening, to look upon the living illustration of a hymn which their uncle had so often sung—

‘ How blest the sight, the joy how sweet,
When brothers joined with brothers meet,
In bands of mutual love.’

It has been mentioned in an earlier chapter, that there was a difference in their religious views. Never had the elder brother ceased to pray for the younger with a faith which refused to be discouraged ; nor, as opportunity offered, to seek to remove his doubts and difficulties ; and to guide him to that Saviour of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets, did write, Jesus, the Son of David,—perfect in humanity, and ‘ God over all, blessed for ever.’

It remained for the last few months of the younger brother’s life to unfold a union with his elder brother which would endure throughout eternity.

It would be difficult to say in what manner faith stole into a heart so long sealed, until it took possession of his whole being, and opened a hitherto veiled heaven to his view. He could only tell us, that it arose through an inward conviction that those around him had found a happiness in the service of God, which he had never known in all his years of stirring interests connected with the things of this world. Long had his brother’s holy life spoken to

him like a message from heaven; yet it had been but 'as the lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice,' touching his feelings for the moment, and then the impression vanishing away.

But now the Holy Spirit had begun to convince him of sin, in a life which to the world seemed almost blameless, and the need of a Saviour became the craving of his soul. 'Old things had passed away; all things had become new.' He clearly traced this work of a Divine hand in his own mind.

'I see things in a different light now,' he said; 'all things are vanity, apart from God. What a life your father has led; how different from mine! Though I have not been what the world calls a wicked man, I have lived to please man, and not to please God.'

It was suggested to him by my sister, who was tenderly nursing him, that he had come to Christ now, and wished to please God through Him; and that our Saviour has said, 'Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out;' and that God speaks to those who come to Him through His Son, as 'accepted in the Beloved.'

'Yes,' he replied, 'I say, God be merciful to me a sinner!' adding, with fervent emphasis, 'FOR JESUS CHRIST'S SAKE.'

That doctrine of the Atonement through Christ's sufferings and death was once a great stumbling-block to him; but now he was led to rejoice in it, as a drowning man would in a rock on which he had suddenly found a firm footing. 'I have no other hope,' he said, and then asked for this verse to be repeated to him—

‘ Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;
 Leave, oh leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me.’

At another time he said, ‘ Tell your dear father how I thank God for such a brother. He seems to me never to have had a fault—born beautiful within and without ; I love him better every time I see him.’ Just then his brother came in ; and my uncle said, ‘ All my trials have been for the best, William ; I have been brought into a different state, and to see things in a new light. I am a brand plucked from the burning.’

His brother clasped him tenderly in his arms, and my uncle kissed his hand again and again.

Frequently he alluded to the goodness of the Providence which had brought him to Beckenham Rectory for his last illness ; and then would sing the refrain of a favourite psalm of his—

‘ For His mercies far extend,
 And His bounty knows no end.’

The society of his young grand-nieces had a great charm for him. He loved to look upon their faces, and to listen by the hour to hymns which they repeated by his side. But he enjoyed the attention and affection of every creature who cared for him ; and said, ‘ The family love me, the friends love me, the servants love me, even the dogs and cats are all amiable and friendly here.’

Communication, whether personally or by letter, with friends of his former days, was, to the last, a source of

delight to him. His heart never grew old. Throughout his illness he was cheered from time to time by the thoughtful kindness of Mr. Walter of Bearwood, whose father and mother had been amongst his dearest friends; and he said, it had been one of the pleasures provided for his last illness to find the friendship which he had lamented at the death of the parents renewed by the son.

The last evening save one before his death, he was heard saying to himself, 'If I may but be a doorkeeper in the house of my God.' My sister saw that tears were filling his eyes, and said to cheer him, 'And a very pleasant place it would be, dearest uncle, to stand at that open door, and to say, "Come in," to every one.'

He caught the fancy with his usual brightness, and conversed about the happiness of seeing the beloved ones left behind coming across the river, 'through the flood, on foot,' to the celestial city. And then they spoke together of Him who has conquered death, and brought life and immortality to light.

This promise of the Saviour was quoted to him at parting, 'I will not leave you comfortless; I will come unto you.'

His faithful servant, who spent the night in his room, and nursed him with devoted attention, said that he heard him repeating to himself afterwards, 'Comfort, comfort! That is comfort!' "*I will come unto you.*" "*Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.*"

On the last night of his life, one who sat beside him heard the failing voice saying, 'In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you.

I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto Myself.' How delightful! 'Come quickly, Lord Jesus!'

At half-past twelve, he asked the hour, then closed his eyes with his own hand, as one might for another in the hour of death. But a gentle sleep followed, from which, without a sigh, his spirit passed, we doubt not, into the presence of his Saviour.

My father had seen the answer to the prayers of a lifetime, and amidst the keenness of his natural grief, 'was comforted concerning his brother.'

Mr. Chalmers' former connexion with the army, and the near neighbourhood of Woolwich, brought frequent and welcome visitors to Beckenham from amongst the numerous Christian officers quartered there. Foremost amongst these was the late revered and beloved General Anderson, of whose almost parental care of the young officers in 'the regiment,' together with his earnest interest in the welfare of the soldiers, my father never tired of hearing. And when he was able, from time to time, to spend a few hours at Beckenham Rectory, their conversation was almost exclusively concerning the increase of the Lord's kingdom on earth, and the joy of His presence in their hearts.

In one of his visits, General Anderson interested my father much in an account which he gave of his young friend Captain Vandeleur, then in the Crimea.

In the early part of the summer of 1855, Captain Vandeleur returned to England, and paid his first visit to

Beckenham Rectory. He came a personal stranger, but in heart a friend; one strong bond of mutual sympathy having drawn him to us—he had known and loved Hedley Vicars. A stronger tie still made the friendship there begun, one which will endure for ever—the knowledge and love of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Captain Vandeleur accompanied my father and his family on a visit to Terling, not long after the great sorrow of Hedley Vicars' death; and it was comforting to the mourners to listen to one who had so recently delighted in personal intercourse with the beloved one now taken from them, and to hear another testimony to his life of holiness and self-devotion.

Captain Vandeleur's frequent visits to Beckenham, from this time, were a source of ever-increasing pleasure to my father, as he marked the deepening work of grace in that noble young soldier; and heard his simple yet animated accounts of the door of usefulness opened to himself and his brother officer, Captain Orr, amongst the men and boys at the arsenal, and of the Bible societies¹ and Bible classes which they had established amongst them. Captain Orr continued the boys' class after Captain Vandeleur

¹ This refers to a plan set on foot by these two young officers for inducing the arsenal workmen, who were in receipt of good wages, to become subscribers, by small weekly instalments, for M'Phun's valuable large-print Family Bibles, which they further encouraged by adding a small sum to each deposit. When a certain number of men had paid up their subscriptions, a tea-party was given; at which the copies were presented, and addresses delivered upon the blessing of a diligent study of Holy Scripture. It was found that many were thus led to search the Scriptures, and to begin the practice of reading them in their families.

had left the arsenal; and many received a blessing there which will be thankfully remembered in eternity.

In the spring of the following year, a young officer in the Grenadier Guards asked permission to bring with him, on one of his frequent visits to Beckenham Rectory, a friend of his, who had gone out (in the civil service) to the East at the same time with himself, and had been distinguished there for his gallantry in saving many lives at the risk of his own. From this time it would have been difficult to say which was the more welcome guest. My father delighted in watching the deepening decision of purpose in his two young friends to be wholly on the Lord's side, and their desire to be employed in His service; whilst they delighted in listening to his lucid explanations of Scripture, and to the words of wise and fatherly counsel which fell from his lips; and also in seeing his vivid pleasure and hearty sympathy in their young, ardent efforts in the service in which he had grown grey. The one was occupying himself in giving scriptural instruction to the men of his regiment; the other in hospitals, and in a Bible-reading for livery stablemen and domestic servants.

Not long after these two friends had believed and obeyed the words, 'Let him that heareth say, Come!' another interest connected with the army arose amongst the cadets at Addiscombe College. The work of the grace of God amongst these youths was at first gradual. A few began to desire to live in earnest as Christians; and then receiving, in its fulness, the message of eternal life by faith upon the Son of God, they were enabled, alike by

their conduct and conversation, to recommend the faith which filled their hearts with joy, and spread a holy gladness over their young faces.

They were invited, by the hospitality and kindness of Mr. Chalmers, to spend their Sundays in the happy family circle at Beckenham Rectory. But as the numbers grew by degrees to nearly one-third of the whole college, it became necessary to divide; parties of eight or ten coming each Sunday. Beautiful was the sight of this gathering of young soldiers around the patriarch's arm-chair, listening to his animated illustrations and sacred anecdotes, singing with him his favourite hymns, and commended by him in prayer to God for His help and grace during the week's work and the week's warfare.

He was often as much surprised as gratified by the thoughtfulness of their questions on scriptural subjects, and on religious matters concerning the Church and the country. And the cadets were no less delighted with the manner in which he brought forth for their benefit, from the treasury of his memory, 'things new and old,' than with the sparkling freshness which eclipsed the mere youthfulness of years.

'What is the good of being young,' said one of them, as he lingered at the door for another smile and parting word from him, 'when one sees a man of eighty in better spirits than the jolliest of us?'

So quickly fled the happy hours of those evenings, that when the time arrived for the cadets to leave, it always took them by surprise; but so anxious was my father that military discipline should be preserved, and no encroach-

ment made upon the kindness of Sir Frederick Abbott, the Lieutenant-Governor of Addiscombe (who gladly forwarded their intercourse with Beckenham), that he used to hold up his watch as it indicated the unwelcome hour, with a gesture of playful threatening, saying, ' Now I must turn you all out, or the gates will be closed.'

He was greatly interested in hearing of their meetings amongst themselves for reading the Scriptures, with prayer; and when they asked permission to come over to Beckenham Rectory from time to time, during the hours occasionally given them on a week-day for recreation, for a Bible-reading there, he delighted in coming in to conclude it with prayer.

After his earthly race was finished, they poured in their testimonies from the different provinces of India, to the blessing they had derived from his counsel and friendship, and beyond all, from the indelible impression left on their memories by the holiness and happiness of his life, and by the atmosphere of love which he seemed to diffuse around him.

The winter of the year 1856 brought dangerous and protracted illness, during which his severe sufferings were borne not only with patience but with perfect acquiescence in all the will of God, whilst every alleviation called forth his praises. No medicine was taken or refreshment received, without thanks being rendered. One of his children remembers well how with trembling hand the cup of cold water was held, whilst his faint voice said, ' Thanks for cold and refreshing water; and for the Water of Life — praise, praise be to Thee.'

His memory for the things learnt in his boyhood surprised us. He would quote long passages from Milton, Young, and Shakspeare, always contriving, by the spiritual alchemy of his mind, to give a sacred turn of thought to each quotation. When almost insensible to outward objects, from extreme suffering in his head, we heard him repeat Pope's lines,—

‘ Not bubbling waters to the thirsty swain,
 Not rest to weary labourers, faint with pain,
 Not showers to larks, not sunshine to the bee,
 Are half so precious as thy love to me—’
 ‘ MY SAVIOUR !’

Thus, the verse learnt in youth as an expression of natural affection, was consecrated in age to the Object of highest adoration and love.

During one night, when it was scarcely expected that he would survive till morning, his spirit seemed to be almost in heaven. We heard him picturing its blessedness and glory in glowing language ; and amongst other things, which he gently murmured to himself, we caught the following verse :—

‘ Awhile they range the heavenly plains,
 Or sing His love in melting strains,
 Or, overcome with raptures sweet,
 Fall down adoring at His feet !’

Whilst his mind grasped the breadth of the promise, ‘ At His right hand there are pleasures for evermore,’ and believed in their inexhaustible variety and extent, his heart was satisfied only with the words, ‘ In His PRESENCE is fulness of joy ;’ for it was the thought of the personal

presence of his Saviour which gave the light, the bliss, the glory to all his visions of heaven.

He quoted at one time, with a voice full of emotion, the story of a little dying child, who had said with joy, that she was going to heaven to be with the Lord Jesus, and who, on being asked, 'What would you do if He were to go out of heaven?' replied, 'I would go out with Him.'

'You and I could claim His own promise,' he added, 'to be of that company; for the Lord has said, "Where I am, there ye may be also." There is a whole heaven in the promise, "I will come again, and receive you unto MYSELF."

Prayer was made for him, during this illness, not only in many families, and social gatherings, but also in many churches, in places where he was known and loved.

Those prayers were heard. Our father was lent to us for nearly eight years longer.

TO REV. W. KNOX MARSHALL, ON THE DEATH OF HIS SISTER,
LADY LAWRENCE.

'BECKENHAM RECTORY, *March 2, 1854.*

'MY DEAR MARSHALL,—I have just heard the melancholy news. I do greatly sympathize with you. I knew what it was to love an only sister. All we can say is, "It is the Lord." And He says, "It is I, be not afraid." No fear need be entertained for the dear departed. She knew and trusted in her Saviour. He who says, "Be not afraid," will also take care of survivors, and yet the

loss must be grievously felt. Christians are no stoics; neither are they murmurers. The good Lord bring every alleviating thought to your mind, and to Sir Henry and the children.

‘Yet a little while, and death shall be no more. May this enlivening hope relieve the gloom of the valley of the shadow of death, in which we are still, while some have reached its termination.

‘Love to the dear children. Dear Agnes, Kennie, and I, and little Tom Thumb, are good playmates.—Ever most affectionately yours,
WM. MARSH.’

‘DEAR MRS. GORDON,—. . . You and Mr. Gordon have constantly prayed for your children.

‘Prayer is always answered, but not always in the exact time and manner we expect. Believing parents have great promises. “The promise is unto you and to your children.” “I will be a God unto thee, and to thy seed after thee.”

‘But what concern have we in promises to Abraham? St. Paul answers the question (Gal. iii. 14, 26, 29). I differ from that divine of the last century, who said, “It would have been well for the Church if St. Paul had never written his Epistles!” But I quite agree with a more ancient divine, Luther, who considered the Epistle to the Galatians to be a mine of immense wealth to the Church. Salmasius said, “If I could have my time over again, I would spend more of it in reading David’s Psalms and

Paul's Epistles." Alas! for many of the modern German divines. They think the Psalms to be only a book of prayers and praises, and not of prophecy; while the second psalm opens with a plain prediction of "the sufferings of Christ and of the glory which should follow."

'I fear nothing will convince a certain class of minds but the actual appearing of the Lord; nothing short of it could convince Saul of Tarsus.

'Pray tell Mr. Gordon that the cultivation of Palestine is commencing. You see I must bring in the Jews, whatever be my subject.

'What does Mr. S. think of the intended Convocation? Are we to have another 1767? priests against bishops, and bishops against priests, and the people (who are the Church) against both. It appears to me to be perilous; but all will end well for the *true* Church, of which may all dear to us be living and lively members.'

'BECKENHAM, *Nov.* 23.

'MY DEAR FRIEND,—. . . The property men have is not their own, but the Lord's. They are but stewards. I am quite aware that the text you quote may mean that the Lord can provide silver and gold for the building of His temple; but I make a second application of the words.

'I doubt whether we who hold and maintain the doctrine of a perfectly free justification (the justification of the ungodly) through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus, have made sufficient use of the *rewardableness* of good works (2 Cor. ix. 6). How wonderful that it should be a part of the plan of mercy!

‘Justified freely, adopted graciously, endued with the Spirit, and yet rewarded according to talents improved, services rendered, and sufferings endured ; indeed, “Thou, Lord, *art* merciful ;” for though it is the fruit of Thine own grace, yet “Thou rewardest every man according to his work” (Ps. lxii. 8).

‘See how legal I become in my old age ! yet my hope for *salvation* is *only* in the riches of Divine grace in Christ ; not alone to blot out all sin, but also to bear the iniquity even of our holy things.

W. M.’

‘BECKENHAM, Dec. 6.

‘MY DEAR MR. GORDON,—I am glad you give yourself a little more rest. The priests under the law might retire at fifty years of age ; and under the Gospel, “Do thyself no harm” is a Christian rule.

‘As to the profitable employment of leisure, something like a plan is desirable.

‘1. A certain time for the Bible and prayer.

‘2. A certain time for religious works.

‘3. A certain time for correspondence, etc.

‘4. A certain time for history, biography, philosophy, or lighter reading, such as reviews, poetry, travels, etc.

‘The human mind is singularly assisted by variety. I have been tired after reading one book for a long time. But I could take another directly, and feel as fresh as ever for reading.

‘I must not omit a certain time for air and exercise : and the family circle must have their portion.

‘But oh how blessed will be the eternity, when (accord-

ing to my text on Friday, Ps. xvii., last verse) we shall be without weariness, without imperfection! The works of God, and the ways of God, as displaying the perfection of God, will be our delight, with redemption as *the sunshine upon all.*'

TO THE REV. ROBERT KEMP.

'BECKENHAM, *May 22, 1854.*

'MY DEAR MR. KEMP,—. . . We live in ominous times, yet may hope that Old England will continue to be employed in making known the glad tidings to "Jews, Turks, infidels, and heretics." The prophets of 1829 are now proved to be true. Members of Parliament of the Roman Catholic persuasion must obey their priests, and will allow nothing to pass that appears to be opposed to their Church. We must grieve for them and pray for them, and faithfully tell them, as opportunity offers, that Popery is strong delusion. Great is the mercy which has instructed us by the only infallible standard, the Word of God. Grace and peace be multiplied to you and yours.—Ever affectionately yours,

WM. MARSH.'

To the Same.

'BECKENHAM, *Nov. 16, 1854.*

'MY DEAR MR. KEMP,—. . . You are immortal till your work is done, and therefore have found yourself safe in the midst of danger. Yet a little while, and there can be "no evil occurrent." We "shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is," and that will be Heaven. How bright and wonderful the prospect! To be wise without error. To be holy without sin. To be happy without alloy, and

that for ever and ever. We shall then begin to feel something of our obligation, and sing aloud, "Salvation to God, who sitteth upon the Throne, and to the Lamb, for ever and ever."

'We live in an age of agitation. But our path is plain. To preach the truth of God, to protest against error, and to endeavour by persuasion, example, and prayer, and by co-operation with the great institutions of the age, to bring our fellow-sinners to the all-sufficient Saviour. Remember me to Mrs. Kemp, and believe me, yours affectionately,

WM. MARSH.'

TO HIS SECOND DAUGHTER.

'January 13th.

'TIME how short—eternity how long! "I paint for eternity," said a celebrated artist; but how much more truly may a preacher say, "I preach for eternity." May none of your words fall to the ground! Many happy and blessed returns of your birthday. It would be an Irish saying, but true, to say to you, "Very pleasant hast thou been to me, *my brother* Jonathan!"

'I give you the last four verses of the 90th Psalm. Love to dearest Frederick.—Your most loving father, W. M.'

TO ANOTHER DAUGHTER.

'TERLING PLACE, June 19, 1855.

' . . . "Many of the disciples went back, and walked no more with Him." "The servant is not above his lord." Let not sorrow overwhelm thee, if now and then a bud is nipped. There are those that will live, and bear fruit in the Paradise of God.

‘ Yet it is very painful to see that which was promising come to nought. But even in these cases the disappointment may be only temporary. “Return, O backsliding children,—I will heal your backslidings,” is one of the many gracious sayings that proceed out of His mouth. Those poor fellows are exposed to great temptations; but there is grace enough, and to spare, to enable them to stand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand. We are glad that you stay till they sail,¹ though we long for your return.

‘ A large number besides the household were assembled by dear Lord and Lady Rayleigh for family worship last evening. I spoke from Luke xi. 13, and told them the story of “Praying Tom.”

‘ Dear Mrs. Vicars looks back with Christian thankfulness, bears her present loss with Christian resignation, and looks forward with Christian faith.

‘ I will write to Mr. Matheson. He is doing wonders, by the help of God; but his soul is vexed within him, and no wonder, seeing the awful thoughtlessness of men on the verge of eternity. Yet there are many blessed exceptions.

‘ Shall I give you this morning’s exposition? “As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive. We lost a *human* righteousness in Adam; we gain a *Divine* righteousness in Christ. We lost *human* power in Adam; we gain *Divine* power in Christ. We lost the paradise of *man* in Adam; we gain the Paradise of *God* in Christ. We were *driven out* of Paradise in Adam; we shall go *no more out* in Christ.”

¹ A detachment of the Army Works Corps.

‘ Give our love to Diana and little Margaret Lawford, and great love to dear Uncle Hal. I am so glad that he is a little better; and I pray he may still improve, and be happy now in the thought of a Saviour, and of a heaven to come.

‘ Give our best wishes to dear Mina Holland and her husband. May they be happy in each other, and in the faith and service of the Lord.

‘ Take care of yourself, dear darling child, for the sake of us all, and of our soldiers, sailors, and navvies. Christians should pray for our army and navy, for our allies and our enemies, and, above all, for the final victory of truth, when men shall love war no more, nor be deceived by Satan, nor led captive by sin any more.—Thy loving father,

WM. MARSH.

‘ The eternal love of the Father—the redeeming love of the Son—the renewing love of the Spirit—subjects for meditation this week, and for eternity.’

To the Same.

‘ Short Praises.

‘ I THANK God, through Jesus Christ our Lord, for as dear a child as ever father had.’

‘ Short Prayers.

‘ I PRAY she may be kept humble, zealous, active, useful, all the days of her life.’—This for September 15.

‘ THE Lord grant all her petitions. Prosperity can only be given to the work by devout prayers to that eternal Spirit, who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge,

and send out the hallowed fire to purify the lips of whom He pleases, and kindle faith, hope, and love in the immortal souls addressed.'

TO A GRANDCHILD.

'BECKENHAM, *Sept.* 20, 1856.

'DARLING CHILD,— . . . We have had a pleasant little tour to Fredville, Chilham, and Tunbridge Wells. You have had a delightful tour among the Trossachs and Western Highlands. A quick perception of the beauties of nature is a blessed gift. Mr. Yorke says, in a wonderful book he has just published, *Researches in the Works of God*, that it acts like Elisha's minstrel—it soothes and elevates. It transplants us from a world of care to a world of grandeur, freedom, and peace. Ah! but that alone would not do; and no one more willing to acknowledge it than good Mr. Yorke. For repose, as sinners, we must look to the Saviour; for help against over-anxiety we must look to paternal love in God (John xiv. 1; Phil. iv. 6). Trials must come; comforts will come. When patience has had its perfect work, great is the reward of grace (James i. 3, 4; v. 8). There is a *Coming* in providence and grace as well as in glory.'

TO MISS EMMA LEYCESTER.

'BECKENHAM, *Oct.* 6, 1856.

'MY DEAR COUSIN,—I write by this post to Mr. Clay.

'He has had very lately a convert from the Church of Rome, who read his recantation in Mr. C.'s chapel.

‘I rejoice over these cases. As to the perverts from our own Church to Rome, I quite agree with Dr. Hook, who says, “They expose their souls to peril.” I *desire* their salvation, but there is no salvation *by* the Church of Rome, though we hope and believe there is salvation *in* the Church of Rome for those who have had no better teaching, and after all trust in their Saviour alone. How thankful we should be who are taught better, and how zealous that others should love the truth.

What is truth ?

‘We answer,—God and His glorious attributes ; Christ and His great salvation ; the Holy Spirit and His heavenly grace ; the Bible in its revelations—the principles, the privileges, and the duties of a Christian ; and the ample and glorious realities of a future state.

‘I send you and your friends my usual wish : May you be happy in a Saviour’s love, and useful in a Saviour’s service.—Your ever affectionate
WM. MARSH.’

TO HIS ELDEST GRANDCHILD.

‘BECKENHAM, Feb. 12, 1857.

‘DARLING LOUIE,—Our precious “Marny” left us on Monday. I sighed deeply when she was gone. No *man* will allow that he cried ! And yet I was exceedingly glad, for her sake, as it would be a time of at least comparative rest. Neither the army, nor the navy, nor the working-men’s corps, could call upon her at Cannes ! I rejoiced also in the anticipation of your and darling Lucy’s joy in seeing her dear face again. I am sure, likewise, it will be a happy time for all with the good Duchesses of Gordon

and Manchester. If I could put myself upon the wires of the electric telegraph, I do think I should look in also.

‘And now, dearest child, I am reminded that to-morrow is your birthday. Many happy and useful years to you. It is true that this is a world of sin and sorrow. But it is as true that we have an Almighty and ever present Friend, that we may enjoy His love in our many comforts, and know that He can sympathize with us in any trial. It is also the only world in which we can have the honour of serving Him, in the midst of difficulties; and the privilege of telling others what a Saviour we have found.

‘Oh, to have been brought to some knowledge of Him, and to have any opportunity of serving Him, is worth being born into this world.

‘We hope to see our Robert to-morrow. He is counting the days till the Cannes party returns.—Darling Louie’s loving
GRANDFATHER.’

TO HIS SECOND DAUGHTER.

‘ISLIP RECTORY, *near OXFORD, June 12, 1857.*

‘My first look up to heaven this morning was in thanksgiving, before prayer, for the marvellous blessings I have had in my children. I may be allowed to feel anxiously for their health, yet I know that infinite wisdom and love consult our eternal interests, even in what is contrary to our present feelings and wishes. But pray I may, and must, for their ease and health, as well as Christian peace and usefulness. The latter God has graciously given in no small degree. Yesterday I walked with dearest Mary to see the village. I am much pleased,

for I expected only a flat with stone walls, but there are some very pretty points and even rising grounds. I asked (you know my satirical spirit), whether a hill in the distance was not as Lebanon to the "goodly land," and whether the snow was upon it all the year round?

'I do not know any house where you could have been happier than at Birch Hall. Certainly, love to its owners would be an easy test of love to the brethren.

'My love to all. I have a sweet line from Frederick.
—Ever your most loving and delighted father,

'WM. MARSH.'

CHAPTER XIII.

MORE SOULS TO WIN.

' I ask no heaven till earth be Thine,
Nor glory-crown, while work of mine
Remaineth here. When earth shall shine
Amongst the stars . . .
Her sins wiped out, her captives free,
For crown—new work give Thou to me,
Lord, here am I.'

MORE SOULS TO WIN.

NO sooner had my father recovered a measure of health after the illness mentioned in the last chapter, than he was anxious again to be employed in his Master's work. As he was still forbidden by his medical attendants to leave the house, he established a Saturday evening meeting at the rectory, with the hearty concurrence of the rector, for exposition of the Scripture and prayer, which the villagers were invited to attend.

After the opening of a railway station at Beckenham, several villas were built in the neighbourhood of the rectory; and some of the new parishioners thankfully availed themselves of the invitation to join the little band of those who had found the advantage of such a preparation for the day of rest.

The station-master, the sergeant of police, the school-master and his 'staff,' and others in the parish who deeply valued his ripened ministry, were scarcely ever absent from their accustomed places on these occasions; and, besides the parishioners, old friends of my father's, and others from a distance, frequently came to hear his

words, and to unite in prayer. Nor on that day of the week alone was 'open house' kept at the rectory. Friends before unknown, but ever after to be pleasantly remembered, came from America, France, Russia, Germany, and other countries, always meeting with a hospitable reception from the rector and his wife; and each carried away some instructive thought or wise counsel from the lips of the aged saint, sometimes written on the fly-leaf of some little book, often one of his own writing, which he kept by him in large supplies for such gifts. On more than one occasion the venerable Bishop of Ohio took part in these meetings,—speaking and praying with the fervour of a piety which had been devoted from early youth, but was glowing afresh with the warmth of that great work of God in America in the year 1857. Deeply were his hearers interested in his accounts of that time of blessing. 'Half a million,' he said, 'might probably be under the mark,' in speaking of the number of those who had been brought from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, in the course of a few months. He bore a delightful testimony, from his personal knowledge, as to the steadfastness of the religious character of many of these converts; and also of numbers of whom he had heard the same good report from the clergy of his diocese, and other reliable sources.

Bishop M'Ilvaine's visits to his old friend were delightful to the whole family circle, whilst the charm of his conversation, his perfect sympathy on doctrinal points, and above all the spirituality of his mind, made his society peculiarly attractive to my father.

Each united with a strong attachment to the Articles and Liturgy of our Church, a large-heartedness and absence of all bigotry and formality, which caused them to rejoice in the spread of the kingdom of Christ in any part of the world, and by any instrumentality.

On the last of these visits the Bishop gave an address in the barn at Beckenham, set apart for Scripture readings, with a simplicity and power which refreshed the hearts of his hearers.

Amongst several other visitors, from both the Northern and Southern States of America, was Colonel Henderson Smith, the head of the Military College of Lexington, Virginia. Whilst staying at the rectory he visited Addiscombe, and joined the cadets in their Bible-reading with lively interest and sympathy, having himself been engaged in fostering a similar awakening into spiritual life in his own college, where more than a hundred youths gave evidence of conversion.

The near neighbourhood of Beckenham to Addington Park, brought my father into frequent contact with his old and valued friend the late Archbishop Sumner. Between these aged servants of God there was an indescribable sympathy; their guilelessness of heart, their cheerful piety, and unfailing charity, causing them each to delight in the other's society.

Well remembered still in Beckenham, is the beautiful sight of these two venerable men, standing side by side within the chancel-rails of the old church, at the marriage of my father's eldest grandchild, on the 29th of July 1857.

When the service was ended, and the guests returned to the rectory, they found the school-children and many of the villagers assembled on the lawn, ready to show their sympathy in the happy occasion, and to welcome the young bride and bridegroom by singing a hymn of praise to the gracious Father, 'who giveth us richly all things to enjoy.' Many were the bright faces seen on that wedding-day; but none were more bright than those of the revered archbishop and the beloved grandfather; who, with hearts which never outlived their first freshness, rejoiced with them that did rejoice.

Later in the day, my father gave a short address to all present; and commended in prayer to God those who were just setting out together on the journey of life.

The months of August and September of the same year were spent at Malvern. In the midst of the enjoyment of that golden summer, so rich in foliage, fruits and flowers, like a black thunder-cloud came the terrible tidings of the Indian Mutiny. Deeply and painfully did my father share in the general distress occasioned by those dreadful despatches, which filled the press of the day with horrors—and hearts and homes with misery.

In common with so many others, my father had ties both of friendship and of relationship in India; and amongst the former, the great and good Sir Henry Lawrence stood foremost. Personally they were strangers, but Sir Henry's marriage with the sister of the Rev. William Knox Marshall had brought them into occasional connexion by correspondence, and more frequent letters to a member of his family, on the state of religion and general affairs in

India, had so deeply interested him in Sir Henry's mind and character, that when a telegram brought the fatal news of the death, at Lucknow, of that gallant chief, my father mourned for him as for a dear and personal friend, as well as for the blow to British India, in the loss of one of her noblest and most gifted sons.

The subject of the state of India entered frequently at this crisis into his sermons and addresses; as it was his habit to interweave present and public interests with his teaching. And gladly, both at Malvern, and at Beckenham on his return there, he promoted and joined in prayer-meetings on behalf of the English in India.

In the autumn of the same year, large numbers of railway men were assembled, in and near Beckenham, to construct the lines there. My father was not a little interested in hearing of their eager sympathy with the details of the war. He marked several passages to be read to them from the newspapers, narrating anecdotes of chivalrous courage and generosity, not alone of our officers and soldiers in the East, but also amongst civilians, missionaries, women, children, and the native Christians.

No story of brave readiness for self-sacrifice charmed him more than that of a clergyman, the son and grandson of two dear old friends of his own; who, after winning the highest honours at Oxford, had volunteered to go to India as a missionary in connexion with the Church Missionary Society, and who had, after a time, undertaken the presidency of their college at Agra, for training native missionaries. When the fort of that city was closed, in immediate expectation of a siege by the mutineers, five

hundred native Christians, many of whom were members of his own congregation, came beneath its walls, entreating to be permitted to take refuge there.

The governor feared that the supply of provisions would prove totally inadequate to meet the wants of the numbers already within the walls; and thought it was his duty to refuse admission.

‘Then,’ said the faithful pastor, ‘I will go out and perish with them. They shall not be left as sheep without a shepherd, in their hour of peril.’

But before he could fulfil the word, the eloquence of the intended self-sacrifice had prevailed, and the governor ordered the gates to be thrown open, saying, ‘Mr. French has saved the native Christians.’

It had been arranged by the Society for promoting Christianity amongst the Jews that there should be a jubilee celebration of its fiftieth year in 1858, and an earnest request had been forwarded to my father—the last survivor of the founders of the association—that he would preach at the church of the Society’s Home Mission Station, Palestine Place, Bethnal Green, on the occasion.

Although he was suffering from an attack of inflammation in the eyes, he joyfully consented to render his services on a day which called forth some of the warmest thanksgivings of his heart; for, in his devotion to the welfare of the Jewish nation, he might almost have said, with the royal Psalmist, ‘If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy.’

The day appointed for the jubilee service proved to be bitterly cold, and we all felt anxious about the risk he was incurring for his eyes, in their suffering condition. But he never knew fear when in the path of duty; and about this duty, for him, there was all the glow of pleasure.

His text was taken from Romans xi. 33, 'O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out!' After a brief but powerful summary of God's dealings with His ancient people, and of the prophecies of their future glory at the return of the Lord, he besought his hearers to devote themselves to 'Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews;' describing the character of our Lord, in His human nature, as a man might speak of the friend he most intimately knows and most devotedly loves, combined with the reverence of the creature for the Creator, and the gratitude of the sinner towards his Saviour.

As no serious increase of suffering resulted from this effort, he began to cherish the hope of being present once more at the May meetings in Exeter Hall. His long illness in the winter of 1856-57 had left him too much weakened to be able to attempt the exertion in the succeeding season. But now his spirits rose with a fresh spring, when he received the pressing invitations of the Church Missionary and Jews' Societies again to plead their cause. And cheering was the greeting which echoed throughout the Hall to welcome him, as once again he joined that vast assembly.

Never had he looked more radiant, or commanded the

attention and the feelings of the audience with greater power. But it was for the *last time* that his presence was to shed its mellowed light upon that platform. Standing on the brink of his eighty-third year, the last of the fathers left from that band of evangelical clergy—born of the Revival of the last century—who had nurtured, and worked, and preached, and pleaded for these Societies, had now taken his farewell of them, leaving them as a sacred legacy to the next generation.

In the course of the same spring, my father had the pleasure of welcoming a friend whom he had scarcely seen since the days when he and his brother, Mr. Lambart of Beau Parc, had been received in their early youth, almost as sons, into his family circle at Edgbaston. The Rev. Charles Lambart came to bring his only boy for my father's blessing, before sending him on a voyage round the world; and, at the same time, to tell his aged friend how deep was his own debt of gratitude for the spiritual benefit he had received from him in his youth.

A young friend, who spent some time at Beckenham Rectory in this year, wrote of him as follows:—

‘ . . . I AM writing to pay a last grateful tribute to the memory of Dr. Marsh. I do not know whether you will remember the first visit I paid at Beckenham. I was about seventeen; and when the happy time had come to an end, you said I might go up stairs into dear Dr. Marsh's sitting-room, to say good-bye to him. I explained that I was just going, and had come to take leave. “I am sorry you are going, my dear,” was the reply of one who never spoke

but in kindness, "but you know there must be partings here. I have a little book for you"—(giving me the Memorials of Archdeacon Brown's Son). "And now, never forget three words,—a Soul, a Saviour, and a Heaven."

'I shall always remember the impression of those words, with the beaming look of love yearning over a human soul. I felt as if God had told him to say it to me. I left Dr. Marsh to go and pray to the Saviour for the first time, that I might spend my life in His service. And now, may I be one of the hundreds who through a bright eternity will thank God they ever knew Dr. Marsh! That smile has often shone upon me as sunshine since. I cannot recal it without tears; and it will still be the same until I see him where all is sunshine. I have often tried to summon courage to tell him the blessing he had been to me, but shyness prevented me. Now it is a tribute which I owe to his sacred and lovely memory; and may many of his beautiful thoughts, repeated to others, by God's mercy, lead them to the feet of Christ. I shall never see any one else like him for his delicacy of kindness and goodness. I have watched him when any one happened to be sitting apart, perhaps, as it may have seemed, unnoticed, contrive to say a pleasant word, and bring him at once within the circle, without ever letting him feel that he did it for his sake. Time can never give again the joys he shed about him, and eternity only will show how broadcast were the blessings he scattered.'

This summer brought a new gladness to my father's heart, in the birth of his first great-grandson, and he

expressed his wish that his own birthday should be kept on the day of the babe's christening.

Accordingly, the usual festivity was postponed until the young mother and her infant son were able to come to Beckenham. But in order that he might have some part of his usual enjoyment on his birthday, the school-children were invited to see him at the rectory; and, after hearing from him a few words of loving counsel, to receive plum-buns from his own hand. And not a little did they enjoy hearing from my sister a story of her having found her father feeding some swans on a piece of water in Leamington, on the afternoon of a snowy New Year's Day. He was returning from the town, wearied with his day's work, when the hungry birds swam towards him, and his benevolent heart could not resist the mute appeal. So, tired as he was, he had turned back again into the town, that he might get a bag of buns for them.

Not children only, but many a grown-up guest, will recall the regularity of his application for crumbs and broken bread all round the breakfast-table, morning by morning, that he might feed the birds, who soon began to know him as their friend, and took no alarm at sight of his face at the window. When he left home at any time, this office was always given into the hands of some one whom he could trust not to forget to care for his little feathered flock.

'When the day came for the baptism of little Ralph William Anstruther, the great-grandsire's heart overflowed with prayer and praise. As Captain Anstruther's family had always belonged to the Church of Scotland,

the child was baptized according to the form of that Church, by Dr. Cumming, in the drawing-room of Beckenham Rectory. After Dr. Cumming had given an earnest and beautiful address to the parents upon their new duties, my father took in his arms the infant already so dear to him for his mother's sake, and afterwards to be for his own, and adding a few tender and solemn words, concluded with prayer.¹

Then followed the usual birthday gathering of the aged poor, whom he addressed on the subject of four great gifts of God to man:—His Son; His Spirit; His Scriptures; His Sabbath.

There were three appointed seasons of joyful family gatherings at Beckenham Rectory—Christmas, Easter, and the 20th of July. But every reasonable excuse, such as a wedding or a christening, which could be made an occasion for adding to the number of these happy reunions in this patriarchal home, was eagerly responded to by children and grandchildren. None more delighted in these cheerful seasons than my father; and at other times not the least of his pleasures was to see around him orphan or motherless boys, or children whose parents were in India, brought to the rectory by his son-in-law and daughter, to spend, amidst the cheerfulness of that happy home, the holiday time which would otherwise have been passed at school. Every school-boy sought his presence as the proper place for enjoyment, reposing his confidences in him

¹ Several years afterwards Dr. Cumming wrote, 'Well do I remember the noble and loving Simeon who blessed the child that day.'

concerning new riddles, small purchases (generally the outlay of a gift from him), and plans for boyish pleasure, as naturally as, in fitting seasons, he listened to the tender counsels and pithy sayings, full of common-sense and heavenly wisdom, which fell from the lips of the aged saint.

Amongst the guests at Beckenham Rectory, in the summer of 1858, was one whose frequent visits during the past nineteen years had been almost as welcome to my father as were those of his own absent children. Henry S— was the son of a valued friend, who had lived for the glory of his Divine Master, and died rejoicing in the assurance of His everlasting love; and he had been beloved for his father's sake, as well as for his own. He was a man of rare quality of mind, whose ready wit was ever softened by a tender consideration for the feelings of others, and whose high poetic gift was balanced by sound judgment and remarkable common sense. The ideal of a true and genuine Englishman, the very sight of his face, and the ring of his laugh, spread an irresistible cheerfulness throughout the house, whilst the shyest child, won by his bright smile, sought shelter in his strong arms. But one thing was wanting to give stability to his character and force to his purpose,—the union of his soul to his Saviour through the power of living faith. For years he had been pleaded for in prayer, yet prayer seemed still unanswered; but now the time was come to prove that it had not been unheard.

During the week he spent at the rectory he had many

conversations with my father on scriptural subjects, and there was a softened tone about his manner of speaking of these things; and, as the days went on, it was evident to those who anxiously observed him, that the impression, which seemed deepening hour by hour, was no mere passing matter of impulse. On Sunday evening it had been arranged that the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper should be administered at the rectory to an invalid guest, the young widow of my father's beloved friend the late Duke of Manchester, who had expressed her wish to partake of that blessed feast. Several members of the family wished to join in the communion, and those who knew Henry S— felt that it would be a testing time with him, and that if he felt assured of the sincerity and truth of his present desire for a change of heart and intent to lead a new life, he would decide to join the little band about to commemorate their Saviour's dying love, and thus make an open profession of his faith in that Saviour. Throughout the day my father had been earnest in prayer for the son of his old friend, and when all were assembled, and the service was about to commence, I saw a look of heavenly joy in his face as his glance fell on Henry S—, kneeling amongst the number, his head bowed in earnest prayer.

That night was the turning point of our friend's history. The voice of God had spoken to his heart, and he presented himself as a living sacrifice to the Saviour who had loved him and given Himself for him. By the power of the Holy Ghost working in him, he escaped from the bands of sin, and through depths of penitence for talents

wasted and time misspent, he rose up at length to walk in the light of his Saviour's countenance.

In the following month of October he became seriously ill ; and during a temporary improvement he thus wrote :—

‘ I am afraid, even if it please God I should be cured, I shall never be strong again ; but knowing my own miserable instability, I cannot pray to be led into the temptation of health and strength any more. My strongest wish as to *earth* is that I may be spared a little longer to tend the declining years of my mother, and in a very subordinate way do some work for God. I have done plenty for the devil.

‘ Continue to pray for me, that my sins, which are many, may be forgiven, and that I may therefore love much. If I am sincere now, as I sometimes hope, I could not stand a moment without the Spirit's *continual help*.

‘ I often think (with an earnest desire to follow in the same path, however far behind) of the simple, self-forgetting, yet fearless, way in which Hedley Vicars always went about with the name of Jesus on his lips, and His love in his heart ; so that all who met with him “ took knowledge of him that he had been with Jesus.”

‘ The zeal and activity of dear Blackwood, too, so early in his Christian course, reprove the backwardness one feels when a word might be said in season.

‘ Your father, my father, and Joseph John Gurney, were remarkable for somehow always, whatever the conversation was, gradually drawing it towards their ruling subject.

‘ I hope, if I live to see you again, we shall be able to commune freely about the way of peace, and of Him who “ is our peace.” I never could before. Now, from down in the depths, I look up to Him who bore our sins in His own body on the tree, *and I dare not doubt* His power nor His will to pardon even me.

‘ Write to me as often as you can. Your letters are a great help and comfort. And dear Marianne Acklom writes me sisterly letters of Christian counsel, which I value highly.

‘ I must ever thank God for that last visit to Beckenham. . . . It is a beloved home ; and your dear honoured father’s presence sheds a halo around it.’

Within three short weeks after that letter was written, on the 26th of November, Henry S— died.

The following lines were found in a desk by his side, and were evidently written only a few days before his death :—

‘ A still small voice said unto me,
“ Thou art so full of misery,
Wilt thou not now to Jesus flee ?”

I am ashamed, my heart replied,
To flee to Him I have denied,
Yea, have betray’d and crucified.

“ Yet,” urged the voice, “ thou art undone,
And other refuge there is none
But in the blood of God’s dear Son.

Thy soul in its pollution lies,
Hideous and loathsome to the eyes ;
There is but One that purifies.

In sadder plight thou could'st not be ;
 Thy Maker's face thou may'st not see,—
 Thou hast no robe to cover thee.”

Then did my troubled spirit groan,—
 All that thou say'st I long have known ;
 My vileness and my need I own.

I know that in Love's sea I might
 Cast my pollutions out of sight,
 Nor stain those waters pure and bright ;

I know the Spirit's quickening breath
 Could raise my soul from sin and death ;
 But one dark shadow hindereth.

How can I hope to be sincere,
 Should I, in trouble and in fear,
 To the Redeemer's cross draw near ?

Remembering the day of woe,
 When to that Fount I seem'd to go,
 Whose healing waters overflow.

Pardon and peace I seem'd to implore,
 But soon, that sheltering sickness o'er,
 Sin was triumphant as before.

Should mercy now the stroke remove,
 Will not a heart so faithless prove
 A double traitor to His love ?

Once more that still small voice did say,—
 “ If thou from Grace didst fall away,
 Haply thou didst not watch and pray :

But thy forgetfulness and pride
 On something else than Grace relied,—
 Leaned on some reed that pierced thy side.

Or, if thou *never cam'st* before,
 All doors are closed but Mercy's door,
 Thou shouldst *come now*, and sin no more.”

(*Then*) “ Just as I am, without one plea,
 But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 And that Thou bidst me come to Thee—
 O Lamb of God, I come.”’

' The following letters were written by my father in the course of the same year :—

TO CAPTAIN ANSTRUTHER, GRENADIER GUARDS.

' BECKENHAM, 1858.

' MY DEAREST ROBERT,—Your handwriting is very pleasant to us, as well as darling Louie's. We rejoice that you have had such a pleasant time in the north, but we long to see you again in the south.

' Thank God, wherever you are, you have entered upon the narrow path, which not only leads to life, but honours the Redeemer by the way. If at any time any sacrifice be made in that path, there will be a proportionate, and more than proportionate reward. But, in the present day, few are called, as our forefathers were, to a conformity to their Lord in His sufferings. Yet I can remember, in my time, when a determined profession of religion, and consequent departure from former modes of life, gave great offence. My poor dear father (though one of the kindest of men) said at first of me, "I will cut him off with a shilling;" but he lived to say, out of the generosity of his heart, "He is the saviour of the family." Neither saying was right, but it shows what a change can take place in favour of the conscience of another. I did, thank God, live to see my dear mother and sister very decidedly on the Lord's side. You are privileged in having parents who know and love the truth. May you ever "*walk in the truth*;" and may you be happy in a Saviour's love, and useful in a Saviour's service !

' I can conceive no greater honour, and no greater hap-

piness on earth, especially when those we love think the same.

‘Mrs. Marsh begs me to give her love to you and Louie, and kind regards to Sir Ralph and Lady Anstruther, in which I heartily join.

‘Bless you both, my darlings,

WM. MARSH.’

‘BECKENHAM, KENT, S.E., *July 14, 1858.*

‘MY DEAR ROBERT,—What a treat you have sent me in the letter of M. A. S.

‘I call that “ancient Christianity;” we want more of it in modern times. It is *whole-hearted*. May you and darling Louie ever with purpose of heart cleave to the Lord.

‘I shall be pleased to have my name linked with the name of Ralph.

‘I shall like much to be present with Dr. Cumming. You know my views of different churches. Every man has a right to a spirit of *preference*. No man has a right to a spirit of *exclusion*. Leave that to unhappy Rome.

‘The accounts you send are very cheering. “Giving thanks always for all things” is our rule; a good man, Dr. Ring, used to say, “thanksgiving is the best thanksgiving.” But we must add, both are best! He also one day recommended a specific against murmuring. “I will bless the Lord at *all* times: His praise shall *continually* be in my mouth.”

‘Tell my darling “Marny” to rest as much as she can, that her strength may be renewed for future work.

‘My best love to darling Louie, and my respectful

compliments to "The Stranger!"—Your most affectionate
 "Grandsire,"

WM. MARSH.'

'*P.S.*—You have answered my riddle in the five letters of a certain little lady's name quite correctly. Now I will send you my answer in verse:—

A Christian wife is cheering as the sun,
 Her smiles all innocence, all guilelessness her fun ;
 Her speech like honey ; shining as the light
 Her life, warm as the day, and pure as moonbeams bright ;
 Soars like the lark, her soul ; her form as slight,
 And step as soft, as fairy's hid from sight ;
 Wise as the serpent, harmless as the dove,
 Because she loves her God, and lives in holy love.'

TO HIS YOUNGEST DAUGHTER.

'ISLIP RECTORY, NEAR OXFORD,
Aug. 13, 1858.

'I HOPE you have received a line I enclosed to dearest Matilda, informing you of our prosperous journey, and of my blowing the trumpet on Sunday afternoon. The blast was on Rev. xxii. 12.

'To-day my memory is repeating a verse or two of a hymn I learned sixty years ago.

"In this world of sin and sorrow,
 Compassed round with many a care,
 From Eternity we borrow
 Hope, which will exclude despair.

Thee, triumphant God and Saviour,
 Darkly through a glass we see ;
 Oh ! assist each faint endeavour ;
 Raise our earth-born souls to Thee."

‘ Nothing will go quite right, on a general scale, till the King returns ; till He takes to Himself His great power, and reigns. Nevertheless, we may yet expect great things. The wonderful awakening in America shows us this. And “ open thy mouth wide ” encourages this. You know it by happy experience. “ Cast not away your confidence, which hath great recompense of reward.”

‘ Mrs. Marsh sends her love to you. What a delightful letter from Lady Maria Forester. How greatly God has blessed some of the members of that family ! Dear Lord Roden will not come under the “ *Woe* unto you when all men speak well of you.” Yet those who attacked him must have felt in their consciences that he was right, and now they allow his light to be a true light. The disciple of Christ may well wait patiently.’

‘ Love from all here, to all at Chilham.—Ever your most loving father,

WM. MARSH.’

To the Same.

‘ 35 MARINA, ST. LEONARDS-ON-THE-SEA,
September 17, 1858.

‘ AN idle man has no time to write a *letter*. I am an idle man here, but I will sign my name to this bit of paper, and just say we have received your delightful letter. “ Attempt great things ; expect great things.”

‘ I do not much wonder at that Christian lady meeting with opposition ; for Satan is not yet bound. But it was certainly extraordinary in her case. It will be overruled.’ The enemy overshoots his mark. I trust she will not be discouraged.

‘ Send me a copy of the forthcoming Letters, especially the one to the prisoners; lest I should do something wrong to be sent to jail in order to get one.

‘ Dear little Katie Marshall is with us, adding to our fun.

‘ Great blessings attend all your words.

‘ We had a very pleasant visit at Bearwood. It is a charming place; and Mr. Walter is a most kind and agreeable host. The clergyman is author of an interesting biography of Jeremy Taylor. In reading it, I discovered a new relation. My great-grandfather¹ married Jeremy Taylor’s third daughter.

‘ But I hope we are all related much farther back, even to Abraham (Gal. iii. 7).

‘ Dear William and Rose, and sweet little fair Rosamond, are well. St. Leonards seems to suit them, and is a fine field for work.

‘ China opened to the gospel, as well as to merchandise! We live in wonderful times. The crisis is approaching. In the meantime, may there be a great outpouring of the Spirit of God, to “accomplish the number of His elect, and to hasten His kingdom.” I like the marginal translation of 2 Pet. iii. 12, ‘Hasting the coming.’ It should excite disciples to much prayer and great labour. For the elect’s sake the days may be shortened: even the days of delusion and lukewarmness.

‘ . . . How great is the mercy that has brought us to abide by the evident meaning of Scripture, especially on the vital subject of the atonement—Death, that we might

¹ Archbishop of Dublin.

have Life. None can so forcibly feel the obligation to live to Him as the soul that knows it has been "bought with a price."

'Writing by owl-light, and almost as blind as a bat.—
Ever thy most loving father, W. MARSH.'

In the month of October of the same year, my father visited his eldest daughter and Mr. Trench at Islip Rectory. He was delighted with all that he saw of their plans for the good of the villagers, who seemed to have learnt from his daughter's devoted and reverent affection for him to hail his visits as if they could not fail to bring a blessing. The society of his little grand-daughters was a great additional charm to him, for he never felt a home to be complete without a child in it.

In company with Mr. and Mrs. Trench, he went to Sandford Park, to visit his friend Dr. Guest, Master of Caius College, Cambridge, whose sisters had in former years derived great benefit from his ministry; and on leaving Islip, he spent a few days with Mr. Walter, at Bearwood, preaching on the Sunday in the village church. He next went to St. Leonards, to remain a fortnight with his son and daughter-in-law. Their only child, a lovely little girl of six years old, was then, and for the remainder of her brief life, a great delight to him. My father preached twice in his son's church during this visit, and spoke at a missionary meeting in the public hall; taking even more than his usual hearty interest in every plan for the benefit of the parish.

On his return to Beckenham, he shared with Mr.

Chalmers and my sister the happiness of welcoming their eldest son, then in the Rifle Brigade, back from India, after an eighteen months' campaign, during the suppression of the mutiny; and with a true old soldier's heart rejoiced in the high character for courage and steadfastness which he had won in twenty-seven engagements.

With his old delight in pastoral work, he cared for each of the various plans for doing good in the parish, continuing himself to preach and to give expositions of Scripture; with his heart, at the same time, going out to all the old world-wide interests connected with the spread of the kingdom of Christ.

It was towards the close of the same year that a last visit was paid to my father by his old acquaintance Mr. Fuller Maitland; at whose beautiful residence, Park Place, my father and his family had often, for many years past, enjoyed the Christian society and warm friendship of Mrs. Maitland and her gifted children.

The two aged men were comparing the number of their years, when Mr. Maitland said earnestly, 'I am not your equal in years; but I *wish* I were in wisdom and goodness.'

'We are both poor sinners,' replied my father; 'but both, I trust, looking to our Saviour, who hath said for each, "Look unto me, and *be ye saved.*"'

'I wish I were as sure of it as you,' was the rejoinder.

My father then spoke out of the abundance of his heart of the freeness and fulness of the offer of salvation through Jesus Christ to every sinner upon the face of God's redeemed earth, who will accept it. He quoted the words, 'Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters,'

adding, 'that call is to one wandering away, as you would call to a man at a distance, who, with his face set towards the opposite direction, does not perceive you. And how free the invitation, "Yea, come, buy wine and milk, without money and without price." "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come; and let him that heareth, say, Come. And let him that is athirst come; and *whosoever will*, let him take of the water of life, FREELY." We should come, just as we are, without a moment's delay, for it is a Divine command; without a moment's hesitation, for it is a most loving entreaty.'

He then quoted Dr. Valpy's lines:—

' In peace let me resign my breath,
And Thy salvation see;
My sins deserve eternal death,
But Jesus died for me.'

Mr. Maitland said, 'I must learn that;' so my father wrote down the verse for him: as he received it, he said, 'I shall wear it near my heart.' It was found there after his death.

TO HIS YOUNGEST DAUGHTER.

'BECKENHAM, Jan. 14, 1859.

' . . . I HAVE just finished Arthur's *Tongue of Fire*. It is a wonderful book. Some passages may be objected to, still he guards against being misunderstood. May it set many on fire, and raise up a bright flame amidst smouldering ashes.

' And shall we, Lord, for ever live,
At this poor dying rate!'

‘I have a vain wish. I want to live my life over again.

‘However, there is a fountain that washes away self-seeking and shortcomings, and all other blots.

‘Our regularly returning comet, called Mary, has left our sphere again. She is brighter than ever.

‘I prayed to-day for dearest Robert and Louie, that health may be granted, as well as their Christian labours be blessed; and courage and steadfastness ever be given them in serving our Lord and Saviour, that they may never be ashamed to confess Him before men, nor grow weary in well-doing.

‘My kindest regards to all at Bearwood, from its hospitable owner to his youngest child.

‘As much love, and more than words can express, to you and darling Lucy.

‘I have just given dearest Kennie a wish, which I will give to children and grandchildren: A useful life; a peaceful death; a happy eternity. All come through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ—His Life, His Death, His Eternity.’

To the Same.

‘ISLIP RECTORY, July 7, 1859.

‘I SEND you a letter for you to forward to dear Leila. I might add to the subject by referring to the four daughters of Philip who did “prophecy.” That word is used in the New Testament in the sense of preaching.

‘I also send you a manuscript to read and comment upon. Try to do so *impartially*. He is no reviewer who cannot find fault. Yet we hope to be reviewed, and no fault

found; not by the recording angel dropping a tear, and so blotting out a passage, but by the blood—ineestimably precious blood—of the Angel of the covenant, which cleanseth from all sin.

‘Dear William Marshall and Lizzy are here. She is a cheerful, pleasant creature. I have a heap of letters to write to-day, and can only therefore enclose in this the most weighty of all things—Love. Yet the law allows it to go for a penny.’

TO MISS WILDMAN.

‘December 1, 1858.

‘MY DEAR LEILA,—. . . I will now give you my views of 1 Cor. ii. It is taken for granted that a woman might pray or prophesy; and the decent and becoming manner of so doing is pointed out (1 Cor. xi. 5-10). It would appear as if some women, professing to be inspired, interfered with the appointed services of the minister (1 Cor. xiv. 34). A woman was not to conduct the regular public services, as if she were the minister. But this does not forbid Christian women from exhorting or praying, where persons might be assembled for a religious exercise. It would not come under the idea of a church. It is right that men only should be employed in the ruling of a church. Women were not to be in that office. Nor were they permitted to interrupt public worship by asking questions in the church.

‘There have been some remarkable instances in which women have been employed by the Holy Spirit,—Miriam, Hannah, Huldah, etc., under the Old Testament dispensa-

tion; and there is a long list in Romans xvi., under the New Testament. When God gives seals to exhortation, who shall say nay? In our country, in modern times, we have had remarkable instances of this gift,—in Mrs. Fletcher of Madeley, Mrs. Stevens of Knaresborough, among members of the Church of England; and Mrs. Fry in the Society of Friends. Mrs. Stevens addressed any who attended her school-room in the afternoon, when the church was closed, and Dr. M'Neile was one of the fruits. Our best love to you all.—Your ever affectionate friend,

‘WM. MARSH.’

His views of the Divine order concerning the agency of women in the work of the Lord, were further expanded in the following letter:—

‘ . . . ON the subject of your letter I will answer you scripturally with the sayings of a prophet and two apostles. Joel speaks of the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and foretells that it would be upon *daughters* and *handmaids*, as well as upon sons and servants (Joel ii. 28, 29). St. Peter concludes the primary fulfilment of this prophecy to have been at Pentecost. Women were there, and doubtless partook of it. In Acts i. 14, 15, we find the company consisted of the eleven apostles, the women, the mother of Jesus, and His brethren, and other disciples; the number of the names together were about a hundred and twenty.

‘ In Acts ii. 2 we find these were “*all*” with one accord in one place. They had been uniting in prayer and sup-

plication for the promised blessing, and the tongue of fire descended alike upon the men and the women; for the text is emphatic,—“It sat upon *each* of them, and they were *all* filled with the Holy Ghost, and began”—(*not* the men alone to speak, and the women to keep silence) but *all* began—“to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance.” This is additionally proved by St. Peter’s reference to that prophecy of Joel.

‘If some of the men among the disciples had interfered with the utterances of the Spirit through Mary, or any of the other women, and had questioned their right to speak in the assembly, asserting that it was unseemly, and out of the sphere of woman to proclaim a risen Saviour, in view of the fact that there were *men* mingling in the crowd of listeners, He who gave woman her commission on the morning of the resurrection, saying, “Go tell my brethren,” would surely have disapproved of such an interference.

‘An eminent commentator, in reviewing this text, “Go tell my brethren,” says—“Behold what honour God puts on those who persevere in truth, and continue to honour Him before men. Thus these faithful women proclaim the gospel of a risen Saviour to those who were afterwards to be the teachers of the whole human race.”

‘St. Paul, knowing that women partook of the gift, was anxious that it should be exercised with discretion (1 Cor. xiv. 34, 35). It is plain that the “speaking” here referred to was asking questions, which might better be answered by their husbands at home. The word “women” here evidently means *wives*. This may tend to harmonize other

passages in these epistles. In the Jewish synagogues it was a common occurrence for persons to interrupt the speaker with questions which frequently resulted in angry altercations. This practice, we have reason to infer, had been introduced into the Corinthian Church; and some women, doubtless devoid of spirituality, were disposed to take part in these debates. This unseemly practice St. Paul reproveth, and says, "Let your women keep silence in the churches."

' With respect to prophesying (or preaching) as it is alluded to in 1 Cor. xiv., you will find its nature defined in the 3d verse. It was directed to be for "edification, exhortation, and comfort;" and St. Paul evidently admits of this prophesying of women in public assemblies, for he gives special directions respecting their conduct and appearance while engaged in this sacred duty,—the man praying or prophesying was to have his head uncovered, the woman to have her head covered. Again, this Apostle says, "I would that ye *all* spake with tongues, but rather that ye prophesied." The word "all" must comprehend every member, both men and women.

' Another passage, which is sometimes considered a difficulty, is 1 Tim. ii., from 11th verse to the end. But there again the command seems to apply to the relations between husband and wife.

' If its meaning were not to teach *at all*, no woman could teach in an adult school, or write instructive books. Some say, "It only means teaching face to face;" but St. Paul implies the contrary, by the directions he gives as to the mode of prophesying.

‘ Priscilla expounded the word to Apollos, and it would be difficult to prove that expounding was not teaching.

‘ “ Aged women,” says St. Paul, “ should be teachers of all good things.”

‘ With a few more examples from Scripture, some in the Old Testament dispensation, when women were in a far more subject position than they are now, I will close this letter.

‘ Miriam, who was joined with Moses and Aaron in leading Israel from Egypt to Canaan,—“ I brought thee up out of the land of Egypt, and sent before thee Moses and Aaron and Miriam.’

‘ Deborah, who not only judged all Israel, but also led their armies to victory.

‘ Abigail, who counselled David, the Lord’s prophet and the anointed king, and that in the hearing of all his followers, and David said, “ Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, who hath sent thee this day to meet me, and blessed be thy advice, and blessed be thou.”

‘ Huldah, to whom Josiah the king sent Hilkiah *the priest*, and others for advice in a time of much anxiety, when they feared the wrath of the Lord.

‘ Psalm lxxviii. 11, reads in the original thus :—“ The Lord gave the word, great was the company of women-publishers.”

‘ Anna, the prophetess, spoke of Jesus to *all* them that looked for redemption in Jerusalem.

‘ The woman of Samaria preached Jesus to the people of her city, and many believed on Him for the saying of the woman.

‘ Tryphena and Tryphosa laboured in the Lord. The beloved Persis laboured much in the Lord. And women “ whose names are in the Book of Life ” laboured with Paul in the gospel (Phil. iv. 3).

‘ From these passages the scriptural view of the subject seems so clear to my mind that I have not a doubt about it left,—provided “ all things be done decently and in order.”—Your affectionate friend,
WM. MARSH.’

TO THE REV. CHARLES BRIDGES.

‘ BECKENHAM, August 9, 1859.

‘ MY DEAR BRIDGES,— . . . I am glad that a new edition of the *Commentary on the Proverbs* is forthcoming. You know to whom to ascribe the glory, and therefore I do not mind telling you, that I know of no book better calculated to be useful to young men in particular. May your life yet be spared for continued usefulness. But, as *litera scripta manet*, great is the mercy that has employed your pen. Perhaps St. Paul, though careful of the “ parchments,” little thought that his letter to Philemon would be read nearly two thousand years afterwards, and especially on that island of pagans, which probably he visited only for a very short time. Colquhoun’s *Life in Olden Times* represents Florence as the great and flourishing city; London not worth looking at. There were no Barings or Rothschilds to enrich it in those days; nor Bibles to bless it.—Yours ever affectionately,

‘ WM. MARSH.’

‘BECKENHAM, *Nov. 2, 1859.*

‘ . . . PRAYER-MEETINGS are held in London for a shower of Living Water to descend there : we have them here also, that there may be a general outpouring. God honours united, fervent, persevering prayer. It may be that He is “accomplishing the number of His elect, and hastening His kingdom.” . . . I am in wonderful health, considering my age. Let us look upward continually for all the grace we need ; and forward to the rest which will never be disturbed in the land of light and love.’

On the 5th of August, he baptized his first great-granddaughter, Mary Evelyn Anstruther, in Beckenham Church. As usual, friends flocked from far and near to hear him read a service of the Church in public, as well as to listen to his heaven-taught thoughts, with regard to it, in private. So correct was his taste in reading, and so earnest his spirit, that a friend who was no mean judge, who was present on more than one of these occasions, remarked, ‘ It is a rare enjoyment to hear a service thus read. Dr. Marsh has a soul in tune with our stately Liturgy, and the simplicity and fervour of his devotion could never offend the most critical taste.’

Towards the end of August he spent some weeks at Broadstairs ; and whilst there, preached occasionally for the incumbent, the Rev. Frederick Newell, who was the son of one of his friends and churchwardens at Colchester, and who had himself, as a boy, been instructed by my father in his catechetical lectures for the children of the upper classes in that town.

Now, as always, he doubled his pleasures by sharing them, and so assembled around him not only his children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, but also some of those cadets from Addiscombe who were prevented by distance from going to their parents for a summer holiday. To gather the young around him, to throw himself into their interests, and to plan for their pleasures, was as natural to him, as it was to sympathize with their trials and difficulties, and to persuade them to seek ever closer and closer union with their God and Saviour.

Whilst he was in this neighbourhood he met again Mr. and Mrs. Warre of Westcliff, who had been dear and early friends of his late wife, Lady Louisa Marsh, and whom they had visited together in the spring of 1840. The renewal of this friendship was a source of much pleasure both to himself and his family, who were welcomed with him to that lovely sea-side home with unbounded kindness and hospitality. Here also he met Archdeacon Davis, whom he had known and valued for years, and found refreshment in attending his ministry at Ramsgate.

TO HIS YOUNGEST DAUGHTER.

‘ BECKENHAM RECTORY, *Nov.* 17, 1859.

‘ DEAR DARLING,—You cannot think how well imagination has behaved since I gave it a stern reproof for its pictures of danger. Now it tells me of the kind American Consul; the good Captain of the vessel; the ease and safety of getting on board; the considerate conduct of the

authorities ; the silence of the audience ; the tears trickling down some cheeks ; the resolution formed in many hearts to think of and seek a Saviour.

‘ Just as imagination told me the above, I perceived a little hoarseness at the end of the tale ; speaking in the open air at this season is trying to throats, so the sailors must be invited under some roof.

‘ Mrs. Rio and darling Matilda are visiting the sick. I am trying to preserve my wits, as I am asked to write prefaces to three different works at one time. In one of them I intend to justify women in doing all they can to save souls. Oh, what a blessed work it is ! But all the blessing in it cannot be known till “ the Day shall declare it.”

‘ My heart is just beginning to dance on learning that darling Lucy is a little better.

‘ I thank God for the report respecting our dear Charlie. He is a pleasant, affectionate youth. May the Lord stablish, strengthen, settle him. Our beloved Louisa’s children have been greatly blessed, and not a little by your motherly love to them. . . . I pray your present efforts may be a blessing. You will raise the serpent on the pole. The sick will look and be healed. One look at the Cross, said Dr. Buchanan, is sufficient. But then he was dying. We who are living must be looking every day.

‘ We serve the best of masters. As sinners, He receives us graciously ; as servants, He rewards us generously ; as friends, He will make us partakers of His joys. . . .

‘ My love to dear Mr. and Mrs. Warre, with hearty thanks for all their kind care of my property.—Ever thy most loving father,

W. MARSH.’

The following brief remembrances of some of my father's conversations are taken from notes written down at the time by his eldest daughter, during her visit to him at Easter, 1860 :—

‘ On Easter eve, after speaking of the marvellous change from the Cross to Paradise, he said, “ What a day this must have been for the penitent thief! . . . When Mr. Simeon was preaching on his prayer, he suddenly exclaimed, ‘ Heaven for asking for! Heaven for asking for!’ ”

‘ On Easter Day he spoke of the Saviour's tenderness in mentioning Peter by name, to reassure him of His love; “ Go, tell my disciples, and *Peter*,” (and the tears came to his eyes while thinking of the love of the Lord Jesus, the “ overflowing of love,” as he expressed it). “ How he loved this earth, delaying his ascension forty days after His resurrection, and appearing frequently to His disciples.”

‘ In talking with his medical adviser, Mr. Williams, on Heb. xi., he described the true translation of ver. 1 to be, “ Now faith is the *certain expectation* of things hoped for.” Mr. Williams quoted Luther's translation as being “ the sure and certain confidence.” “ We all like to be trusted,” my father rejoined, and so (pointing upwards) “ *HE* loves to be trusted.”

‘ At another time he spoke of the Epistles to the Romans and the Hebrews; “ What wonderful epistles! The one exhibiting Christian doctrine, the other showing Christianity as the substance of the Levitical dispensation of shadows;” adding, “ What a wonderful book the Bible is! what a variety is contained in it! History, prophecy, biography, poetry, doctrines, precepts, promises!” Alluding

to Burke's habit of reading a chapter in Isaiah before going to speak in the House of Commons, and to the Speaker's comment on his remarkable speech at Warren Hastings' trial, recommending the House to adjourn that it might distinguish between the blaze of eloquence and the light of truth, he remarked, that "Isaiah possessed both the blaze of eloquence and the light of truth."

'He afterwards related one or two anecdotes of the Rev. Charles Simeon. He was told, that before he was appointed to his fellowship he must receive the sacrament. He felt he was unfit, and asked some one to lend him a book on the subject. Bishop Wilson's was lent to him, in which the type of the scape-goat is dwelt upon. He received the truth of the transfer of sin, and never afterwards lost it.

'He next told us Mr. Simeon's mode of describing a Christian's death. "Who are you?" (looking back)—"Sorrow." "And who are you?"—"Sighing." Then stretching his hands upwards—"And who are you?"—"Joy." "And who are you?"—"Gladness." "Then farewell Sorrow, farewell Sighing! Joy and Gladness, I will go with you!"

'The same evening he spoke on "the comprehensive-ness of the testimony of John the Baptist to our Saviour. 1st, He is 'the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.' Hence guilt and condemnation are removed. 2d, He 'baptizeth with the Holy Ghost,' hence the power of Satan and the dominion of sin are destroyed. 3d, He is 'the Son of God,' and therefore is qualified to accomplish this great work; and finally, He will be the Judge,

represented by gathering the wheat into the garner, and bestowing rewards of grace on His disciples ; but punishing His impenitent foes, as it is written, ‘burning up the chaff;’ hence, in every sense, ‘He must *increase*,’—Christ must be everything. ‘Therefore, let no man glory in men ; Christ must be all in all.’ The Father says of Him, ‘This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.’ Happy is the soul that can say, ‘This is my beloved Saviour, in whom my soul is well pleased.’”

The following letter shows that his interest in the welfare of the town of Bridgnorth continued unabated, after many years of absence :—

TO THE REV. J. BENTLEY, SHORTLY AFTER HIS APPOINTMENT
TO ST. MARY’S, BRIDGNORTH.

‘BECKENHAM RECTORY, *May 2, 1860.*

‘REV. AND DEAR SIR,—From my long connexion with Bridgnorth, you will not require an apology for my writing you a line, though a stranger.

‘I am very thankful for your appointment, and pray that your faithful labours may win many sinners to the Saviour, and lead believers to adorn His doctrine. I am sure that there are many there who will welcome your message. It greatly cheers the heart of my dear son-in-law to find that he is succeeded by such a faithful pastor.

‘Your office is the most honourable and the most useful upon the face of the earth. It was but the other morning that I was reading Barnes’ Commentary on 2 Cor.,

chapters ii., iii. They give a glorious view of the design of the Christian ministry, and its blessed results, as accompanied by the Divine blessing. And when the minister is a man of prayer, as well as a preacher, that blessing is not withheld.

‘I have been long an upstairs-prisoner; but I find a sick-room a good library. I have read much of Barnes. I understood that his work was intended chiefly for teachers of Sunday-schools, but it is admirably adapted to the ministers of the Word. I am astonished at the extent of his research, and pleased with the independence of his own mind. On church government we shall differ from him, as he is not an Episcopalian, but on subjects essential for “edification, exhortation, and comfort,” we shall agree with him.

‘Dear Sir, it is a great privilege to escape superstition and rationalism in the present age, when the enemy appears to be making a desperate, because, perhaps, a last struggle. But ministers and people who keep close to the Throne of Grace and the Word of Grace are both safe and useful.

‘Light, love, and usefulness attend yourself and Mrs. Bentley for many many years. And may your people know the time of their visitation.--Yours, dear sir, very faithfully,

WM. MARSH.’

Towards the end of the month of May, just five years from the time of his first visit to Beckenham Rectory in

joyous health and spirits, Arthur Vandeleur came for his last farewell.

Although he was within a few days of his death, his brave spirit bore him up above the infirmities of consumption, and he joined the family circle at meals, ready as ever for cheerful conversation. Whilst his soul was attuned to the highest solemnities, the bright sunshine of his spirit was as sparkling, and the music of his pleasant laugh almost as clear as ever.

He liked to have his chair placed every evening where he could best see my father's face. Earlier, he had written of him,—‘ How much of the Master's likeness do we see in your most beautiful and venerable father? The atmosphere of love and peace which seems ever around him is indeed a breath of Heaven's own air.’ And still the sight of that countenance seemed to carry joy to his heart, although deafness on one side, and a failing voice on the other, prevented much communication. ‘ I cannot make my voice heard through his trumpet now,’ he said, rather sadly; then brightening up suddenly, he added, ‘ but we shall have plenty of time for talking together when we meet in the everlasting Home.’

On the day when he and his beloved wife, who was nursing him with a devotion beyond her strength, left the rectory, he said, ‘ I should like to go to heaven straight from this dear home. I mean to go to Woolwich to-day to see my little children, and then Mary and I will come again in a few days, and stay to the end.’

That wish, however, doubtless for wise reasons, was not granted; probably, to give him the opportunity of bearing

his last witness for his Saviour to his friends and brother officers at Woolwich.

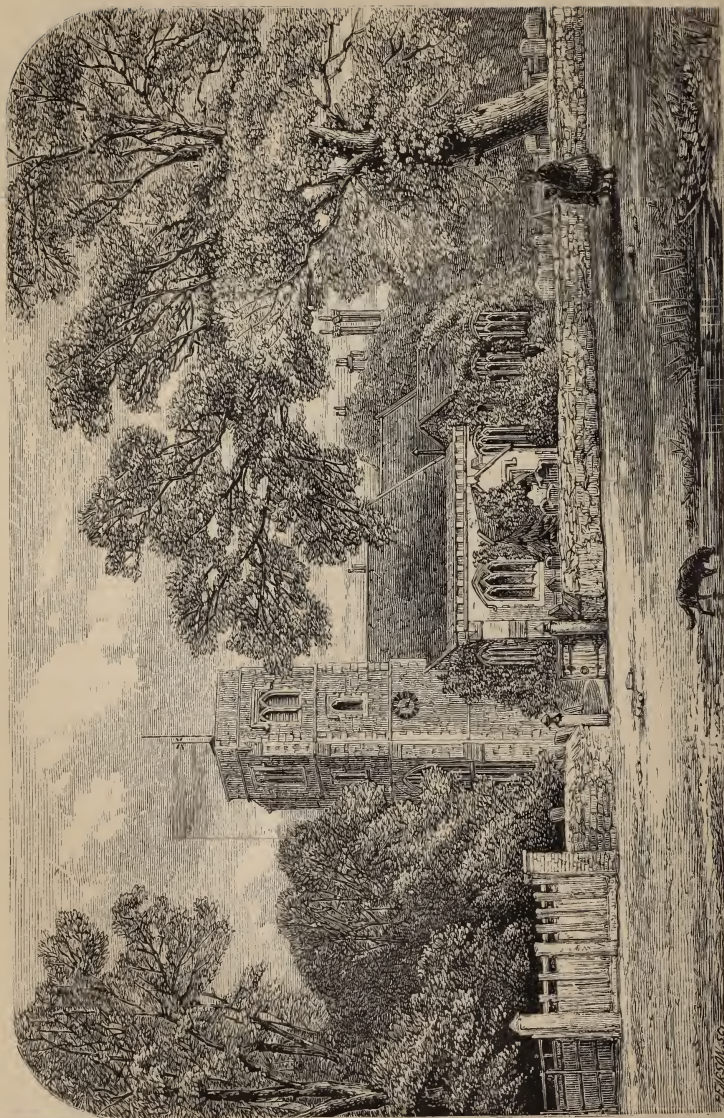
My father keenly felt that parting. ‘He will never come back,’ he said. ‘The hand of death is upon him. Yet there *is* no death for *him*, as he himself said, blessed soul! for his life is hid with Christ in God.’

CHAPTER XIV.

SUNSET LIGHT.

' Of life's past toils the fading trace
Hath given the aged patriarch's face
Expression holy, deep, resigned,
The calm sublimity of mind.
. Yet his mien
Is bright with majesty serene ;
And those high hopes, whose guiding star
Shines from eternal worlds afar,
Have with that light illumed his eye
Whose fount is immortality ;
And o'er his features poured a ray
Of glory, not to pass away.'

HEMANS.



BEDDINGTON CHURCH.

FREDERICK HAY FORBES, PINX.

SUNSET LIGHT.

SOME weeks before this time, a subject of serious consideration had been brought before him, in the offer of the living of Beddington, a village in Surrey, within an easy drive of Beckenham.

Although still working ably in the service so dear to his heart, he had felt the comfort of having no responsible charge of his own, and he dreaded anything which would break up the happy home-circle at Beckenham Rectory. Twice, therefore, he declined the offer; but when an influential resident in Beddington came more than once to urge his acceptance of it, pressing him to consider the blessing that his presence and prayers would be in the parish, combined with the value of his well-known principles, and the power he would have to choose curates who would carry out all his wishes and plans in pastoral work, he felt it right to reconsider the matter, asking counsel of his God concerning it. He also consulted some of his friends, upon whose Christian judgment he could best rely. The late revered and beloved Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Winchester, in whose diocese Beddington is

situated, the Rev. Charles Goodhart, and others not less valued, all alike concurred in telling him that, in their opinion, he would close a door of usefulness which the providence of God had opened to him, if he did not accept this charge. He was not a man to shrink from responsibility when once he could trace the Divine hand beckoning him to undertake it, and believing that his earnest prayers for guidance had been answered, he at length decided to yield to the request. Two other circumstances, which he looked upon as leading tokens, helped his decision. One was a visit from Mr. Hamilton, the venerable father of the late rector, who said that it would give him the greatest consolation to know that Dr. Marsh had consented to be the successor of his beloved and only son; whilst another and yet stronger call to him was that several poor people in the parish had united to plead in prayer that he might be made willing to become their pastor.

From the time he became rector of Beddington he determined to employ the whole of the income derived from the living in stipends to curates, in parochial and other charities, and the necessary additional expenses of a separate household, so as not to leave any surplus for his family or for his own gratification. The only indulgence he allowed himself was in doubling his subscriptions to several benevolent and Christian institutions, and in other ways giving even more largely than before towards the furtherance of the work of the Lord and the relief of distress. So heartily did he carry out the Divine command, 'Lay not up for yourselves treasure on earth, but lay up for yourselves treasure in heaven,' that,

knowing there was a sufficient provision for his children secured by trust-property and by his own insurances, he expended, almost every year, a considerable amount of capital, including legacies, in the service of his heavenly Master, and for the benefit of the poor. He felt it to be so important a duty for every Christian to provide for his family, according to his means, without being tempted to hoard, that he wrote several letters in the newspapers on the subject of insurance, and advised the married clergy to adopt the plan, even if they could only afford to insure for £100.

In his strong view of the error of accumulating money, he would say, 'I have read a melancholy thing in the paper to-day,—a man died possessed of £100,000!'

In connexion with this subject, he remarked to the Rev. Henry O'Rorke, one of his curates at Beddington, 'I wish I could write all across the sky, in letters of gold, the one word "Savings-bank."'

On the day of his induction to the living, he was accompanied by his three daughters, a grand-daughter, and two young friends, to Beddington Church. He was met by the Rev. George Hodgson, rural dean, and vicar of Croydon. It was a bright afternoon in July, and the sunshine lighting up the old grey tower of the church, and streaming through the stately trees of the park, at the entrance of which it stands, lent an additional charm to the beauty of the peaceful scene. The loving-kindness of the Heavenly Master had reserved this 'calm retreat' to be the last field of labour where His aged and faithful

servant should expend the remainder of his strength, in the work he loved so well of gathering more sheaves for the Lord of the harvest.

After the usual ceremony was over, he returned from the church to the rectory ; and, on entering the library, he prayed with us all that peace might be given to those who were leaving that home, and to those who were about to enter it, and for great blessing on the parish.

He deeply sympathized with Mrs. Hamilton, and was tenderly anxious in every way to consult her feelings, and to soothe, as far as possible, the severe trial of leaving a home associated with the whole of her happy married life, whilst she, on her part, putting aside her own sorrow, with thoughtful care arranged for his comfort on coming into the house.

The following day, he addressed about three hundred persons in the schoolroom at Beckenham, on the subject of 'Soul Prosperity,' from the words, 'Beloved, I wish above all things that thou mayest prosper and be in health, even as thy soul prospereth.' It was the last time that he spoke in that room ; and the people listened to his parting words with even more than their usual reverent love. Their grief at his leaving Beckenham was great ; but those who could walk so far, found a solace in going over, from time to time, to hear him preach, and the members of his Saturday-evening meeting were never forgotten amongst the numerous guests invited to be present at his birthday parties and other social gatherings.

On the 4th of August, 1860, he entered the last earthly home which was to be gladdened by his presence.

His beloved friend, the Duchess of Gordon, had expressed a wish to hear his first sermon in Beddington Church. She came accordingly, to be the earliest visitor welcomed at the rectory; and her faithful spirit rejoiced in the hope that a rich blessing would be brought to the parish and neighbourhood by his coming there. It was the last time that they met on earth; and that meeting was a foretaste of the communion of saints in heaven. Many were their 'warm and joyful thoughts of the city not made with hands,' in which their dwelling was soon to be, amidst 'the general assembly and church of the first-born and the spirits of just men made perfect.' Above all, they communed with delight of Him

' Whom to serve and whom to know
 Makes the joy of saints below;
 Whom to see, and whom to love,
 Makes the bliss of saints above.'

He preached his first sermon from Rev. xxi. 25, 'There shall be no night there.' Before closing it, he alluded with tender sympathy to the sorrow of the parishioners in the loss of their devoted pastor; leading them on to thoughts of the world where, as he said, 'there shall be no night of ignorance, no night of sin, no night of sorrow, and no night of death.'

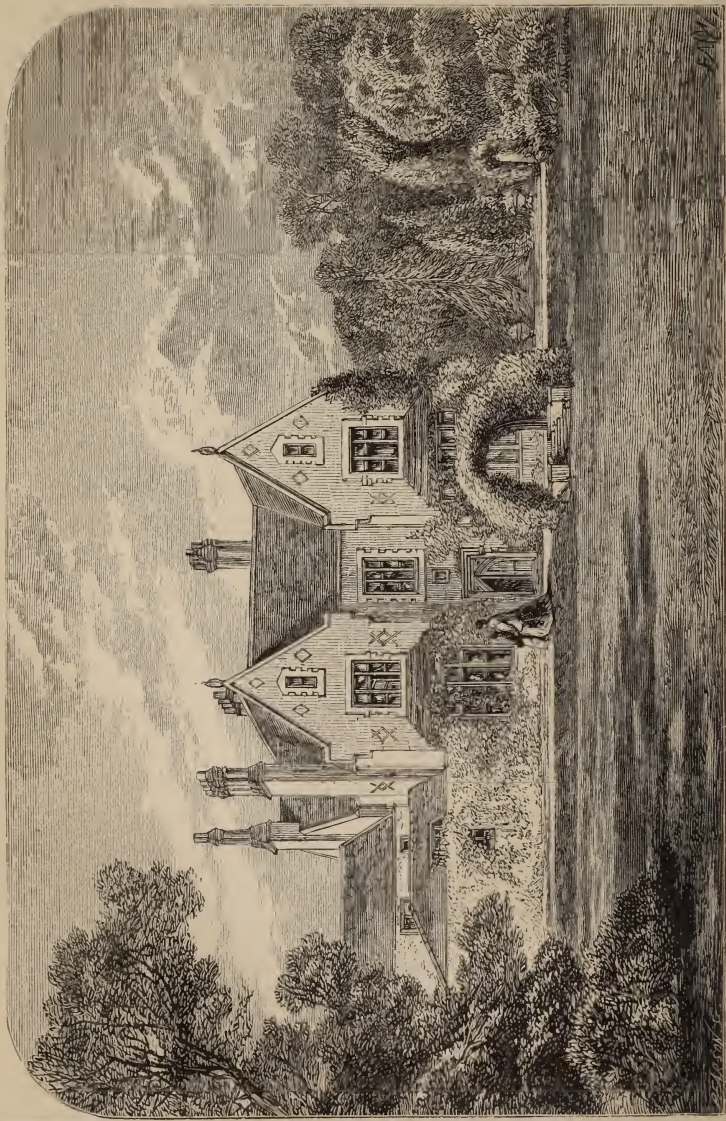
On Sunday, the 19th of August, he 'read himself in.' In the morning, he went through the usual service, and twenty of the Thirty-nine Articles, and in the afternoon, the service and the remaining Articles. There was no flagging of his energy in any part; but when the last

sentence was concluded, we expected that he would be somewhat exhausted. However, to the surprise of every one, his voice was raised up with renewed power to address the congregation on the scriptural character of both the Articles and Liturgy of the Church of England. He showed how closely they were allied to the very language of the inspired Word ; and ended this short extempore sermon with an earnest appeal to every one present to uphold, by the united testimony of life and lip, those blessed scriptural principles which had been overlaid by the errors of the Middle Ages, but brought to light again at the Reformation.

Adjoining the rectory grounds are excellent school-rooms which had been built by Mr. Hamilton, with the aid of his parishioners and friends. At the head of the boys' school my father found an admirable master, who had been established there for many years, and who was particularly happy in gaining the respect and affection of the village lads. Mr. Price and his wife were much valued by my father, and he took a constant interest in their work in the schools.

The courtesy and kindness of his reception by the parishioners was very pleasant to him. Foremost to welcome him was Mr. Laurence, who had urged his acceptance of the charge ; he, with his wife and family, became not only valued helpers in parochial work and in the schools, but were also delighted to minister to his happiness, with the never-tiring consideration of love, until the closing hours of his life.

It was a great addition to his enjoyment, in the newly-



FREDERICK HAY FORDEN, PINX.

BEDDINGTON RECTORY.

made friendships at Beddington, to find himself in the neighbourhood of some of the near relatives of his esteemed old friend 'John Joseph Gurney,' and several of the descendants of Elizabeth Fry.

With Mr. Samuel Gurney, M.P. for Falmouth, and his wife, he had a warm friendship, and through their thoughtful kindness he received many little pleasures. Often his library table would be adorned by them with a rare plant, a foreign fern, or a delicate water lily. Then, again, his mind would be interested by some memoir of one of the numerous philanthropists belonging to the Society of Friends, or his taste gratified by the loan of a portfolio of choice engravings. But beyond all these kindnesses to himself, fully as they were appreciated, was his heart rejoiced by the frequent sight, during the summer months, of bright faces of little children from ragged, orphan, and other schools, many of them brought from dark alleys and courts in the heart of London, to play in the hay-fields, and to row on the little river in the gaily painted barge, amongst flocks of beautiful waterfowl, and to spend a holiday in the park and gardens, which must have seemed to them like fairyland. But perhaps the happiest gathering of all was that of the poor women belonging to Miss Barlee's admirable institution for the employment of needlewomen. Many of those careworn faces, bearing the marks of their hard struggle to sustain an often suffering life, grew bright as they listened to the gospel story. At the close of the day, some Christian friend would, at Mr. Gurney's request, speak to them of the Lord Jesus and His free salvation, in the hope that

those burdened hearts might carry to their dreary homes not merely the remembrance of lovely country scenes, but the assurance that for them was prepared 'a better country, that is, an heavenly,' where 'they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat: for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.'

The eldest son of the late honoured Mrs. Fry—that noble and tender friend of the suffering and oppressed—was amongst those who warmly welcomed the new rector; and, with his excellent wife and daughters, he shortly afterwards began a devoted work for the Lord in that part of the parish where he resided.

Another source of enjoyment which my father found in the neighbourhood, was in more frequent intercourse with his beloved young friends, Mr. Blackwood and Sydney Duchess of Manchester. From the time of Mr. Blackwood's first visit to Beckenham, early in the summer of 1856, my father had watched, with thankful interest, the steadfast devotedness of his walk with God. He always endeavoured to secure him, with other excellent laymen, to share with his clerical friends in addressing the assemblies on the lawn; for he was one of those large-hearted clergy of our Church who gladly give the right hand of fellowship to all who 'shine as lights in the world, holding forth the Word of Life,' not only because they labour in the service of a Master who said of one who was working miracles in His name without an official commis-

sion, 'Forbid him not ; he that is not against us is for us ;' but also because he clearly saw the scriptural authority for lay-preaching, in the inspired history of the early diffusion of the Gospel, when its glorious message of life and peace was carried to many and distant lands by the agency of the laity, as recorded in Acts xi. 19, 20 ; and in the notices of Apollos, Aquila, Priscilla, and others. And he also felt strongly about the personal loss which must be sustained, of a large and loving Christian brotherhood, by those who withhold their countenance from evangelistic work.

Sedulous efforts, he knew, were frequently made to detach some of the best and most zealous laymen from the communion of the Church of England ; and he deeply deprecated the injury to her should this be effected through a want of sympathy and sanction on the part of her clergy.

But beyond all, he marked how the Divine blessing rested, in a tenfold degree, upon parishes where the incumbents welcomed 'workmen' manifestly 'approved unto God,' giving them hearty encouragement in their labours, combined with the benefit of their own longer experience and deeper theological study.

Two young clergymen were offered a share in the work of Beddington. One, the Rev. Henry Willes Southey had, a few years earlier, spent much time at Beckenham Rectory, before his ordination, where, while preparing for his future office, by laying up wisdom and experience under Mr. Chalmers's counsel and direction, his single-hearted and earnest piety had won my father's warm regard. The other, the Rev. Henry O'Rorke, by a chain of coincidences, had been ordained to a curacy at Burton-

on-Trent, where he had enjoyed the privilege of intimate acquaintance with my father's old friend, the Rev. Peter French; had next assisted the excellent Vicar of Basildon, during the last months of his life, in his pulpit and parochial duties, and had gone from thence to the Rev. David Stewart of Maidstone, just half a century from the time when his honoured father, Mr. Haldane Stewart, had come to work with my father at Basildon. The incumbent of Maidstone had written to him that Mr. O'Rorke wished for duty in the country, and that he could not send him a greater comfort, or spare Beddington a greater boon.

My father found the parish in excellent order. Clothing and coal clubs, the dispensary, and district visiting societies, with Sunday and day schools, had been established, and each had a share in his attention and interest. He attended with pastoral care to the accounts of the state of the poor given by the ladies who visited districts in the parish, at the monthly meeting of the society at the rectory; and he always concluded it with an earnest and affectionate address, and a prayer. Each Saturday afternoon some time was devoted to the study of the Bible with his curates; and a Saturday evening meeting was established in the rectory, like that which had strengthened the bonds of union between the earnest Christians in Beckenham.

After the autumn 'treat' to the school-children, my father, who was anxious to make acquaintance with all his parishioners, resolved to have a somewhat similar gathering of the working men and lads in the parish, of whom there were a considerable number,—many being employed at a tannery, and at leather, snuff and paper,

mills. Upwards of four hundred of these men and boys were accordingly invited to a tea-party. For this purpose the use of the large hall of the old deserted house in Beddington Park¹ was obtained, by the kind mediation of Mr. Gurney. This hall, in which Queen Elizabeth was wont to hold her banquets, was lent every succeeding year for the same purpose, by the courtesy of the absent owner of the place.

Several of the ladies of the parish gave their assistance in adorning the room, and Mrs. Laurence kindly lighted it with coloured lamps. Tea was provided in the hall for the working men; and in an adjoining room for other parishioners, with friends from the neighbourhood and from London. After tea was ended, my father addressed them. They could scarcely restrain their enthusiasm as they saw his spirit and energy, and listened to his heart-stirring words;—and shouts of grateful approbation burst forth when he promised, if life should be spared, to give a similar tea-party, in the course of the following summer, for their wives and daughters.

A Russian princess, who had requested to be present on the occasion, was charmed with the scene, but most of all with him who was its centre of interest; and a priest of the Greek Church, whom she had brought with her, after conversing with my father at the rectory, and listening to his address and prayer at the meeting, said, 'If there be a saint upon earth, this is he.' When returning to London by the train, he inquired of a young officer from Chatham, who had been staying in the house, 'Is that old priest always as happy as we have seen him

¹ Since sold to the Governors of the Lambeth Orphanage.

to-night?' and on receiving the reply, 'I never saw him otherwise,' rejoined, 'Then his religion must be a good one.'

This tea-party was made, as usual, an occasion for collecting absent members of the family, and friends from a distance. Amongst others who came to stay a day or two, were Mr. and Mrs. Acklom, who were then settled at the vicarage of Hemel-Hempstead.

One more opportunity of intercourse and happy fellowship of heart was granted us with these beloved friends before he, whose noble Christian character, fervent love to the Saviour, and judicious zeal in His service, my father so deeply appreciated, was to hear the Master's voice saying to him, 'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'

In the month of November, it was recommended by my father's medical adviser that he should pass the winter at Beckenham, on account of the much greater warmth of the house; the draughts and thinner walls of Beddington Rectory having brought on severe attacks of rheumatism.

Unfeigned was the joy with which the news of his intended return was received in Beckenham. 'To see him in the pulpit,' said one, 'would be as good as a sermon, even if he could not say a word;' and some, in their expressions of delight in the hope of soon seeing his face again, reminded us of the exclamation of an old woman who used to attend his ministry in Birmingham, 'He looks for all the world just like an old angel!'

As his carriage entered the village, cottagers with their children came out to welcome him, and the ringers ran from their work to give him a cheerful peal from the belfry.

During the following winter he was able to take family prayers every night, and to conduct the Saturday evening meeting at Beckenham Rectory. But whilst throwing his interest into all the service of the Lord around him, his heart and prayers were much concentrated on his new parish. His curates paid him regular weekly visits, and brought him full accounts of all the interests in their work, whilst every parochial matter was referred to him, so that his guiding influence was maintained unbroken in the parish.

The following letters, written in that year and in the early part of 1861, are published to illustrate the sympathy and affection which he manifested towards the members of his family, whether nearer or more remote:—

TO HIS YOUNGEST DAUGHTER.

‘ ISLIP RECTORY, *July 13, 1860.*

. . . ‘ I HAVE been appointed chaplain to the old ladies of Islip,¹ and am to preach to them this evening; so I must retire to search out the choicest treasures to display before them.

‘ I shall advise them to take *two looks*, which I would recommend to all Christians,—“ Look *Upward*, for the grace needed now; and *Forward*, for the rest that remaineth.” ’

He received a visit, whilst staying at Islip, from his old friend, ‘ young Tom Tyndale.’ The following words

¹ A large Bible-class of poor old women, who met at the rectory once a week for Mrs. Trench’s instruction.

which he wrote on a slate carried by Mr. Tyndale on account of his deafness, are still preserved :—

‘ How glad I am to have another shake of your hand. It reminds me of former years, and reflection should always produce deep humility and fervent gratitude. But if such is the retrospect, what gratitude do we not owe for the prospect? Paradise, resurrection, perfection of our nature; knowledge without error; holiness without sin; happiness without alloy.’

TO HIS ELDEST DAUGHTER, NOT LONG AFTER THE DEATH
OF HER LITTLE SON.

‘ BEDDINGTON, *Aug. 28, 1860.*

‘ MY DARLING CHILD,—Your letter was most welcome. The more you can look into Paradise the better. Every prospect there is pleasant; and dear little Richard is one of the plants in that garden. Oh, how he will grow, and bear fruit unto eternity! I wish I knew now as much as he knows, and enjoyed as much as he enjoys!

‘ Matilda is gone back to Beckenham for a few days. ‘ I do not know how I could have accepted this place if it had not been so near Beckenham.

‘ In ourselves we are all wrong for eternity. In our blessed Lord Jesus, in Whom is our trust, we are all right for eternity. “ *It is finished;*”—the most blessed words that were ever uttered.

‘ Do not trouble yourself at present about inability either to think or pray. The dulness or difficulty is merely the effect of previous exertion and distress of heart. I wish we could always distinguish between what

is physical and what is spiritual, and then we should not charge the latter with that which is due to the former.

‘ I knew an old Christian at Reading, who said, in every variation of circumstances, “ It is all for the best. I am in the hands of a sovereign God.” He knew that sovereignty is always exercised in the way of mercy. I could preach a sermon on that subject, and prove it.

‘ I preached yesterday with perfect ease; indeed I have never found any difficulty in making myself heard in this church; but I regard increasing strength as one of the evidences that I was guided here. K. reads with a large number of the working-classes in the schoolroom on Sunday evenings. The work seems to prosper. Let us be thankful and humble, and prayerful. Love to you all.

WM. MARSH.’

TO THE REV. CHARLES BRIDGES.

‘ BEDDINGTON RECTORY, *Sept. 9.*

‘ MY DEAR FRIEND,—A thought has been for some time in my mind, and your pen could realize it. I have never seen any work on the subject. It is this—CHRISTIANITY AS TAUGHT BY JESUS CHRIST.

‘ All doctrines, promises, and precepts of true religion will be found in the personal ministry of our blessed Lord, while he was executing the office of “ the Prophet that should come into the world.”

‘ I would not introduce a single word more than we can find in the four Evangelists. I am disposed to think that the Apostles taught nothing but what may be found, semi-nally at least, in the Gospels.

‘ If it meet your mind, I will send you a short analysis

of what the treatise might be. My pen and age cannot attempt more.

‘ You may remember a book by Mr. Overton on *The True Churchman*. It satisfactorily proved that those who hold evangelical views are the true Churchmen.

‘ They who believe and follow all things taught by our Lord are the *true Christians*. (Perhaps this may also prove that evangelical faith is the Christian faith !)—Your ever affectionate
W. MARSH.’

TO HIS YOUNGEST DAUGHTER.

‘ BECKENHAM RECTORY, *April 7.*

‘ I DAILY pray that all who come under our roof at Beddington (as well as visitors at Beckenham) may find it good and profitable, and pleasant to be there. There is a “house not made with hands,” in which there is nothing but what is good, profitable, and pleasant.

‘ . . . I thank God for each new encouragement He grants to feeble efforts in His service. Mr. Simeon once said to a person who was praising him for having kindled a flame in the land: “To be sure, sir; quite right, always praise the poker, tongs, and shovel.” That man will always remember in future that the praise is due only to the *Hand* that uses the instrument.

‘ It is one of the negative blessings of a future state that there shall be “no more pain.” What must the positive blessings be! and what a crowning one in John xvii. 24!

‘ You and darling Lucy must not over-tire yourselves in furnishing for us, nor be burdened with “the cares of this life.”—Ever your own loving father,
W. M.’

To the Same.

‘BECKENHAM, *May 8, 1861.*

‘ . . . I BEGGED Mrs. W— to encourage the poor woman to continue in prayer, and to get a Christian friend or two to unite with her. I told her also the following anecdote, which I heard many years ago :—A lady was converted : her husband was opposed to religion ;—but he said to a friend, “ My wife obeys me cheerfully in everything, except where she thinks her duty to God is concerned.” The friend said, “ I will lay you a wager that she would not obey you in such a case as this :— You shall invite me and half a dozen more to sup with your wife at a very late hour, when you know she has retired to rest.” “ I take the bet,” he said. The party arrived after midnight. He sent word to his wife that several friends had come to sup with him. She rose immediately, had the supper prepared, and received them kindly. The man who lost the wager said to her, “ How could you keep your temper ?” She answered, “ Unless my husband’s heart is changed, this is his only heaven, and therefore I wish to make it as happy to him as possible.” When the husband heard it, he said, “ This must be true religion ;” and he began to read, and think, and pray for himself ; and God put a new spirit within him. Sinners may be drawn, when they cannot be driven.

‘ Do ask the sun to shine, and the east wind to retire, that I may set off for Beddington.—My great love to my housekeepers. My love to everybody. WM. MARSH.’

A few of his thoughts, noted down at the time, are inserted here :—

‘St. Paul wrote against self-righteousness, St. James against un-righteousness.’

‘Fire and wind are beautiful types of the agency of the Holy Spirit. Fire is penetrating, purifying, illuminating, comforting. So the Holy Spirit can penetrate the hardest, purify the most sinful, illuminate the darkest, and comfort the most distressed heart.

‘Then, what can resist the wind? it can uproot the strongest trees, it revives, it invigorates, it refreshes. So, like the mighty rushing wind, the Holy Spirit can uproot the strongest prejudices, can revive dead souls, can strengthen and refresh believers.’

‘Fire, light, air, seem to me the best simile for Deity. They are all of the same nature, the same elements, yet varied, and distinct from each other.’

‘The Jewish nation was compared to a fig-tree; and the words, “Let no fruit grow on thee henceforth for ever,” have indeed been fulfilled, for that nation has borne no fruit since they rejected Messiah; but when we see the fig-tree again putting forth green leaves, we shall know that *summer is nigh*.’

‘Whilst the righteousness of our Redeemer admits us into heaven, the fruits of faith will be rewarded there.’

‘Love is the peculiar spirit, peace the peculiar blessing, of Christianity. “By this shall all men know that ye

are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." " My peace I give unto you." "

' The imagery of Scripture is astonishing. It ransacks all nature to illustrate Divine Truth ; from the sun in the firmament, to the worm that creepeth upon the earth.'

' What a difficulty, says one, when you believe in a free gift of salvation through Christ, where to put good works ? Why, the answer is, " Put them in your life." '

' The memory of the beloved apostle, under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, was the faithful depository of the deepest and highest thoughts revealed by His Lord to His disciples. The 14th chapter of St. John's Gospel was pointed out by an excellent old minister to a physician who held Unitarian sentiments, with the request that he would read it through first according to his own views, and then, divesting himself of prejudice, read it again as one would who believed in the divinity of the Saviour, and see with which view it best accorded. The physician rose up, as he concluded his second reading of the chapter, saying, with St. Thomas, " My Lord and my God !" '

' In these days we want *mines*, but the Lord accepts *mites*.'

After reading the 19th Psalm, he said, ' What a series of arguments it contains for the Bible Society. " The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul ;" then let us

give it to the unconverted of mankind. "The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple;" then let us give it to the uninstructed of mankind. "The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart;" then let us give them to the miserable of mankind. "The commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes;" then let us give it to the sinful of mankind. What a wonderful Psalm it is: and like the 1st of Romans it shows us that men are not converted by the works of God, but by the Revelation of His Word.'

The privilege which was eagerly sought by his married grandchildren, that the great-grandfather should himself publicly dedicate their babes to the service of Christ in baptism, occasioned another family gathering in the month of February 1861, for the christening, in Beckenham Church, of Margaret Louisa, the first-born child of one of his grand-daughters, who had married the eldest son of Hulbert Wathen, Esq. of Beckenham Lodge, a valued parishioner of Mr. Chalmers.

A few weeks later my father had the joy of welcoming back from India another married grand-daughter, who spent much of her time in England under his roof, and added not a little to his daily pleasure.

The first tea-party which my father gave in the grounds of Beddington Rectory was to the mill-workers and their wives. They had been assembled by one of his family, for Scripture readings, in a large tannery

shed, belonging to Mr. M'Rae, who, from first to last, forwarded these plans for their religious benefit with hearty goodwill. It had been mentioned by a daughter-in-law of Mr. M'Rae, that many of these men would probably cease to attend after the week of the Epsom races. She said it had become an almost universal practice in that neighbourhood for the working-men to spend the 'Derby-day' on the race-course, and that this frequently resulted in betting and hard drinking, and, consequently, in making homes miserable for days afterwards. She earnestly urged, therefore, that an appeal should be made to the men to relinquish the holiday at Epsom.

After some consideration, and with a great dread of being hard upon working-men, by seeking to deprive them of one of their few pleasures before they had found higher and greater ones, it was at length suggested to them by their friend, at one of their Bible-readings, that if, on consideration, they found that they could not ask for the blessing of God to go with them to the race-course, and if they felt that the day's amusement would probably end in sin, would they seek the help of God to enable them to give it up? And it was added that, in this case, though a tea-party seemed a poor exchange for the excitement of attending the races, Dr. Marsh would most gladly welcome them to the rectory for the afternoon, and that he and his family would endeavour to make it as pleasant to them as they could. They were requested to take time for consideration, and at the end of two days, out of above a hundred 'hands,' all save three sent in their names to

accept the invitation. To soften the sacrifice, and to extend the pleasure, their wives and widowed mothers were asked to accompany them, and the use of the park was obtained in order that they might have cricket in the earlier part of the day; and as Mr. M'Rae kindly provided refreshment there at noon, they were able to enjoy a whole holiday.

At three o'clock they walked in procession from the park, and were received at the rectory gate, where flowers and coloured favours had been previously prepared, to be distributed by ladies who came to assist at the tea-party. The tea was spread in a picturesque part of the rectory grounds; and, after a hearty meal, some sacred verses were sung by the women who worked at a paper-mill in the adjoining parish of Carshalton, where the rector had most kindly given his sanction, at the request of the mill-workers, for a weekly Bible-reading to be held by one of Dr. Marsh's family.

The singing ended, and prayer having been offered by Mr. Southey, they seated themselves on the grass around the aged rector; and whilst

‘ All
Saw in his face contentment, in his life
The path to glory and perpetual joy,’

he spoke to them on the happiness of ‘ being found in Christ’ and of being employed in His service.

Six months afterwards, an unbeliever, referring to that address, said, ‘ Eighteen years before, I had a great shake away from Christianity by a clergyman treating me in a very hoity-toity way. I have been a free-thinker ever

since. But I got a great shake back towards Christianity when I heard your father speak about faith in his Saviour making him happy; and yet not so much by what he said as by the sight of his face. It did your heart good to look at it.'

My father had invited some of his old clerical friends, and several laymen who also were devoted Christians, to make short addresses to the assembled party. Between each address a hymn was sung, and the whole was concluded with prayer by Mr. O'Rorke, after which all joined in singing the doxology before they parted.

A poor woman who had been bedridden for many years told us shortly afterwards that she had always dreaded the evening of the Derby-day, for that sounds of oaths and curses, mingled with snatches of profane songs, reached her ears, even through her closed window, when the men returned from the race-course; and that too often a drunken fight was the close of the day's revelry. 'But,' she continued, 'this year it *was* a different thing. I heard nothing but sweet hymns and cheerful "good-nights," as the neighbours parted at their garden gates.'

And from another parishioner, we heard that a young mill-worker, who lodged at her house, said, on his return from the rectory, 'No more races for me, landlady, I have found a happier way!'

On the 20th of July he gave a similar fête to the wives and widows of Beddington, inclusive also of the single women, so that not a few of the faces of the Derby-day tea-party reappeared. On this occasion, a table was also provided for a number of recruits from the Guards' bar-

racks at Croydon, many of whom were in the habit of attending a Bible-reading, held for the poor of the parish, on Sunday evening, in the school-room; and some also came one evening in the week to receive Scriptural instruction from Mr. Baldwin, a young officer in the engineer service, who spent his last summer, before leaving for India, at Beddington Rectory. He had been one of the leaders of the band of young Christians at Addiscombe; and his high character and noble heart had endeared him in no slight degree to my father.

This year passed away calmly and happily, with health sufficient for the exercise of the duties in which he delighted, and in the enjoyment of the family circle and of his numerous friends.

TO HIS ELDEST DAUGHTER.

‘DARLING MARY,— . . . The work here appears to be prospering, *Deo gratia!* We have encouragement enough to embolden us to ask for more.

‘. . . Several pleasant Christian visitors have been with us,—last week, dear Lady Erroll and her young sister. Both are seeking to hear their Saviour’s voice, to know His love, and to do His will.

“To hear His voice;” then we have truth. “To know His love;” then we have peace. “To do His will;” then we have usefulness, and all leading to glory, honour, immortality, and eternal life.—Your ever loving father,

W. M.’

CHAPTER XV.

‘ LIVE, WHILE YOU LIVE.’

‘ HE liveth long who liveth well !
All other life is short and vain ;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of living most for heavenly gain.
Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure ;
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright ;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest-home of light.’

H. BONAR.

‘LIVE, WHILE YOU LIVE.’

ENGLAND still remembers the days of anxious suspense, followed too quickly by the shock of grief which fell upon every heart and home throughout the land, when, in the prime of his noble manhood, the Prince Consort died.

Eyes that had scarcely ever been dimmed by tears, and those which had almost wept away the power of shedding them, alike overflowed then for their Queen in her desolating sorrow, and for their country in the loss of so wise a counsellor, so shining an example.

‘ We know him now, all narrow jealousies
Are silent ; and we see him as he moved,
How modest, kindly, all-accomplished, wise,
With what sublime repression of himself ;

Wearing the white flower of a blameless life,
Before a thousand peering littlenesses,
In that fierce light which beats upon a throne,
And blackens every blot.’

The mournful tidings were known in Beckenham early on Sunday, but the knowledge of it was kept from my father, as he was to preach that morning, and his deafness

prevented him from being conscious of the silent announcement that all hope was over, by the omission from the prayers for the Royal Family of that beloved and honoured name.

When he came home and heard that the blow had actually fallen, it seemed almost to overwhelm him; and a day or two later we were obliged to remove from his room a little picture of the Queen leaning on the Prince Consort's arm; for its aspect of happy confiding love, in contrast with the thought of the desolation of her widowhood, so pierced his heart that he wept until palpitation came on. During his subsequent severe illness, this incident was mentioned by one of the ladies-in-waiting to her Majesty, and it drew from her tender heart an expression of sympathy which was deeply gratifying to him.

About a year and a half after the Prince Consort's death, her Majesty, in going from Windsor to Blackheath to see Prince Leopold, had to pass through Beckenham station. A slight delay was necessary to change the carriages on to a different line, and during this time the train was standing at the corner of the rectory grounds, almost under the shadow of its tall old elms. The wish of the Queen, that she should have no greetings on her way, had been made known, and orders had therefore been given at the rectory that none of the family should go outside the gates. From the window of the boudoir, where my father was lying on his couch, he could see between the trees the white steam from the engine which had brought the royal carriage to Beckenham, and his loyal heart beat high with the consciousness of his Queen's presence in the

place, whilst his fervent spirit poured itself out in prayer for her with such earnestness that, when he was told her Majesty had left, he sank back exhausted, and for some minutes was unable to return to his morning reading.

During the time of suspense, when a war with America was imminent, he was fervently engaged in prayer for the preservation of peace. He felt deeply for his eldest grand-daughter in parting with her husband in the expectation of active service; and this, together with his personal love for Colonel Anstruther, lent a private interest to the earnestness of his prayers for the public blessing. The announcement of the release of the prisoners, which sent a thrill of joy throughout the country, was received by him with profound thanksgiving, but scarcely with surprise. His faith had in a measure prepared him to expect it.

TO HIS YOUNGEST DAUGHTER.

January 3, 1862.

' . . . I AM glad you like this new-year's tract.¹ A packet has been sent you, and you shall have as many more as you wish.

¹ At the close of every year he published an ' Invitation to United Prayer,' in a tract of four pages, in which a survey of present events was given, and future hopes were dwelt upon; but the main object was to entreat Christians to unite in prayer for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. The plan was begun by Mr. Haldane Stewart; after his death it was taken up by my father, and the invitation is now made to the Church of God by Dr. M'Neile.

‘How we thank God that our sweet Lucy is better, and that darling Louie bears her trial so well. May God in His providence watch over her Robert, and bring him and our army safe back from Canada. All well here; satisfied you should be at the seaside with your nurslings, yet longing to see you.

‘We are very thankful for the mercy shown to our beloved Queen, in the power of resignation given her, and her intention to discharge her high and important duties.

‘Though we are trembling as to America, yet of this we are certain, that all prayer on earth will terminate in endless praise in heaven. Infinite wisdom and infinite love direct all; and this we know,—“the Lord reigneth.” “The government shall be upon His shoulder” who took our sins on His own person. Not a sparrow falls unseen, and wisdom directs love. “He doth not willingly afflict or grieve the children of men.” In Him may we trust, in Him rejoice, and delight to make known His love.

‘I had a very large party last Saturday evening at the rectory. I took Acts iv. 14.

‘The power, when it comes, is omnipotent; so that I should have no objection to a congregation of infidels, profligates, self-righteous, or formalists. We must exercise faith in the power. “According to your faith be it unto you.” We ask too little, look for too little, believe too little for blessing on the Word. “Lord, increase our faith!”—Ever your most loving father,
W. M.’

To his daughter and grand-daughters, on the arrival of the news that the danger of war was averted :—

‘ BECKENHAM, *January 9, 1862.*

‘ MY DARLINGS,—“ Glory to God in the highest! on earth, *Peace!*”

‘ It is a great answer to many prayers. And how pleasant that it should be sent before the “ Week of Prayer” closes—to turn prayer into praise.

‘ May we, as *individuals*, seek for more grace to show forth His praises, not only with our lips but in our lives ; and to lead us, as a *nation*, to show our gratitude, by honouring His word and His Sabbath more humbly and heartily.

‘ . . . I almost cried when I heard of the death of dear old Mrs. M‘Rae. How well she carried her ninety years, and how much we shall miss her from our summer garden-tea-party. We feel for her son. The longer so good a mother was spared to him, the more he valued her. But it is only joy for herself. Safe for ever. Holy for ever. Happy for ever.—Your most loving father and grandfather,

W. MARSH.’

In the spring of this year, he shared in the joy of the beloved grandchild who had recently returned from India, in welcoming back her husband, Captain Hay Forbes, son of the Honourable Robert Forbes, who, with his excellent Christian wife, had been for some time amongst my father’s beloved and most attached friends. During his short leave, he and his young wife spent much of their time at Beddington Rectory ; for he formed a devoted

affection for my father, watching him with undisguised admiration, to anticipate his lightest wish. This love was returned with fatherly tenderness, and most fervent prayers for his spiritual welfare. Nor was the aged grandfather satisfied with prayer without effort. By earnest conversations on Scriptural subjects, by anecdotes related of souls brought to Christ, and of the happiness found in Him, no less than by the beauty of holiness in his daily life, was the young man drawn, almost insensibly, to determine, by the grace of God, to take no rest, and to give God no rest, until he too knew that his life was hid with Christ in God. But it was not until the day of their return to India, in the following November, when he and his wife were taking their last farewell of their beloved grandfather, that he knew how full an answer had been given to his prayers.

TO HIS ELDEST DAUGHTER.

‘ BECKENHAM RECTORY, *March 26, 1862.*

‘ DEAR DARLING MARY,— . . . Though our title to heaven is in Christ alone, yet, such is the Divine bounty, that right conduct is rewarded. You are now reaping the fruits of the good conduct you sowed when a child.

‘ You say you are “a worm.” I am glad you think it, because it is “a worm that shall thresh the mountains.”

‘ If you had said you were a Goliath, I should have been greatly afraid that your head would have been cut off!

‘ *May 29, 1862.*

‘ MY SWEET LITTLE LUCY,—What a delightful account you give of the northern home. Your story of the

children’s “missionery” box is very pleasant. But I fear we have *too many* on this side the Tweed to follow the example of the little one who thinks that “charity begins at home;” and alas, when that is the case, it generally *stays* there!

‘When your time for returning comes, I have told them all that *I* mean to go for you, unless some thoroughly good escort is found. Kiss all the darlings for me, and tell them to love their Saviour, and to love one another, and to love all the world; which is all I ask at present.

‘God bless you all. We enjoy your loving letters and pleasant stories of the little darlings.—Your most loving grandfather,
W. MARSH.’

The ‘opposition’-Derby-day at Beddington Rectory had now become an institution, and was anticipated with scarcely less pleasure by many in the upper classes of society, than by those for whom its celebration was principally adopted. On this anniversary, there was a large attendance from London and other places, and amongst these friends my father had the pleasure of welcoming Sir Culling Eardley and the Rev. Edmund Hollond. With Sir Culling he had long been linked in many a Protestant and evangelical work of faith and love; and with Mr. Hollond he was associated in the Simeon Trust, and had found him also ever ready to help in every work of piety and benevolence.¹

¹ The late Rev. Charles Simeon, Fellow of King’s College, Cambridge, had spent an ample fortune in the purchase of livings in important stations, in order to present to them, on vacancies, the most

In June the College at Addiscombe was finally closed, as the cadets were to be transferred to the Academy at Woolwich, on the amalgamation of the Indian service with the Queen's army. Monday the 17th was chosen for a last meeting at Beddington Rectory with the members of the Addiscombe Bible-reading. A few friends, including Mr. Blackwood and Sydney Duchess of Manchester, who had for some time past invited several of the cadets to spend Sunday at their house alternately with Beckenham and Beddington, came to join in the meeting.

The afternoon was sultry, so the little band assembled in a shady part of the flower-garden; and there, after Mr. Blackwood had begun with prayer, we read together 2 Tim. ii., and spoke of the Christian's warfare, his hardships, his temptations, his sufferings, his assurance, his certain victory, and his glorious reward.

Before the conversation had quite ended, it was interrupted by a heavy thunder-storm, and all took shelter in the rectory. My father was reading in his library; for, as he had preached the day before, we feared to ask him

earnest and able evangelical clergymen whom he could find willing to undertake the charge. He first associated my father with himself in the Trust, and, shortly before his own death, vested it also in the hands of the late Archdeacon Hodson and Rev. William Carus Wilson, and of the Revs. William Carus and John Venn, men endowed with the 'spirit of power and of love, and of a sound mind.' When two of the number were removed by death, the vacancies were filled up by the appointment of the Rev. Edward Auriol and the Rev. Edmund Hollond, men of like spirit and principles.

The meetings of the trustees, which for several years took place under my father's roof, and the affectionate intercourse they ever maintained one with another, were always sources of refreshment to him and to them.

to give an address, less the exertion should be too much for him. But no sooner did he know that the cadets were in the house, than he expressed his strong wish to meet them once more, to give them a parting blessing.

Like the high-priest in ancient days, when he came forth from the presence of the Lord to bless the people, he came from seeking the face of his God in the study of the Scriptures; and, taking his place in the midst of the bright young group, he first gave some heaven-taught counsel to guide them in the ordering of their daily life and conversation, if they desired not merely to be amongst the followers of Christ, but to have the honour and the happiness of being standard-bearers in the army of His chosen and faithful ones; and then concluded with the inspired benediction,—

‘ The Lord bless thee and keep thee :

‘ The Lord make His face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee :

‘ The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.’

Few could have seen unmoved the veteran warrior, whose courage was still as high, and whose devotion to his Master’s cause was as unwearied as in the days of his prime, though age had obliged him to relinquish the more arduous part of the service, thus arming the recruits for the field on which, ‘having fought a good fight,’ his own warfare would shortly be accomplished. God grant that each of those young soldiers may be found at the right hand of the great Captain of our salvation, in the day of His appearing !

The Bishop of Winchester kindly preached for him on Sunday, June 29th, and my father much enjoyed his society.

He had a natural reverence for authority ; and when he had, as in this case, perfect confidence in and sympathy with his diocesan, it was an especial pleasure to him to welcome him under his roof. There were many pleasant events in past years to recall together ; and foremost in their memories seemed to be a visit which the bishop had paid to the Channel Islands, when my father was residing in Guernsey for part of the summer of 1829. It was the first time that a bishop had been there for years, and it produced quite an excitement of interest amongst the inhabitants. The bishop was accompanied, on that visit to Guernsey, by his chaplains, the Rev. Alexander Dallas, and the Rev. Philip (now Archdeacon) Jacob. They all united in promoting, in every way in their power, the work of the Lord. The bishop carried on his own special office of ordaining and confirming, and also united with his two excellent chaplains in preaching, visiting, and addressing schools. It was a time of great interest, and doubtless of much blessing. One remarkable instance of conversion may be recorded here. In the island of Jersey an unhappy young man was at the time in prison, and under sentence of death for murder, committed in a fit of passion. There had not been an execution in the island for twenty-four years, and the case excited painful interest among the inhabitants. Mr. Dallas and Mr. Jacob visited the poor criminal, and earnestly pointed him to the Saviour. He became truly penitent ; and their conversa-

tions and prayers were made the means of leading him to cast himself as a guilty sinner on the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world : thus he was enabled to trust in that Saviour’s pardoning love, and to meet without dread the awful fulfilment of his sentence.

In July, a family meeting took place at Beddington Rectory, for the christening of the third son of his eldest grandchild. Robert Hamilton Anstruther was the last infant for whom he was able to read the baptismal service. The little brothers and sister of the babe clustered round their great-grandfather as he stood by the font, looking up with reverent love into his heavenly face, as with tender solemnity he dedicated the unconscious child to be ‘ Christ’s faithful soldier and servant unto his life’s end.’

His birthday was celebrated, as usual, by a tea-party for the women of the parish, and the customary gathering from far and near, and by addresses given by several friends. Amongst many little tokens of love which were brought him on that occasion, was a text illuminated by a niece of my mother’s, Mrs. Austen of West Wickham Rectory, which, from that time, was always placed opposite the foot of his bed,—‘ To me to live is Christ, to die is gain.’

Almost immediately afterwards, he had a severe attack of illness, accompanied by distressing palpitations of the heart ; but his faith was strong that he would be restored to preach again ‘ the unsearchable riches of Christ.’ He was much gratified by the interest and sympathy manifested, both by rich and poor ; and shortly after he had begun to recover, he wrote the following note, and directed

that a printed copy should be left at every house and cottage in the parish :—

‘ BEDDINGTON RECTORY, *August 7, 1862.*

‘ MY DEAR FRIENDS,—Your kind sympathy with me and my family during my late illness calls for my gratitude to God and to you.

‘ Mine hour, it appears, is not yet come to depart this life, as I am in a measure raised up again, and may, perhaps, be permitted to address you again from the pulpit. I am very thankful for the faithful and affectionate discharge of that, and other duties, by my beloved brethren, Mr. Southey and Mr. O’Rorke.

‘ If life be always uncertain, it must be emphatically so at my age. But my present motto is, “ Work whilst it is day ;” yet trust in *no* work except that which was wrought during thirty-three years, above 1800 years ago.

“ Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress.”

‘ With reference to the hour of death, I have often thought I should like to have the humility of the publican,—“ God be merciful to me, a sinner !” and to offer the prayer of Stephen,—“ Lord Jesus, receive my spirit ;” and to exercise the faith of David,—“ Into Thy hands I commend my spirit, for Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord, Thou God of truth.”

‘ May the Divine blessing rest on you and your families ; and may we all, taking the Word of God as our guide, finally meet in the world of light and love.—Ever your faithful and affectionate friend,

WILLIAM MARSH.’

TO HIS SECOND DAUGHTER.

‘BEDDINGTON RECTORY, *August 8.*

‘DEAR DARLING MATILDA,—Many thanks for your love-letter. There is no love lost. Never was a father more blessed in his daughters. Oh, what unspeakable happiness it will be to meet in that world, not only where all is light and all is love, but where there is no parting. “So shall we ever be with the Lord.” Sweet word of the inspired apostle. That will be the sunshine on all. We do not take glory from the sun when we admire flowers and fruits. We know the sun to be the source of those beauties and benefits. So in heaven we shall see the glory of the Lord in all He does to make His people happy. The glory of Him will be seen in all. His wonderful prayer on earth will be fully answered (John xvii. 24).

‘Love attends you. Dear Constance and Fred. are enjoying the quiet of Beddington Rectory and the fresh air from the downs. Their sweet little child is here also. My dear Mrs. Marsh takes great care of me. She unites in love.

W. MARSH.’

To the Same.

‘BEDDINGTON.

‘DARLING MATILDA,—We had a pleasant visit yesterday from Lord Radstock. He is a faithful and devoted Christian.

‘I am remarkably well to-day, but always hoping to be better; and shall never be satisfied till *quite* well, when

“ Sin, my worst enemy before,
 Shall vex my eye and ear no more.
 My inward foes shall all be slain ;
 Nor Satan break my peace again.
 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
 All I desired and wished below ;
 And every power find sweet employ
 In that eternal world of joy.”

And, next to the sight of the Saviour, to see you all there—Oh, what joy !

‘ Would you like to hear a dream I had last night ? I saw before me—side by side—

‘ The Babe of Bethlehem—The Eternal King.

‘ The Man of sorrows—filled with unutterable joy.

‘ The outcast of men—the Judge of the world.

‘ He had not where to lay His head,—the universe as His property.’

On the 12th of August a telegram reached the rectory from the father of one who had been amongst the most devoted of the young Christians at Addiscombe. The telegram only said, ‘ Pray for the departing spirit of our beloved Arthur. He is quite conscious. All is peace.’

It was the first intelligence of his illness which had reached my father, and it deeply touched him. He had remarked the rapid ripening of the youth from the day when—trained from infancy in Scriptural knowledge, and blessed with the unceasing prayers of a tender mother—he had, at Beckenham Rectory, believed on the Lord Jesus Christ with the heart unto righteousness, and had gone forth ‘ to confess Him with the mouth unto salvation,’ amidst his companions at a military college.

From that hour, sensitive as he was to an almost feminine degree, the brave and faithful spirit of that young soldier never flinched. To those who watched him closest, it seemed that he never even wavered, but that his light grew brighter and brighter until the sun of his earthly life went down at noon.

Delicacy of health obliged him to resign his commission as first engineer of the term, just as he had taken the highest honours of the college. After a time he turned his thoughts to studying for Orders, and matriculated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where, during his brief career, he was remarked as being 'pre-eminent amongst the number of those who deserve the name of consistent and happy Christians.' Wherever he went, during the vacations, his society was felt to be an influence for increased holiness and earnestness. At once he sought to be employed in visiting the sick, and constantly conversed with those of his own age on the subjects nearest his heart; and he has been known to give up travelling in the same carriage with his own friends, in order to carry on a conversation with a third-class passenger, begun on the platform of the railway station, that he might press upon his companion the blessedness of choosing the Way of Life.

When he was seized with fever at Interlachen, he said to his devoted mother, 'It is better to depart and be with Christ—*far* better.' So dear was the Bible to him, that he would fall asleep, at times, with it clasped in both hands. On one occasion he said to his French nurse, 'Je suis très-malade. Je suis pauvre, misérable pécheur,

·mais par l'amour de Jésus Christ qui est mort pour nos péchés, je serai sauvé.' The last three words she described him as saying most earnestly, with clasped hands. Then he ended by repeating the words, 'Le sang de Jésus Christ nous nettoye de toute péché.' And when the names of father, mother, and sisters fell on an unconscious ear, the name of Jesus lighted up his face with a radiant smile. So passed away the spirit of Arthur Elliott into the presence of that Saviour whom he had so early sought and so early found.

TO HIS ELDEST DAUGHTER.

'BEDDINGTON RECTORY, *Sept. 1.*

'DEAR DARLING MARY,—I prayed that you might have a safe, prosperous, and useful journey; and now I ought indeed to be thankful for your letter just received. Do tell Rose when she arrives that I am very fond of roses. I am so glad to hear that the rose-bud is prospering.

'We have had a glimpse of the dear Wildmans again—warm and bright as ever, and rejoicing in the hope of the appearing of our blessed Lord.

'Our dear Georgie has sailed for India. He has a brave spirit and a tender heart, and is, I believe, a true Christian. May grace be given him to be 'steadfast, unmovable, and always abounding in the work of the Lord.'

'Will Islip have a sermon for Lancashire? We are to have two next Sunday (*D.V.*) Some poor persons are sending in their pence beforehand. One young woman, apparently a servant, or a dressmaker, brought Katie a

sovereign at the schoolroom last night, and slipped it into her hand wrapped up in paper.

'How many Christians seem to think that it is indeed the Last Time. Good news; though the enemy, knowing his time is short, may make a great effort to retain his power. Nature is, alas, *for* him, but grace is *against* him; and grace must reign: that also, is our individual hope (Rom. v. 20, 21). "Comfort ye, comfort ye." Love to the quartette.

W. M.'

To the Same.

'BEDDINGTON RECTORY, Sept. 23.

' . . . A PENITENT and believing sailor said, "To save such a sinner as I am! *He shall never hear the last of it!*" This expression, so frequently made use of by unforgiving persons, never was, that I know, applied in a Christian sense, before this case. It was remarkably scriptural, for the hallelujahs of heaven will be eternal.

'I greatly enjoy the honest tar's expression, "He shall never hear the last of it." We are too apt to forget that praise is well-pleasing to God. "Whoso offereth Me praise, glorifieth Me;" and St. Paul states the same (Heb. xiii. 15). I am thankful also for the 16th verse: it is a wonderful thing that such sinners can please God. But, "accepted in the Beloved," we are "complete in Him."

Since he had begun to rally from his attack of illness in the summer, the desire of his heart had become intense to preach again in his own church. Notwithstanding the doctor's fears, he determined that nothing less than the

hand of God interposing should hinder him from making the effort; and all who heard him were astonished by the energy and power with which he delivered his Master's message.

His family watched him with rejoicing yet trembling hearts, as he entered his pulpit once more; but anxiety was soon absorbed in the deep and thankful interest with which they listened to the thrilling tones of that beloved voice, as he described the blessedness of Heaven like one familiar with the customs of that Country.

As we all left the church, Captain Forbes, who knew well the risk of life which had been incurred by the exertion, could not help exclaiming, 'Well, I never saw such pluck! Our old veteran would march up to the cannon's mouth before us all at the order of *his* commander-in-chief, and not waste so much as a thought upon danger!'

But the effort so soon after the exhaustion of illness had been too great; and the repetition of it on the following Sunday brought on a similar attack of the heart to that from which he had suffered in the summer, so that he was again laid by, to enter his pulpit no more; although he continued to give addresses on scriptural subjects from his wheel-chair in the rectory, or its grounds, where from two to five hundred persons from time to time were assembled to hear him.

In the preceding month of July, he had written to ask the Archbishop of Canterbury if he might claim his promise to plead the cause of the Church Missionary Society in Beddington Church. The Archbishop replied, 'My

dear friend, I should have been delighted to preach for you ; but my health is failing so much that I think the next place of worship I shall enter will be—

“Where congregations ne’er break up,
And Sabbaths never end.”’

On the 6th of the following month of September, in simple trust in his Saviour, and in perfect peace, that blessed Archbishop passed into the eternal world ; leaving behind him a name fragrant as ‘precious ointment.’

TO HIS ELDEST DAUGHTER.

‘BEDDINGTON RECTORY, *Sept.* 29, 1862.

‘YESTERDAY I addressed a full and attentive congregation, and endeavoured to point them to something more beautiful than anything to be found on earth, from Rev. xxii. last part of 3d and whole of 4th verse. I gave them a dark view of our fall in the first Adam, but an exceedingly bright view of our recovery by the second Adam. The text shows, with reference to the blessed—

‘ 1. Their perfect service. 2. Their intimate fellowship.
3. Their entire consecration.

‘Application—

‘ 1. Will any say, “We will not serve God?” Pause, and think of the consequence. Pause again, and think of the love that still invites you. “Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto God, and He will have mercy upon him; to our God, for He will abundantly pardon” (Isa. lv.)

‘ 2. Do any desire to serve God? Press forward

through difficulties ; help will come. Let those who love His service think daily of the future state, where there will be knowledge without error, holiness without sin, and happiness without alloy.'

The following imaginary dialogue was sent in a letter to Captain Hay Forbes, shortly after his return to India, and will serve as a specimen of the pleasant way in which the grandsire gave his counsel while expressing his loving confidence :—

*A Dialogue on Christianity between two Hindus,
done into English by W. M.*

' Dear friend, have you yet thought anything about this Christianity which is making such a stir in our country ?'

' No ! for I do not see that the Christian religion is any better than our own.'

' I thought so too, till one of them put their Shaster into my hands, which I found to be very beautiful, teaching men to love their Creator, and one another ; and that, though they were sinners, there was a Saviour and a heaven for them. It is but fair to judge of their religion by their Book, and, next to that, by the conduct of those who love the Book and evidently desire to follow it. I do confess that, before I read the Book, I was much impressed in favour of it by the conduct of some Christians who were sincere. For instance, let me request you to look at Captain and Mrs. Hay Forbes ; their just and upright conduct ; their kindness to those who are in need or

trouble. They tell me that there is a throne of grace for all who approach it, sensible of their need; and that such are sure to succeed, through their Redeemer; and that mercy and grace lead to everlasting happiness and glory. I confess that I begin to see that it is Christianity that can bless mankind, in life, in death, and in eternity. Dear friend, once more let me request you earnestly to look at Captain and Mrs. Forbes, and the Christian missionaries in our country, and to read their Book. Their Book calls true disciples "the light of the world," and "the salt of the earth;" the light, by their knowledge; the salt, by their practice. My dear friend, if I could work a miracle, I would turn you into light and salt immediately.'

'Ha-ha-ha! I believe you wish my happiness; I will read and think, and observe Captain and Mrs. Forbes all the time they are in India. Farewell!'

His annual tea-party for the men of the parish was given on the evening of the 7th of November. It happened to be most dreary weather—fog and rain,—so that it would have been a risk for his health, had he attended it. Still, so heartily had he enjoyed the anticipation of being present, that it was not until within the last half hour that he relinquished the opportunity of meeting so large a number of his parishioners, of witnessing their pleasure, and of pleading with them for their eternal profit. When he found that it would be really imprudent to go, he wrote the following letter, to be read to them by one of his curates:—

‘Nov. 7th, 1862.

‘DEAR FRIENDS,—If Providence had permitted, I should have had great pleasure in meeting you this evening. I shall be present with you in spirit, and shall hope that on all your hearts the impression will be made, that Christianity is a kind and a pleasant religion, and that it forbids no innocent pleasures, but only such as would be injurious to us as rational and accountable creatures.

‘The book of Proverbs says of “wisdom,” which is true religion, “that her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.” Alas! the children of men, in general, will not walk in her paths, and therefore is there so great a want of peace in our world. I could wish you, if you have not already done it, to read that book through, one chapter each day, till you come to the end; and if you have done it, I could wish you to repeat it. It does so clearly prove that “godliness is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.”

‘But Christianity brings out this truth in all its fulness, by making known the Saviour, and making Him known as *willing* as well as *able* to save. A consciousness of sin may make us doubt, and that remaining in the mind might lead to despair. But “it is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners,” and He casts out *none* who come to Him. It was a wise reflection of a poor man called Joseph, who was but half-witted, “Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners! Poor Joseph is a sinner; therefore Jesus Christ came into the world to save

poor Joseph.” Behold, therefore, we bring you “glad tidings of great joy;” for this Saviour is preached to you, His atoning blood takes away all sin, and His intercession in heaven keeps the way open for the honourable exercise of mercy; hence, “if we confess our sins, God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.”

‘Oh, never get tired of a book that contains such good news; and remember that our heavenly Father will give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him.¹

‘Dear friends, well may we exclaim, “*Who is a God like unto Thee, that pardoneth iniquity, and delighteth in mercy.*” And we should therefore never doubt of the success of our prayers for the mercy and grace that we need, till we arrive in that land where sin, sorrow, temptation, and death are known no more. I cannot close this short address without acknowledging with thankfulness your kind and generous feeling towards our suffering brethren in the north, shown in the liberal way you have contributed, and are continuing to contribute, for the supply of their wants.² I delight to subscribe myself, in conjunction with my beloved brothers and most useful helpers, Mr. Southey and Mr. O’Rorke—Your affectionate friend and pastor,

WILLIAM MARSH.’

¹ Then followed the story of ‘Praying Tom.’—See pp. 25, 26.

² The men and boys working at Mr. M’Rae’s leather-mill and tannery voluntarily subscribed from 25s. to 27s. a week, as long as the distress continued in Lancashire and Cheshire; and scarcely less generous efforts were made by others in the parish who worked for their bread, and by the children of the schools.

It was in the month of November 1862 that he bade farewell to his beloved grandchild, Honoria Forbes and her husband, on their return to India—a parting he keenly felt. He took leave, about the same time, of Mr. Frederick Wathen, a young clergyman, known to him from childhood, who, after finishing his blameless and useful career at Oxford, gave himself up to the work upon which his heart had long been set—a missionary's life in India. His devoted service there was shortly brought to a close by a fatal fever, during which he was nursed with brotherly tenderness by Captain Forbes whilst his gentle wife soothed and supported the sorrowing heart of her who was soon to be left desolate.

When the young missionary had passed away, leaving this as his dying testimony, 'I am at perfect peace with God; Christ has washed away all my sins,'—the faithful wife, who had gone out with brave and cheerful heart to follow him through dangers, and nurse him in sickness, came on her lonely way back to England, a widow with her orphaned babes, within three years of her marriage.

The loving mother, who with Christian self-forgetfulness had fostered her son's noble purpose of life from his childhood, bore the sorrow of his death with a holy acquiescence in the will of her God. She did not long survive him. Within a year, her life of piety and usefulness on earth was exchanged for the rest that remaineth for the people of God.

TO HIS ELDEST DAUGHTER.

‘ BECKENHAM RECTORY, *Dec. 6.*

‘ DARLING MARY,— . . . A bow shot at a venture does execution. We never shoot the right arrow altogether in vain.

‘ You will like to read the delightful letter enclosed, from Henry Clarke, one of the first of our young friends at Addiscombe. He is another of the frequent instances I have observed of the sons of Christian mothers, on whom a peculiar blessing has rested from their youth upward.

‘ Cumming’s book on the *Great Tribulation*, like all his works, is very interesting. It may be that the time of that tribulation is at hand, and it may be very terrible. But it will usher in a great ecstasy of joy to those who trust alone in Jesus.

“ E’en then shall this be all my plea :
JESUS has lived and died for me.”

That name opens heaven’s doors immediately.’

CHAPTER XVI.

THE THRESHOLD OF HEAVEN.

‘ HE hath been near unto the golden gate ;
Serene he waited for his Master’s calling :
It came,—“ A little longer thou must wait,
The sands of life have not yet ceased their falling.”

Servant of God ! thou hast not long to stay ;
Soon the weak bonds that hold thee here shall sever ;
Then shalt thou gaze upon the perfect day,
And Him thou lovest, for ever and for ever.’

THE THRESHOLD OF HEAVEN.

ON the last night of the year 1862, my father was seized with a sudden attack of the heart. It was the commencement of a long and severe illness. The dangerous symptoms increased with such rapidity that, from the evening of the 5th of January until noon of the following day, his family, with his doctor, watched beside him, fearing that each hour must be his last. During that night—for us, full of anguish and suspense, for him, of serene calm and holy joy, there flowed from his lips a stream of heavenly teaching, to which those around him listened with wondering admiration.¹

At first his thoughts were dwelling on the song of the aged Simeon, and, in a voice which rang through the silence of midnight, he exclaimed, ‘“Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen—*mine eyes have seen*—MINE EYES HAVE SEEN THY SALVATION!”’ and, turning to us, he added, ‘and this

¹ His eldest daughter was occupied during four hours of that night in writing down, unseen by him, the words that fell from his lips.

salvation is for you all.' A little while later he quoted the hymn—

‘ But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross that narrow sea.’

‘ Why should they ?’ he exclaimed. ‘ They may go over Jordan DRY-SHOD.’

Then lifting his eyes and hands to heaven, he said,—

‘ Blessed Saviour,—
Washed in Thy Blood,
Clothed in Thy Righteousness,
Prepared by Thy Spirit,
Employed in Thy Service,
Received into Thy Kingdom,
Praise, praise be to Thee !’

He quoted the words, ‘ LOOKING UNTO JESUS,’ adding—

‘ Look and live ;
Look and love ;
Look and obey ;
Look and be happy ;
Look and follow Him ;
Look and go to Heaven.’

Children and grand-children had gathered around him for last blessings and last looks of love. But he was yet again to be raised up from the very gate of death, or rather it seemed to us that he awaited his Master’s call at the gate of heaven, and when the order came, ‘ Tarry thou the Lord’s leisure,’ he turned back at that bidding to earth once more ; as if to let us gain some idea by the shining of his face how those who are counted worthy to

stand before the Son of Man 'are made like unto Him, when they see Him as He is.'¹

But his recovery was subject to frequent relapses ; and during the night of February the 4th, my sister and I were anxiously watching by his side during severe suffering in his chest and palpitation of the heart. Suddenly he mastered his faltering breath to say, ' Oh, *my* Saviour ! who didst suffer for my sins, Thou wast *alone* in Thine agony. Thou hadst no words of loving comfort said to Thee. I *must* weep' (his tears were falling). ' I am standing with the Marys at the foot of Thy cross. O blessed, blessed Jesus, how Thy heart must have beat till Thou saidst, " IT IS FINISHED !" ' But it is quiet now. It has been at rest these eighteen hundred years ; and it will be at rest for ever. Oh, I am so glad—I am so glad it was *all over* eighteen hundred years ago, when Thou saidst, " It is finished !" ' The claims of justice met—the law magnified—the door opened—the types fulfilled—the prophecies accomplished—the atonement completed—mankind redeemed—It is finished ! Let all the angels of God worship Thee !'

¹ This was the week which had been set apart by many Christians, throughout the world, for special prayer. Amongst other places opened for a similar purpose in London, a daily prayer-meeting was held at Freemasons' Hall. To the chairman of this assembly a note was forwarded from Dr. Marsh's family to request him to ask those gathered together to plead with God that, *if* it would best promote His glory and the good of His Church, that beloved life might yet be spared for a season. This petition was read, and one who was present at the time wrote :—' Your request seemed to find a response from almost every soul there. If you had heard the " Amen" from countless voices, it would have strengthened your hearts.

From that hour he began to revive. ' Women received their dead raised to life again.'

After a time, ease was mercifully granted, and we heard him hushing himself to sleep with sweet fragments of joyful thoughts. The last we caught was, ‘ My Saviour, my righteousness, my happiness, my heaven, my Lord, my God, my Glory.’

On the morning of the 20th of January he called me to his side and said, ‘ Tell me which text in the Bible is a fountain of good to the guilty?’

‘ Is it this,’ I asked,—‘ “ The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin”?’

‘ That is the meritorious cause—but not the Fountain. Shall I tell it to you? It is in the 16th verse of the 3d chapter of the Gospel of St. John,—“ GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD, THAT HE GAVE HIS ONLY BEGOTTEN SON, THAT WHOSOEVER BELIEVETH IN HIM SHOULD NOT PERISH, BUT HAVE EVERLASTING LIFE.”

‘ In that way justice and love are reconciled. It would have been inconsistent with the purity and integrity of the Divine Government to forgive the sinner without an atonement. By providing an atonement, and that through the sacrifice of the Son of God Himself, a further view was given of the wonders of Divine love. What an exhibition of love was the crucifixion of the Saviour—God sacrificing Himself in the Manhood for mankind. Creating, preserving, providing love, is not love in the highest sense—the essence of love is self-sacrifice.

‘ And this will be manifested to the universe. “ Which things the angels desire to look into;” and they will be permitted to do so. “ That unto principalities and powers in heavenly places might be known by the Church the

manifold wisdom of God." Who shall put a limit to the effect of awe, adoration, and holiness, which shall be produced throughout creation by the knowledge of the whole of the Divine plan and of its success, when the final victory of this battle-field—the world, is won, and the proclamation of it is sounded to the utmost limit of creation.

‘There is an answer, therefore, in two words, to all sceptical doubts,

“ETERNITY and the UNIVERSE.”

‘The first—because it may well take an Eternity for the Infinite God to reveal Himself to finite man; and the last—because the whole Universe will be benefited by God’s dealings with our world.

‘All mistakes touching the character of God arise from a want of trust in His own revelation of Himself in these words, “GOD IS LOVE.”

‘Here is the great battle between Faith and Unbelief.

‘Some, to reconcile things in the Revealed Word, which seemed to them inconsistent with their human and therefore limited ideas of a God of Love, have chosen to believe but in part, or to reject revelation altogether; instead of humbly yet wisely waiting for the Infinite God to explain Himself in the fulness of time, and throughout the duration of Eternity.’

‘I like that saying, “Sin, sin, what hast thou done!”
‘But I like this saying better, “Saviour, Saviour, what hast THOU done!”’

‘ That is a beautiful description given by St. Paul, “The express image of His person.” What THE SON OF GOD is, let the sons try to be—let them imitate the character of God. God is Love.

‘ One comes and says to Him, “But I have sinned against you.” “And I have forgiven you! And I will bring you to a world where you shall sin no more.” “I should *like* not to sin any more in thought, or word, or deed.” “You are a pleasant child. Go in peace.”

‘ “Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.” I do not think it means sinless perfection, but imitation; you will see the context is that we are to do as our Father in heaven does, “who maketh His sun to shine on the evil and on the good.” “I will not give up that text to John Wesley. If we had a walk together, I would say—“Now, Wesley, there’s a wicked man, I am going to give him something; I would be a *perfect* man! That man has spoken ill of me, and treated me ill, notwithstanding I had shown kindness to him and to his family. I will give him a ten-pound note.” Then the poor man says, “Oh, I’ll never speak ill of him again; I’ll tell every one to whom I abused him of this ten-pound note!”

‘ This is love. “If God so loved us, we ought also to love one another.”’

In one of his last attacks of palpitation, as it was passing off he seemed much oppressed in spirit. My sister asked him, ‘Does any particular thought trouble you?’—‘Yes. I have two scenes before me,—sin, and my

Saviour; Calvary, and the glory to be revealed. And they are too much for me. I look at the one, and I feel as if my heart would break for sorrow. I turn to the other, and it is ready to burst with joy.'

In one of his wakeful nights, he was overheard saying, '*Beautiful!*' On being asked of what he was thinking, he replied, 'Of that prayer in the Litany, "By Thine agony and bloody sweat, by ~~Thy~~ the cross and passion, by Thy precious death and burial, by Thy glorious resurrection and ascension, and by the coming of the Holy Ghost—good Lord deliver us!" And I have made a little commentary upon it,—"Deliver us from the guilt and power and love and practice, and finally from the existence of all sin!"'

Soon afterwards he added, 'I think, if I were a Dissenter, and read the Litany, I should become a Churchman, or at least adopt those prayers! For many years past I have prayed the prayer for "all conditions of men," just before going to sleep, every night. The chapter which I usually repeat then is the 14th of St. John. By it the Lord bids His people to 'rest in His love.''

One morning, when he was getting better, alluding to the comforts by which he was surrounded, he said, with clasped hands, 'Thanks for food and raiment, fitting and convenient; and thanks far more for robes of Righteousness and garments of Salvation! *Covered* with the justifying robes of a Saviour's righteousness, and adorned with the garments of Salvation wrought by the Holy Spirit; and both coming from and delighted in by God the Father!

‘ It has been one of the errors of the Church of Rome, to blend the two in one, until she lost sight of the completeness and perfection of the Title. The *one* is entirely the work of the blessed Redeemer; and our *only* ground of meritorious Title. The other is the work of the Holy Spirit, moulding us more and more unto the likeness of Christ, which becomes our meetness for the Heavenly Inheritance; “ Who hath made us meet for the Inheritance of the Saints in Light.”

‘ Let us remember, therefore, that there is the meetness of *merit*, ALL THROUGH CHRIST; and the meetness of *fitness*, through the work of the Holy SPIRIT.’

Another morning, whilst I was giving him his breakfast, he said to me, ‘ Would you like to hear my boasting? I can boast of thirty-three years without spot of sin, within or without!’

He looked at me earnestly, to see if I had caught his meaning; and so I replied to him in the words of an old hymn, in which the Saviour is supposed to be speaking to the sinner,—

‘ MINE all-sufficient merits
 Shall appear
 Before the Throne of Glory
 In thy stead.
 I’ll put into thy story
 What I did.’

‘ Right!’ he rejoined, ‘ *He is mine*, who so passed his years on earth: thus His spotless life on earth is mine: His righteousness is mine. “ He of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.”’

‘ I think our taste for the beautiful will be gratified to the uttermost in another world. How lovely is the description of the New Jerusalem! And when I think of those words of the blessed Saviour, “ Father, *I will that they also whom Thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may* BEHOLD MY GLORY,” I can believe that the house that holds Him must be glorious too. And He is “ preparing” it for *us!*”

“ My thirsty spirit faints
To see the Land I love ;
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.”

“ Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or sought below ;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.”

‘ I have been thinking much of a volume in a word, “ BRIGHTNESS of the Father’s glory. Not merely Likeness, but Brightness.”’

‘ Divine love differs from all human love in this, that human love sees something amiable in the creature, discerns a similarity, finds somewhat to sympathize with ; but Divine love is “ whilst we were yet sinners !”’

When speaking out of the abundance of his love to his children, touching ‘ the fellowship of heart there had been between himself and them,’ he added, ‘ How tenderly and sacredly you have kept the Fifth Commandment. It is the link between heaven and earth, between the love to God and the love to the neighbour.’

‘ “Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.” How vast is redemption! We shall never know *how* great its extent until we see the final result. Nor even then! for St. John tells us, that the redeemed will be “a great multitude which *no man can number*.” And they will be “out of EVERY kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation.” That must include all heathen nations, as well as others. “The blood of sprinkling, which speaketh better things than that of Abel,” which cries from the ground for pardon for the earth on which it was shed, may sprinkle and plead for unconscious numbers who are “feeling after God.” They may go to sleep in dull twilight, and awake up in the brightness of the Sun of Righteousness.’

‘ HUMAN NATURE IS REDEEMED. Amongst those who have had the opportunity of knowing this, they only are benefited who *believe* it. “*God so loved the world*, that He gave His only begotten Son, that *whosoever believeth* in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” That is distinct. But St. John made no exaggerated statement when he wrote by Divine inspiration Rev. v. 9.’

After quoting the text, ‘The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin,’ he wrote down these words,—

‘It is that blood which *justifies*’ (Rom. v. 9).

‘It is that blood which *sanctifies*’ (Heb. ix. 13, 14).

‘It is that blood which *glorifies*’ (Rev. i. 5, 6).

‘It is that blood which calls forth the hallelujahs of heaven’ (Rev. v. 11, 12).

'There are two much greater objections to the Bible than any Bishop Colenso has brought forward: 1st, It is too humiliating for man's pride. 2d, It is too holy for man's practice.'

'I have had the presumption to make an answer to Pope's well-known lines,—

"For modes of faith let senseless bigots fight,
He can't be wrong whose life is in the right." +

'It was this,—

'In Christian faith let Christian men be strong,
He can't be right whose faith is in the wrong.'

'I am going to set a task to all who reject the Bible; they are to write me four chapters that will be equal to the 14th, 15th, 16th, and 17th chapters of St. John. They will deserve a great prize if they write me four better!'

The delight which he always felt in little children was not lessened even in his extreme illness, and to them his sick-room seemed the happiest place in the house. Little Malcolm and Florence Forbes, two of his great-grandchildren who were living at the rectory, could scarcely be persuaded to pass the door of his room, though one of them, who was too young to speak, could only hold out her hands in entreaty to be allowed to go to him. Their happiness was complete when allowed to sit on a pillow on either side of him. The earliest snowdrops, violets, and primroses were gathered for him by the little sons of Mr. Chalmers's coachman, and brought with hushed footsteps

+ Pope's lines, though he may not have meant so
nor his heart thought so are theologically true. At the
life is right, it proceeds from the right, for what
the unwise sinners may, sadly fight
for what they please, - for or against.

and reverent looks to his bedside. Little Ralph, Evelyn, and Harry Anstruther, by their own earnest request, were brought down by their parents (on one of their frequent visits) to see their great-grandfather when he was dangerously ill. It happened that he had fallen asleep just before they arrived, but the eldest was admitted into the room, and quietly climbed on a sofa at the foot of the bed, where he could stand and watch the placid face. On awaking, my father stretched out his arms to the child, who sprang forward to meet his embrace, and for some moments neither spoke. Then my father said, 'Mayest thou be satisfied with favour, and full with the blessing of the Lord!' adding, 'Love your Saviour all your days, dear little Ralph, remembering that He loves you.'

The other little ones were now summoned, and each received a tender blessing.

To one of his grandsons, who was going to a public school that winter, he gave a single word of advice, which was well remembered and followed,—'Do not, my dearest Ken, be afraid of saying, "No," but say it kindly.'

TO STEVENSON BLACKWOOD, ESQ.

'Feb. 10th.

'MY BELOVED BROTHER,—Indeed I have not forgotten those two verses! Frequently have I to resist the enemy with them by the help of the Holy Ghost.

'I want the power to sleep, and I remember that it is written, "So He giveth His beloved sleep." But I say, how is it possible that I can claim to be His beloved? Then I begin repeating to myself chaps. v., vi., and viii. of

the Epistle to the Romans. And I find from chap. v. 8, that *sinner*s may come under the title of beloved. "God commendeth His love towards us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." Hence I jump for joy at chap. viii. 29 to the end, and thus enter into the triumph of verses 38, 39. And what a triumph it is! An uninspired man could never have written those words. If you had an hour to spare, how glad I should be if you could cast your eyes over the manuscript of my little commentary on that epistle, with a pen and ink and sheet of paper by your side, making *addenda et corrigenda*. My love to you and to the dear Duchess. Blessings on you both, and on the children. I shall love to see you if my life be prolonged a little. And I shall love to see you with life prolonged for ever, in the presence of our Life, our Love, our Lord and Saviour, our all in all.—Yours ever affectionately,

WM. MARSH.'

In conversing with one of his daughters, he said,—

'The longer I live, the more I see the value of an Episcopal Church government, with parochial divisions, but this is a preference, not an exclusion. It is not necessary to the Christianity of a nation. When we meet in heaven those from whom we have differed on such points, we shall say, "Brother, brother, we were all in the wrong; all too much warped in our views of the necessity of non-essentials!" Let the Gospel be preached and practised in a country, and blessed is that nation.'

The present Archbishop of Canterbury, shortly after

entering upon the duties of his diocese, had expressed a wish to see my father. When it was first proposed, he was too ill to be allowed to see a stranger, but as soon as he had rallied a little, the Archbishop came from Lambeth. My father welcomed him with warm thanks for his kindness, and soon afterwards said, 'I have a jewel for your Grace. I put it by when I first heard of your kind intention of coming to see me. Will you accept it? You will find it in the forty-first chapter of Isaiah. "Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness."'

'I shall keep it as your gift, thankfully indeed,' the Archbishop replied; 'and will you turn it into a prayer for me?'

Then my father spoke of the nearness of the Saviour, of His tender kindness to the sinner, and His far tenderer love to the believer; of His assurance to the sinner, "Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out;" of His encouragement to the believer, "For whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in My name, verily, I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."'

In the course of conversation, the Archbishop told him that he well remembered having listened with delight to his address to the Jewish children some years before at Exeter Hall. At the close of the interview, my father asked him for his blessing. The Archbishop hesitated, saying, 'You should rather bless me;' but on its being

requested a second time, he complied, pronouncing the blessing out of the service for the Visitation of the Sick ; and then saying, ' Bless me now ! let me have your blessing ; ' he knelt down by his side and guided my father's hands to his head, reverently kissing them at the close.

The visit produced a most gratifying impression on the heart of the beloved invalid, and made him even more earnest in prayer than before, for one holding so high and responsible an office.

In the summer of the previous year my father had offered a title to orders, with the third curacy of Beddington, to a son of his old and highly valued friend, Captain J. E. Gordon, R.N., well known, both in the House of Commons and in the country at large, for his able and fearless advocacy of Protestant principles, and for his earnest and faithful adherence to the truth of God, in doctrine and practice. Mr. George Gordon was ordained by the Bishop of Winchester at Christmas, and from that time devoted himself with almost filial reverence and affection to his rector, by whom he was beloved both for his father's sake and his own. After working earnestly for nearly two years in the parish of Beddington, he took a laborious cure in London, and then gave his services gratuitously to the work of the Church Missionary Society in India. Soon after Mr. Gordon's ordination, Mr. Southey was offered a more permanent sphere of duty, which he saw it right for the sake of his family to accept, though feeling deeply at parting from my father. When alluding to this prospect, he said, ' We must pray earnestly as well as

seek diligently for a like-minded successor. How well and how happily dear Southey and O'Rorke have worked together. However closely I may keep the secret as to what my children have been to me, I must tell the world that it never knew two better or pleasanter curates! I pray for them daily, that as they have been taught of God to say,

‘ Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away ;’

They may also be ever able to add,

“ He taught my heart *to watch and pray,*
And *live rejoicing* every day ;”

and I pray for them that they may be kept from being in any way or degree “ corrupted from the simplicity which is in Christ.”

When Mr. Gordon came to see him, just after his ordination, he said, ‘ You have in your possession the only lever which can raise our fallen world near to heaven—the Bible.’ And a little while afterwards, ‘ In my mind I have been making a plan for correcting all the mistakes made by good Christians. It is to tell them not to read the first three chapters of Ephesians *only*, but to read the whole six; then they will make no mistakes, or at least *need* not. It is a partial comprehension of Christianity which is the cause of all erroneous views concerning it.’

He welcomed a visit from his friends Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Gurney towards the end of January; and as Mr. Gurney held his hand, he said to him, ‘ I have greatly

enjoyed your friendship and that of dear Mrs. Gurney. Shall I give you my short view of Christianity? “*Henceforth* I call you not servants, but friends,” said our Lord and Saviour. Believe in Him as your friend—*that* is faith; act as His friend—*that* is practice.

‘Years ago I heard one of the Society of Friends say,—“Let us seek for simplicity of intention and simplicity of dependence.” I have never forgotten it, but have prayed for it constantly. Intend only, intend all for the glory of the Lord Jesus. Depend wholly and entirely on the help of God the Holy Ghost.’

Soon afterwards he dictated the following letter:—

TO SAMUEL GURNEY, ESQ., M.P.

‘MY DEAR FRIEND,—Many thanks for the valuable volume you have sent me.

‘Joseph John was a scholar—Joseph John was a philosopher—Joseph John was a Christian—Joseph John was an honour to the community of which he was a member. And what made him such but the Word and the Spirit of God?’

‘When Bishop Bedell, an ardent Protestant, but a most loving and benevolent man, died, a zealous Roman Catholic exclaimed, “May my soul be with Bishop Bedell’s!”

‘Joseph John was a Friend, and I am a Churchman, but—May my soul be with Joseph John’s!’

‘If the Friends who are readers of that book, and the younger members in particular, are guided by it, they will be wise, holy, and useful Christians.’

During the whole time of his illness he received many visits, not only from old friends and relatives, but also from his curates and some of his parishioners. All were welcomed with his unvarying sweetness and serenity, and received messages of encouragement and comfort from his lips. His most frequent visitor was Mrs. Laurence, of Beddington, whose tender sympathy and constant thoughtfulness for his comfort and pleasure had made almost a tie of relationship between them.

One day he received a visit from Captain Harris, R.N., so well known throughout the navy, not only for his own high standing as an officer, but also for his admirable training of the cadets, that it had been said by several distinguished officers in the service, 'He has regenerated the navy.' He had long been known to my father by character, and by his encouragement of a voluntary Bible-class, held every evening, by about eighty of the cadets, on board the 'Britannia.' My father had heard, with deep interest, of the elevated moral tone resulting from these meetings, not only amongst those who joined them, but spreading in its measure over the whole ship's company, until gambling, drinking, and swearing became almost unknown.

My father congratulated Captain Harris warmly upon the honour of having nurtured, at all risks and costs to himself, this confession of Christ amongst the boys under his care, and added, 'Would you like to hear how I class the Church of Christ on earth?—Apostles, prophets, martyrs, *sufferers for Christ's cause*, missionaries, ministers, and penitent believers. "Blessed are ye when men shall

revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you *falsely*, for My sake." " Rejoice, and be exceeding glad, for *great* is your reward in heaven." "

Within two years of this interview, that noble Christian, after passing through a stormy time of trial, closing with a few days' painful illness, departed with triumphant joy into the presence of his Saviour.

My father found great comfort, during the whole of his prolonged illness, in the unwearied kindness and care of his old friend and doctor, Mr. Williams of Bromley. He was also frequently visited by Mr. Skey,¹ whose cheering presence always seemed to do scarcely less good than his skilful remedies. Never did either of these friends leave his side without receiving a word of heavenly counsel, and unfeigned was the admiration and respect with which they both regarded him.

On one occasion, when prevented from coming himself, Mr. Skey sent his eldest son, who was associated with him in professional practice. My father was extremely charmed with this gifted and attractive young man, and spoke to him earnestly about making choice of Christ without delay. He listened with deep respect and evident feeling, and knelt whilst my father prayed for a blessing upon him.²

¹ President of the Royal College of Surgeons.

² He was then in the flower of his manhood, with apparently a long and successful career opening before him, to add celebrity to a name already made. He could have thought as little that morning as we did that his life was numbered by days, and would end without a moment's warning.

It was not known or imagined, until after his death, that he had

At the early part of this lingering illness, my father had commenced dictating to the beloved grand-daughter who constantly resided with him, and whose mind and feelings so blended with his own that she could almost anticipate his thoughts, a brief exposition of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans. His mind had for a long time dwelt much on this epistle; and as the attacks from which he suffered increased in severity and danger, his anxiety not to leave this little work unfinished increased also.

Most touching was it to see him, during the intervals of comparative ease, exerting himself to dictate a few sentences, for this his *last* opportunity of spreading through the press the knowledge of the gospel of the grace of God. Several times he pursued the labour, which to him seemed only a mental recreation, until an attack of palpitation obliged him to desist. So earnest was his interest in this work, that his doctor thought that the energy of his desire to complete it might even be the means of prolonging his life. When told that the immediate danger of his illness was past, it mingled with his reasons for thankful content in the prospect of lingering for a season on earth, as soon as he knew that such was the will of his Lord. 'It will be delightful,' he said, 'to serve my Master and Saviour for a little longer on earth,

begun to bear his testimony for Christ. A patient from St. Bartholomew's Hospital, who came to Beckenham Rectory, when lamenting over his early removal, said, 'How he will be missed! he was so kind and good. And when a patient lay dying, he would stand by his side and say, "There is a Saviour who died for us all. You had better put your trust in Him, and then you will be all right."'

and to make my beloved ones happy again ;' adding, in his own bright and playful manner, 'and now I can finish my Romans !'

It was finished early in the summer of that year ; but was kept beside him, during the brief remainder of his life, for occasional enriching with some fresh thought or quotation, and, above all, for prayer for blessing upon it.

He sent the manuscript to be overlooked by two friends on whose opinion he set a high value,—the Rev. Charles Goodhart, of Park Chapel, Chelsea, whom he loved with the heartiest sympathy and regard, and counted as one of the noblest of the witnesses for God and His Truth in our country ; and the Rev. T. Lloyd Phillips, one of Mr. Chalmers' curates, and for some time editorial secretary of the Bible Society ; from whose clear intellect and sound judgment he coveted criticisms for his work, as truly as he prized the regard and affection which made light of any trouble which could render him a service.

My father had lost nothing of the vividness of his interest in all public matters, especially as connected with the concerns of his Master's kingdom.

The marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales occupied his heart with tender enthusiasm. He was the first to propose plans for keeping the day, with general rejoicings, at Beddington, and a subscription for a dinner for the poor of his parish. After a part of one of his wakeful nights had been spent in earnest supplication for a blessing on the royal bride and bridegroom, he composed the following prayer, to be distributed amongst his friends,

and all the parishioners of Beddington and Beckenham, with an earnest request that the subject of it should be constantly remembered before God :—

A PRAYER FOR THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

‘ ALMIGHTY and most merciful Father, we thank Thee, amongst innumerable blessings, for great national mercies, for the free use of Thy Holy Scriptures, and the faithful preaching of Thine everlasting Gospel.

‘ And at this time, whilst Thou wilt not forbid us to lament our great loss in the death of so wise, useful, and Christian a man as the late Prince Consort, yet we thank Thee for the manner in which his children have been trained.

‘ We pray that the heart of our beloved Queen may be supported, and comforted, and stayed upon Thee, her God, and that all her royal family may be a joy to her.

‘ We pray for the Princess who is now connected with Prussia, that Thy blessing may ever rest upon her, and on her royal husband and children.

‘ But, at this time, we especially pray for His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. We believe that Thou hast guided him to make a right choice; and we pray Thee to bless the young Princess whom Thou hast committed to his care and love; and to grant that domestic peace, harmony, and love may be their portion.

‘ Endue them with Thy Holy Spirit; enrich them with Thy Heavenly Grace; and prosper them with all happiness. May they ever follow the directions of Thy Holy

Word, given to Husbands and to Wives;¹ and be filled with that wisdom which is profitable to direct under all circumstances. If Thou art pleased to bless them with a family, may their children be to them what they have been to their honoured parents, to *their* joy, and for a blessing to the country (Eph. vi. 1-3).

‘ We pray that Truth and Justice, Religion and Piety, may be ever established in our land ; and that the Nation may be kept faithful to the glorious privileges of a Christian Sabbath and an open Bible ; so as to prize Thy Sabbaths, and *profit* by Thy Word, and ever abide by the Truth as revealed in it. Be Thou a wall of fire round about us, and the Glory in the midst of us.

‘ Hear us, Father of Mercies ; and provide for the needy, means of obtaining sustenance ; and bless all ranks and orders amongst us, that all may fill their different stations to Thy Glory and the general good ; and may finally meet in that Kingdom which cannot be moved, wherein dwelleth Righteousness, free from all sin and sorrow, and in possession of perfect light, and love, and joy for ever.

‘ O hear us, of Thine infinite Mercy and Grace, through our Lord Jesus Christ, to whom, with Thee and the Holy Ghost, be the praise for ever and ever.’

¹ See Ephesians v. 25 : ‘ Husbands, love your wives, even as CHRIST also loved the Church, and gave Himself for it.’ And 1 Peter iii. 7 : ‘ Likewise, ye husbands, dwell with them according to knowledge, giving honour unto the wife, as unto the weaker vessel, and as being heirs together of the grace of life ; that your prayers be not hindered.’

Also see Ephesians v. 22, 23 : ‘ Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as unto the Lord. Let the wife see that she reverence her husband.’

On the 24th of April, after a lingering illness, little Rosamond, my brother's only child, fell asleep in her Saviour's arms. She had borne her sufferings with great patience; and a short time before her death she said, 'I wish I were grown up, that I might do something to please the Lord Jesus.'

She was told that she need not wait to please Him until she was grown up, for that she could do so at once by obeying Him, and that He had said, 'Suffer little children *to come unto Me*, and forbid them not.'

'Oh, I am so glad!' she replied, 'for I *have* come to Him, I know. I am so glad it pleased Him.'

My father was tenderly attached to the gentle and lovely child; and so deeply did he sympathize with her bereaved parents in their great sorrow, that it occasioned a temporary return of his illness.

But from the end of the month of April his recovery was steady, and he began to anticipate with great delight the renewal of opportunities of speaking for his Master to the people committed to his charge.

One evening, after reading Bushnell's sermon on 'The Power of an Endless Life,' he said to Mr. Chalmers, 'That is a great and noble sermon. Some of the others in this volume have left an unsatisfied feeling in my heart. They display great intellect, but they lack *the sprinkling of the blood*. There should be *no sermon without that*. Never should a sinner leave one of our churches without hearing of the Saviour. Even in preaching to real Christians who required being built up, and exhorted, and led on to higher attainments, St. Paul said, "To write the same

things to you, to me indeed is not grievous, but for you it is safe." For wherever these are gathered together, there may be also some soul ready to perish,—and he *might* perish before I could have another opportunity of bidding him "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." When I preach again, may I preach Jesus more clearly, more freely, more persuasively, than ever before.'

During his illness he had spent much thought and prayer upon one who was at that time very prominently before the public—the Bishop of Natal; and at length, 'while he was musing, the fire burned,' and he could not refrain from entering into correspondence with him. It need scarcely be said that his words of argument, warning, and entreaty were written in gentle and deferential though uncompromising language. The bishop answered him at some length, and with most respectful courtesy, appearing to be touched by the faith and fervour which had led an old man, amidst a suffering and dangerous illness, thus to lay to heart that which he believed to be the peril of such views for him who held them and for those who should be led by him.

A few days afterwards the bishop enclosed for his perusal a letter from a working-man in Glasgow. Its object was to express thanks, on his own behalf and that of others of his class, for the deliverance which Bishop Colenso had given to their minds from the thralldom of old prejudices into the unfettered liberty of free thought and speculation.

There was something about the whole letter deeply

saddening. The writer had evidently been taught in his childhood from

‘The big ha’ Bible, once his father’s pride,’

but now, leaving the simple faith of those early days, was wandering in the mazes of scepticism, without a light to guide him.

My father was greatly distressed by the tone of the letter, and wrote, by that day’s post, to a Christian friend in Glasgow, begging him to go at once and see the man, seeking power from the Holy Ghost to reach his heart with the message of the gospel of life and peace—‘God so loved the world, that He gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.’ Three days later came the solemn answer, ‘I lost no time; but my visit was *too late*. The night before, the man had died suddenly.’

My father’s thoughts were not a little occupied now in seeking for a successor to his curate, Mr. Southey, and he wrote to one of his daughters as follows:—

‘How much we shall miss dear Southey and his active and useful wife. It will be difficult to fill the vacancy. Let us take the surest way to find that for which we are seeking—by going to Heaven for the right man. “Ask, and it shall be given you.” But as we are also to use means, you shall write for me to the friends of whose names I send you a list, and inquire whether they know of a suitable curate.’

‘ I wish for one who, besides the great points required, would be a pleasant fellow-worker with my dear O’Rorke, who has been invaluable both to the parish and to myself. And I cannot forget that he refused a good living from our late beloved Archbishop to remain with me ; although, had I known it in time, I could not have allowed him to do so. . . .

‘ Last night I found out the essence of Christianity in three short sentences : “ My Master ;” “ My Lord and my God ;” “ Thou knowest that I love Thee.”

‘ “ My Master,” whom I delight to serve.

‘ “ My Lord, and my God,” in whom I trust for time and for eternity.

‘ “ Thou knowest that I love Thee ;” Thy character, Thy sayings, Thy government, Thy salvation, and Thy person.

‘ . . . Bless thee, my darling, for going over to do my work amongst my dear poor people. Yet I miss my tender nurse, and long for thy return to-morrow.

‘ Thy dearly loving father, WILLIAM MARSH.

‘ They are all taking the greatest care of me, and “ keeping me in cotton wool !” ’

His prayers touching the additional assistant in the parish were answered to his heart’s desire. Mr. O’Rorke mentioned to him that it was possible Mr. French of Agra, who had returned from India for his health, might like such a charge. My father eagerly responded to the suggestion ; and shortly afterwards Mr. French began his

work at Beddington. There followed a time of united, earnest, and prayerful work, and of true and happy communion of spirit between Mr. French, Mr. O'Rorke, and Mr. Gordon. To my father the pleasure of their society was only second to the comfort and joy of having all his plans for the good of the parish carried out by men of no common gifts and devoted piety.

His return to Beddington, after so severe and prolonged an illness, was hailed with more than usual expressions of joy.

The school children stood outside his library window, singing a welcome; and he found the rectory adorned with the choicest flowers, brought thither and arranged with thoughtful care by Mrs. Laurence, and the two Miss Ferrers, daughters of a former rector, who had remained as residents in the parish.

To save him the fatigue of going upstairs, his bed, with its white curtains and sky-blue quilt, was now placed in the old oak-pannelled library, just where he could see, through the oriel window, round which white roses hung in clusters, the gay flower-beds on the smooth green lawn, and the shady little fir wood which led into the field beyond.

The summer passed away calmly and happily. My father, as he acquired strength, resumed his habit of giving addresses to young and old at the rectory, although he was forbidden by his doctors to enter the pulpit. Mr. Goodhart, of Park Chapel, Chelsea, preached for him twice in Beddington Church; and Dr. Ewald, who had married one of a family who had greatly valued my father's

ministry in Leamington, and for whom he had a sincere regard, came to plead the cause of the Jews' Society.

Many of his old friends visited him in the course of the summer, and were astonished at the continued power of his mind and buoyancy of his spirit. The Miss Leycesters, who were paying a long visit at Beckenham Rectory, came frequently to see him. They both entered vividly into his chief interests, and he delighted in their society. It charmed him to hear, amongst many other plans of kindness, of macaroni breakfasts for poor Italian boys in London, and how a way had been won to their hearts thereby for readings from the Bible in the Italian tongue. The younger sister constantly corresponded with him on the business of the society for sending Englishwomen as missionaries to the women of the East, in the service of which she constantly employed herself, especially in examining the candidates and selecting those who were most suitable for the work in India. Those who knew Emma Leycester, and the charm of her cultivated mind, bright sweetness, and childlike unworldliness of spirit, with single-hearted desire to promote her Saviour's glory, will readily understand that there was between her and her aged relative a tie scarcely less endearing than that of father and daughter. Only seven months after he was taken from us, she too was called to endure a brief but sharp season of suffering; and then, with unfailing faith and triumphant joy, to pass through the dark valley into the presence of the Saviour, whom (she said) my father had led her, in her early days, to trust and love.

TO HIS ELDEST DAUGHTER.

‘BEDDINGTON RECTORY, Oct. 9, 1863.

‘DEAR DARLING MARY,— . . . You and I think and feel alike. I get so tired of my own heart. I like your remedy, “Simply to cast one’s-self on Jesus.” I add, “IT IS FINISHED.” Remember that; and yet let us work as hard as we can. That is the way to grow in grace, and to prove it.

‘Dear Susie came to us from Watlington Park, and paid us a little visit, which was very pleasant. “Our Car” arrived next, and then good Mrs. Scott from Colchester. So you see our old friends find us out in our new home. Can you, and dear little Mary and Fanny come on Tuesday next, when we shall have plenty of room? I wish Francis could also come. By-and-bye we shall all meet in one mansion, and say, “Thou hast placed my feet in a large room.”

‘My love to you all. Sweet Lucy, who writes for me, says, “How will you end your letter?” I tell her, *by love without end* from your loving father, W. M.’

‘P.S.—Since I have been here I have read Chalmers’s *Daily Readings on the Psalms*. Very enlarged views; very spiritual; very full of common sense! What a man he was! and at last, translated, as it were!

‘You did not take the little book on prophecy, so I send it after you. . . . I have always shrunk from *fixing dates*. But I have not been afraid of *believing* “Surely, I come quickly,” and of *praying* “*Even so, come, Lord Jesus!*”’

When entering on the charge of Beddington, my father had felt so tenderly for the parishioners in their sorrow at the recent loss of their beloved pastor, whose earnest labours they had enjoyed for nineteen years, that he was anxious to avoid making any unnecessary changes in the existing arrangements for the church and parish. The only exception he made was the substitution of a regular weekly service and sermon, instead of the prayers on saints' days. But, besides the services he found there, a cottage lecture had been added; and when the duties were shared by three curates, extempore lectures were delivered every week at two school-rooms in different parts of the widely-scattered parish, and a third at a cottage in another direction.

A Bible-woman was also employed, whose salary was generously given by Mr. Laurence. She was a simple and hearty Christian, and soon made her way into the confidence of the poor. Before she began her work at Beddington, she had been known and approved by Mrs. Ranyard, the foundress of the noble institution of 'the missing link' between rich and poor, the marvellous progress and success of which my father had watched and furthered with the warmest interest and sympathy.

It could not be expected but that, amidst the respectful and cordial kindness which he experienced in his parish, on all sides, deepening into tender anxiety during his illness, there should yet arise some shades of differing opinion on questions touching Church matters. His manner of dealing with such divergencies of judgment amongst his flock was marked by his habitual courteous and gentle

consideration for the feelings of others, combined with a steadfast firmness where he felt principle to be concerned.

It will be seen by the following extracts from one of the letters written on the occasion, that a desire had been expressed by some to introduce the practice of monotoning the Church service.

To one of his parishioners he wrote as follows :--

‘YOUR visit of yesterday was a great pleasure to me. I truly value your hearty friendship.

‘With regard to our Church matters, there are many things which may seem harmless in themselves, but become dangerous by their affinity.

‘A strong effort is being made to unite the Latin, Greek, and English Churches. This would be the ruin of our constitution, and of the prosperity of our country; because it is contrary to the Divine will, as revealed in the Holy Scriptures, to unite truth with error.

‘The main object of introducing intoning, and other practices which usually accompany it, into the churches of our country, is to undermine the principles of the Reformation, by accustoming the congregations to listen to a service *performed for them*, appealing more to the senses than the spirit; and in that, and other ways, assimilated to the mode of worship of the Church of Rome.

‘As patriots, no less than as Protestant Christians, we should resist everything which would help to open the flood-gates to Romanism. It is said by some that the spirit of the Church of Rome is now more in accordance

with the tolerant spirit of the Church of England. But alas! while she claims for her prerogatives infallibility and unchangeableness, she must act upon her original persecuting dogmas, wherever she has the power; as we see in the case of those noble Spaniards, who have just been saved with great difficulty, by the appeals of several Governments, from the horrors of galley-slavery; to which they were sentenced solely for the crime of reading the Word of God!

‘The Church of England has not only declared in her rubric the doctrine of the Church of Rome touching the sacrifice of the mass, to be “*idolatry abhorred of all faithful Christians,*”¹ but she deems the system in general to be so dangerous, that out of her Thirty-nine Articles she has sixteen expressly against the same, besides the strong protests in many of her Homilies. The sixth article is the glory of our Church; by that may she always abide, and may you and I, as individuals, do so likewise. “Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary to salvation; so that whatsoever is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby, is not to be required of any man, that it should be believed as an article of the Faith, or be thought requisite or necessary to salvation.”

‘It is on these grounds that I cannot give my consent to any change in our simple and scriptural form of worship which would tend to assimilate it to, or symbolize with, that of the Church of Rome.’

His anxious concern on the whole of this momentous question seemed only to intensify, as he was himself

¹ Rubric at the close of the Communion Service.

drawing nearer his rest. Not alone in the direction of Ritualism was he alarmed at the development of the Romanizing movement, but whilst doing all the justice of which his high nature was capable to the devout and self-sacrificing purpose of individuals, he viewed with equal distrust and anxiety the increase of the number of Sisterhoods. He saw in them the germ of conventual life, in all its rigidity and unhappiness, its line of demarcation between secular and religious life in place of the hallowing of common life, its severance of home-ties, and its injurious concentration of interest in spiritual directors and confessors. 'The system cannot but culminate in the Church of Rome,' he said, 'as surely as a river flows to the ocean.'

The principle of monastic life he believed to be opposed to the Divine will. 'God made the family,' he would say; 'priests made the nunnery. Asceticism demands the bondage of life-vows. God gives "glorious liberty" to His children to "serve Him with gladness" and with "a free heart," while watching, day by day, the guiding of His eye.'

It need scarcely be repeated here, that, whilst he thus clearly expressed and firmly stood by his life-long convictions as to the doctrines and practices of the Church of Rome itself, or those which paved the way for their reception, he was very tender towards the individual members of her communion. To one of his daughters who was visiting a dying Roman Catholic, he said, 'You are right not to disturb the mind of one who is drawing near to another world by alluding to churches or dogmas.'

Seek only to lead him to rest on the Lord Jesus Christ *alone* for salvation ; to let none stand between him and “the ONE Mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus ;” and to believe in His “ONE sacrifice ONCE offered for the sins of the whole world ;” and he is SAVED in the Lord with an everlasting salvation ; he is one of those of whom the Master spoke, in the words recorded in John v. 24, “He that heareth my word, and believeth on Him that sent me, HATH EVERLASTING LIFE, and shall not come into condemnation ; but IS PASSED FROM DEATH UNTO LIFE.”

The following letter, written about the same time, will show that, whilst faithfully caring for the spiritual welfare of his parish, not only for its own sake, but also as an integral part of the church to which he was devotedly attached, the temporal condition of the poor throughout the country shared in his thoughts, his sympathies, and his efforts :—

‘ THERE is a subject on which *The Times* might give its powerful and generous advice much to the honour of our country, and to the alleviation of the misery of many poor people—I mean as to the appointment of the governors of workhouses.

‘ The electors, in a town, or district, should never choose “ A,” or “ B,” “ because he needs such a situation,” but only men who are qualified for the office.

‘ Workhouses are not prisons for criminals, but asylums for the aged, the poor, and those who have met with mis-

fortunes and have no means of relief. The governor, therefore, as to rules, order, and proper discipline, may be inflexible as a judge, but should be also tender as a mother.

‘ There are many persons, in the present day, who have such a dread of a workhouse that they would rather submit to starvation than become inmates of one, not so much because the workhouse lowers them in the scale of human society, as because they hear of the rigour and cruelty too often exercised within those walls.

‘ The Holy Scriptures speak frequently and strongly on the duty of showing kindness to the aged, the fatherless, and the widow.

‘ He is not best qualified who is *over-shrewd* in examining into the truth of cases in order that the public money may never be misapplied.

‘ If persons come to the workhouse late in the evening, and apparently in very great distress, why not give them a decent night’s lodging and food until the case can be inquired into the next day ?

‘ If young outcasts apply for admission, they might be received, and be taught some trade which would pay for their own expenses while in the workhouse. Very few would give up their free lives out of doors unless desiring to reform, or actually starving, and such in either case have a claim for attention and relief.

‘ You may ask me why I enter upon the subject. I have just been reading of cases even in London, of persons who have actually died of starvation ; and in our courts of justice, workhouse officials have been blamed for

refusing to admit such cases of distress until (as they said in excuse) they had had time to investigate the circumstances.

‘ A passage of Scripture occurs to me, which is as applicable to a nation as to the individual to whom it was originally addressed, “ Break off thy sins by righteousness, and thy iniquities by showing mercy to the poor, if it may be a lengthening of thy tranquillity.” ’

TO THE REV. JOHN MILLER, D.D., THEN RECTOR OF BIRMINGHAM,
NOW OF GREENWICH.

‘ BEDDINGTON RECTORY, *October 15.*

‘ MY DEAR DR. MILLER,—I take it for granted your sermon on “ Controversy a Scriptural Duty ” will be printed ? Would it not be well also to have it put in the form of a little book for general circulation ?

‘ We have met with sincere and good High Churchmen, but such are not aware of the tendency of their views. Yet one of them said, the other day, he had rather be a Roman Catholic than a Dissenter. Is it possible that he could ever have read the sessions of the Council of Trent, or the creed of Pope Pius IV. ? It is impossible for common-sense to prove that system and the New Testament Christianity to be otherwise than antagonistic. We must continue to pray “ that it may please Thee to lead into the way of truth all such as have erred and are deceived.”

‘ There is a deep-laid conspiracy against the Protestantism of our Church and country. If permitted to succeed, judgments will fall on the land ; but if Popery

prevail a for short time, it will terminate in infidelity as the *last* antichrist. Satanic influence is not sufficiently recognised, yet it will prevail till the enemy be bound. "From the crafts and assaults of the devil, good Lord, deliver us!"

' May your health and strength continue, and that of dear Stowell and others, to be champions in the war of truth against error. —Yours ever affectionately,

' WILLIAM MARSH.'

TO THE LATE REVERED AND LAMENTED CANON STOWELL.

' October 16, 1863.

' MY DEAR STOWELL,—I am thankful for your faithfulness, and by grace you will be faithful unto death.

'That was a sterling saying of Dr. Hook, on the third day at the Manchester Conference: "The first thing a clergyman should do, should be to ascertain clearly, as an honest man, what are the real principles of the Church of England." The non-natural sense put upon the Articles by some, is a departure in heart from the Church of England; she requires them to be taken in their plain, literal, grammatical sense.

' The Archbishop of York's speech at the Church Missionary Anniversary, calling for devout thankfulness to Almighty God for what the Society has already accomplished, is a sufficient answer to the innuendoes lately uttered against it.

' My dear friend, the Jesuit is abroad, and if (as I fear) the Church of England is to be visited with chastisement

for her want of faithfulness to her own principles, Romanism will prevail. After that, infidelity will succeed, and there may be a violent struggle. But after that, HE will come who will "put down all rule, authority, and power" opposed to the glorious gospel of the grace of God. "Amen: even so, come, Lord Jesus."

'I fear it is in vain for me to think that you would ever have a spare Sunday to occupy Beddington pulpit, otherwise you might plead here the cause of the Church Missionary Society before the end of the year.—Ever yours affectionately,

WILLIAM MARSH.'

TO THE REV. JOHN RYLE.¹

'BEDDINGTON RECTORY, *October 20.*

'MY DEAR RYLE,—If I should ever visit you, I should like a "sitting" in your new schoolroom; so I pay for it in advance, £1—I only wish it were £100. I am so glad to hear of the movement at Ipswich. The great enemy is awake and astir; if we sleep, the land will be sown with tares. May truth conquer among our Suffolk brethren, and the wheat they sow produce an abundant harvest. Controversy, "with meekness and wisdom," in the present day is a bounden duty; silence would be too like neutrality, and *neutrality is treason.*—Yours most truly,

'WILLIAM MARSH.'

¹ Of Mr. Ryle's *Commentary on the Gospels*, he said, 'I know nothing of the kind likely to be more useful. It is clear as light. And Mr. Ryle's tracts were those which he gave away most widely, excepting only the series entitled 'CHRIST IS ALL,' by his beloved friend, Arch-deacon Law, now Dean of Gloucester.'

TO T. S. WRIGHT, ESQ.

‘DEAR MR. WRIGHT,— . . . I fear the hope of gain has been a temptation to poor ——, inducing him to sell tracts of extreme views. How numerous and how subtle are the devices of the enemy! There is no safety but in adhering to the Word of God, and in prayer for the Spirit of God; and thus the will is strengthened to incur risks rather than to act contrary to truth, duty, and conscience. The laity must rise up, and see that error be put down, or the Church of England will fall, and all Protestantism in this country. Many Dissenters are little aware that the fall of our Church would remove the sea-wall, and they would then soon be overwhelmed in the flood. All lovers of Scriptural truth should unite (as they have done at Leamington), and should pray that the Government may act wisely and firmly.

‘But our privilege is to look beyond it all, to a kingdom which can never be moved, and a Church which will be without spot, wrinkle, or any such thing. There cannot be such till “that which is perfect be come.”

‘Kindest remembrances to Mrs. Wright.—Yours affectionately,
W. MARSH.’

During the summer my father’s mind had been much occupied with thoughts concerning the Lord’s return, which he was led to think, from many signs of the

times, might not be very long delayed. He loved more than ever to dwell upon this hope when conversing with his own family, and with the friends who visited him.

Long ago he had given heed to the sure word of prophecy, but now his anxiety deepened that the subject should be kept prominently before the minds of the people of God as a powerful motive for increased activity in His service, and for seeking greater attainments in personal holiness. Whilst 'of that *day* and that *hour* knoweth no man,' he would quote; yet remember that it is also said, 'Ye, brethren, are not in darkness that that day should overtake you as a thief.' Then, alluding to passing events, and comparing them with the signs foretold by our Lord of His coming, he would add, in a triumphant tone, 'When these things *begin* to come to pass, then look up, and lift up your heads, for your redemption draweth nigh.'

In the hope of arousing the interest of many in the neighbourhood on this subject, he arranged that a conference should be held at Beddington in November. Having obtained the use of the large hall in the Park for two days, it was planned that the working-men's annual tea-party should be given on Monday the 2d, that the conference should meet in the morning and afternoon of the 3d; and that the day should be ended by an evening service in the church, with the celebration of the Lord's Supper, bearing in mind the words of St. Paul, 'As often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till He come.'

When my father sent out the invitations,¹ he made a request in each that prayer might be offered that all who should meet on that occasion might receive ‘an unction from the Holy One;’ and that the presence of God the Holy Ghost, the Teacher, Sanctifier, and Comforter, might be felt and known amongst them.

These prayers received a full answer. Many wrote word afterwards that it had been a marked day in their heavenward journey;² and others said they had never before felt so conscious of the presence of the Lord Jesus as during those meetings, and in the intervals between them, which were chiefly spent in prayer and praise, and holy converse.

¹ The following letter was an answer received from one of those whose presence he had first invited:—

‘LIVERPOOL, 28th *October* 1863.

‘BELOVED FRIEND,—Impracticable! I am specially engaged here for Nov. 1, 2, 3, and 5.

‘The vision is *yet* for an appointed time. Though it tarry, we will still be waiting for it. “It will surely come, it will not tarry.”

‘Then shall Isa. xxvi. be sung in the land of Judah, and the song of Moses raised in the same key with the song of the Lamb. The subject is the same,—the Lord’s victory over the enemies of His Church. The enemy changes aspects,—Egypt, Assyria, Babylon, Rome; our Captain changeth not. Hallelujah! And what are we? “Weak and helpless;” yet “more than conquerors.”

‘Peace, His peace, perfect peace, be ever with you, my dear old friend.

HUGH M’NEILE.’

² One of these was shortly called to enter her heavenly home. The account of the blessing which she found at this conference is told in the simple but beautiful story of her brief life and peaceful death, entitled, *Clear Shining; a Memoir of Gertrude Acklom*. By her Mother.

The following extract is taken from a letter written a few days afterwards, by the Rev. Marcus Rainsford, now incumbent of Belgrave Chapel, London :—

‘REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,— . . . I can truly say I had a fresh and full baptism of the Holy Spirit at your conference, and I heartily joined with others in asking a special blessing on the dear aged servant of the Lord who had brought us together. . . . Probably, when next we meet, His name will be written on our foreheads ; and, in the meantime, our names are written in His heart, engraven on His hands, and on His shoulders.’

The 3d of November set in with such storms of wind and rain as made us fear that comparatively few would be able to attend the meetings. But by ten o’clock, between sixty and seventy of my father’s personal friends had arrived at the rectory, and assembled in the library to hear from him a short but heart-stirring address, in which he dwelt chiefly on the words, ‘The Lord is at hand.’ ‘Not only providentially, not only spiritually, but personally ; not alone to faith, but also to sight.’ Afterwards they proceeded to the hall, which was already nearly filled. From some miles around the people had gathered together ; and a remarkable spirit of solemnity and devotion prevailed.

Copies of the hymn-book called *The Praise of Jesus* had been distributed ; and the service commenced with singing a hymn, in which every heart and voice seemed to join. This was followed by prayer and a short address

from the Rev. William Pennefather, after which the following letter from my father was read aloud by Mr. O'Rorke :—

‘ BELOVED FRIENDS,—You are assembled together for the greatest object that can occupy the human mind,—the glory of God in the salvation of man. You are also employing the best means to promote that object, for

“ Prayer is appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give ;”

and there appears to be a special honour set upon *united* prayer. Our blessed Lord has not only promised to hear it, but to grant His presence to it, for “ where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them.”

‘ You have also in view that which will be so bright a manifestation of the Divine glory both to this world and to the universe,—the Second Advent of our blessed Lord. Not till then will the enemy be bound and error be banished, and Jew and Gentile form one flock, under One Shepherd.

‘ It is the great and constant subject of the Christian Scriptures. The apostolic writings employ it to awaken salutary fears, to excite joyful hopes, and to quicken believers in the discharge of every duty. Nor should we forget that with this subject Revelation closes : “ Behold, I come quickly ;” and St. John, as if personating all believers, answers, “ Amen : even so, come, Lord Jesus.”

‘ You will allow me to add to these few thoughts, that

till that glorious period, in the righteous judgment of God, Satanic influence will obtain over our world. And, dear brethren, none of us is likely to escape it but by daily prayer and daily reading of the Holy Scriptures. Thus "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you," terrified by the discovery that One is with you who has him in a chain. Our Lord himself, in His personal conflict with the devil, overcame him by the Scriptures. But we must have the Holy Spirit to apply the Word; therefore "draw nigh to God, and He will draw nigh to you." It is only by the diligent use of the Scriptures, and by constant prayer, that individuals or nations can be preserved in the truth to the end. Therefore, "I commend you unto God, and to the Word of His grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among them that are sanctified." Thus you will be useful in life, safe in death, and blessed in eternity.

'And let me ask your prayers for myself, that I may die resting only on the simple faith that a full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice was made for sin, when our Lord proclaimed on Calvary, "*It is finished!*" After all His unknown sufferings for us, it will be heaven to behold His glory; and to this happiness may we all be brought, and to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost shall be the eternal praise.'

The meeting was continued for about two hours with undiminished interest. The speakers were the Revs. Marcus Rainsford, Charles Goodhart, Claremont Skrine, and Daniel Wilson of Islington. Prayer was offered or a hymn sung between each address; and the whole was

closed by a short exposition of Canticles ii. 8-17, given by Mr. Pennefather.

Dinner had been prepared in the school-room for a hundred guests who had received special invitations, and refreshments were provided for others in the ante-room of the hall.

When the meeting was resumed in the afternoon, it was carried on with unabated interest and fervour. Mr. O'Rorke commenced it with prayer, and then Mr. French, Colonel Rowlandson, and Mr. Blackwood, each spoke, in turn, faithful words of warning, counsel, and encouragement, touching the dangers, the duties, and the hopes of the Church of Christ in these days.

The twilight of the winter's evening soon deepened into night, and the only light in the old hall—the flickering blaze of the log-fire burning on the open hearth, its flames lighting for a few moments the uplifted faces, or showing the speaker pleading earnestly for his Lord—seemed to be in keeping with the deep solemnity of the last address; which touched upon the probability of a time of great tribulation intervening before the Lord's return, and urged a constant state of preparedness.

Just as it was ended, a message was brought from my father to say that he would speak a few words to any who liked to come to the rectory. Many gladly responded to his invitation, and again the library was filled with listeners, eager to hear his ripened experience.

The brief remembrances written down afterwards can give but little idea of the power of the spoken words, as the aged saint, his face radiant with the joy of his Lord,

spoke out of the fulness of his heart in varying tones, now solemn, now persuasive, and now exulting. He spoke first of the character of God, then of the mistaken views of men concerning Him.

‘God is not loved because He is not known : “Acquaint now thyself with Him, and be at peace, thereby good shall come unto thee.”

‘He has revealed Himself in His word: “God is light ;” “God is love.”

‘He has manifested Himself in His Son : “In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent His only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through Him.”

‘But the heart of the natural man is so hard, and his will so stubborn, that they must be renewed and subdued by the power of the Holy Spirit : “For the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, which He hath given unto us.”

‘Then, when the Three Persons of the Blessed Trinity are known and believed in, “The name of the Lord is a strong tower,” and the soul that is sheltered there is safe for eternity.’

An hour after tea had been served in the schoolroom, all who could remain joined in the evening service in the church and partook of the sacrament of the Lord’s Supper. The preacher was the Rev. Thomas Nolan, who gave an excellent sermon on the words, ‘Till He come !’

Just before my father left his parish to pay his winter visit to Beckenham, one of his churchwardens thus wrote to him :—

‘ REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,—I am much obliged by your kind remembrance of me, shown by your handsome present of a standard Church work.

‘ I shall very much value the gift for the honoured donor’s sake, and also for its intrinsic merit.

‘ As I suppose we shall soon hear of your returning to your warm and comfortable winter quarters, permit me to express my hopes of your continued preservation in health during your absence, and of your return to your flock next spring in a good state of health. We all value you, and are proud of so bright an example of what the declining years of a clergyman ought to be.’

The close of the old year and the opening of the new, my father had always regarded as a very solemn season, and it had been his custom to hold a meeting in his parish for prayer and exposition of the Scripture on the last night of the old year, and to administer the Sacrament, in addition to the service and sermon on New-Year’s Day. Even in the feeble health of his later years, he had been in the habit of waiting until the midnight hour had struck, ushering in the New Year, that he might meet it with prayer and with praise before retiring to rest. Quoting the words, ‘We spend our years as a tale that is told,’—‘humiliation for the past year,’ he said, ‘with its long catalogue of sins and shortcomings, and its tale of listless love and service to Him who so loved us as to give His life for us, should mingle with thankfulness for abounding mercies, and most of all for “the blood which cleanseth us from all sin;”’ and for the coming year, ‘there should be happy

confidence in the promised grace and strength of our Redeemer, and in the fatherly wisdom and kindness of the Almighty Providence which has foreseen all its unknown events, with intent and power to make them work together for good to them that love God.'

More than once the first sound we heard, after the chiming of the church bells had announced the New Year, was his beloved voice repeating the following verses :—

' This God is the God we adore,
 Our faithful unchangeable Friend,
 Whose love is as great as His power,
 And neither knows measure nor end.
 'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
 Whose mercy shall guide us safe home ;
 We 'll praise Him for all that is past,
 And trust Him for all that 's to come.'

It was the moment his daughters especially prized to have with him, to receive his blessing. On one year he gave it in these words, to be turned into a daily prayer :

“ Be strong in the grace which is in Christ Jesus ; ”
 “ The Lord give thee understanding in all things ; ” “ The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.”’

On being reminded of those words the following year, and asked, ‘ Can you ever give us any blessing so full as that ? ’ he promptly replied, ‘ Yes ; and fuller still. “ Mercy unto you, and peace, and love, be *multiplied*.” ’

On this, the last of these solemn seasons which he spent on earth, he seemed to see every blessing as concentrated in the promise, ‘ I will be a GOD unto thee.’

He commenced the year 1864 in such fairly good health, that no mournful impression fell upon our hearts that it was to be the last New-Year's Day on which we should receive the greeting and the blessing so dearly prized; and look upon

‘ The sweet attractive kind of grace,
A full assurance given by looks,
Continual comfort in a face
The lineaments of gospel books.’

As he was not allowed to venture out of doors in the cold weather, he wished to partake of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper at the rectory with his family; and Mr. O'Rorke came over in the afternoon and administered it to us. Just before the service, my father gave a short address on the words, ‘ As often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till He come.’ And after the close, his voice broke the stillness with prayer and praise.

Early in this year he welcomed with delight the Rev. John Sandys, who came to spend a few days with him,—not to revive their friendship, for its warmth had never been lessened, but to enjoy an intercourse which had become less frequent since my father's state of health had obliged him to give up his annual visit to Mr. Sandys in London, and owing also to his removal into Norfolk.

Referring to this visit, Mr. Sandys, in concluding the letter quoted before,¹ wrote as follows:—

‘ THE little visit I paid to Beckenham in the February before dear Dr. Marsh's removal to his heavenly home, I

¹ See pages 75-78.

shall never forget. His mind seemed as clear as ever, his conversation as animated, and there was a radiancy of countenance, and a manifest ripeness for heaven, which it was indeed good to contemplate.

‘Notwithstanding his great age, his cheerfulness was not a whit abated. At the time of my visit the snow was lying thick on the ground. His bedroom adjoined the drawing-room; and as he was coming from one to the other in a wheel-chair, he called to me and said, with his pleasant humour, ‘Sandys, if any one asks you how friend Marsh is, say, “Oh, he takes his drive every day!” “What! not in such weather as this?” “Yes; every day!”’

‘My feeling at the time of that visit was (I remember) this,—I wish all I love were here with me to witness the loveliness and power of religion as they shine forth in this old servant of the Lord.

‘“Wherein, it may be asked, were his faults? for none here are perfect.” None in the sight of God. “Behold, I am vile,” was the confession of the pre-eminently humble Job. Like lowliness of heart characterized your dear father. But Daniel’s enemies could find against him no occasion or fault; and for a friend or enemy to find occasion or fault in your dear father would, methinks, be a hard matter. Of our adorable Redeemer it is written, “Yea, He is altogether lovely.” And to no other of His followers that I ever saw might the same words be, with an equal degree of truth, applied.

‘My love and veneration for your dear father were very great. *You* will not think, but *some* may, that these have blinded my eyes to any defects that may have existed.

The character of my mind is just the reverse. The more deeply I love a person, the more sensitive am I to any failing or defect there may be in them. I mention this because the amount of weight to be given to what any one says depends in no inconsiderable measure upon the character of his mind.'

During the spring his health continued to improve. He carried on a large correspondence on public and private interests, including letters to various religious periodicals, and was able to enjoy his usual studies, as well as to read the *Times* in the morning and the *Record*¹ in the evening.

He was delighted with a pamphlet, on the subject of the Second Advent, sent to him about this time by Dr. Stevenson.² A warm friendship, arising from remarkable sympathies of heart and character, had long existed between them, to which a new link had been added, in the previous year, when, at the Beddington Prophetic Conference, Dr. Stevenson's thoughts had been first led to dwell on the hope of the *near* approach of the Coming of the Lord.

Before my father's return to Beddington, his heart was cheered by tidings that reached him from his parish, of a blessing which God was bestowing there, through the visit of a devoted clergyman,³ who has taken these words for

¹ The reading of the *Record* was a great enjoyment to him, as it seemed for the time to carry him again into public religious interests, and amongst many of his old and valued friends.

² Vicar of Patrixbourne.

³ Rev. William Haslam, Rector of Buckenham, Norfolk.

the motto of his life, 'Time is short—Souls are precious—JESUS is worthy.'

The ground had been well prepared by the faithful and earnest preaching of the Gospel of Christ; so that in many hearts the good seed already sown now took root, sprang up, and flourished. There could be no doubt as to the reality of the change in them, for it was attested by new lives and happy faces.

The work thus begun was carefully fostered and carried on by the three clergymen, who had the joy of seeing it steadily increase, as month after month went by.

A desire was soon felt by many to join in prayer for the furtherance of this blessing; and it was expressed to Mr. O'Rorke, with the suggestion that those who wished should be invited to remain in the schoolroom, at Beddington Corner, for united prayer, after the conclusion of the Sunday evening service.

He gave the plan careful consideration before proposing it to my father, who heartily assented to it; and Mr. French and Mr. Gordon gladly joined in carrying it out.

An evident blessing rested on this meeting. Not only were the newly awakened watched over and nurtured in the heavenly life, but the Christians of longer standing were also greatly strengthened by this bond of fellowship.

In the adjoining parish of Mitcham there was a similar work of the grace of God, accounts of which my father heard with deep interest, from the rector—a grandson of his late beloved friend Bishop Wilson, and his curate, the Rev. Richard Graves; whose love to their Saviour and earnest life in His service made their frequent visits to

Beddington Rectory a source of much pleasure to my father.

TO THE REV. J. H. J. HANDCOCK.

‘BECKENHAM RECTORY, *February 20, 1864.*

‘MY DEAR MR. HANDCOCK,—You ask whether I believe that the full assurance of faith is attainable, and that it should be sought for by *every one*? To this I reply, Assuredly I do, because I am a *Churchman*.

‘The service of our Church opens with the announcement, “He *pardoneth* and *absolveth* all them that truly repent, and unfeignedly believe His holy Gospel.” In the Collect for the Second Sunday in Advent, we are taught by our Church to pray “that we may embrace and *ever hold fast* the blessed hope of everlasting life,” etc. Also, in the 17th Article, it is declared, “that the godly consideration of our election in Christ . . . doth greatly establish and confirm our faith of eternal salvation, to be enjoyed through Christ.”

‘Again, most assuredly do I believe that this full assurance is attainable, and should be sought for by all, because I am a *Christian*, and believe that it is the design of Christianity to bring us into a state of *peace* with God,” by declaring that Christ has “died for our sins, and has risen again for our justification.” And our Saviour Himself hath said, “He that heareth my word, and believeth on Him that sent me, *hath* everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but *is passed* from death unto life.”

‘ Yea, moreover, the object of Christianity is to raise us to that highest of all privileges, even *joy in the Lord*. No sooner had the Philippian jailor believed on the Saviour than he rejoiced in God. No sooner had Candace’s treasurer believed on Christ as having made an atonement for sin, than “ he went on his way rejoicing.”

‘ This joy in the Lord gives great strength to meet trial and to perform duty. Then why do not all believers partake of it ?

‘ *First*, Because some are of a naturally morbid and dejected turn of mind, and they do not attain to joy because they do not ask *believing that they shall receive* (Matt. xxi. 22).

‘ *Secondly*, Because of inadequate views of the fulness and freeness of the grace that is in Christ, causing doubts and fears, and so preventing perfect peace.

‘ *Thirdly*, Because of some indulged sin, in heart or life, that grieves the Holy Spirit, and therefore this joy, which is one of His fruits, is withheld. But such should pray, “ Show me wherefore Thou contendest with me ? If I have done iniquity, I will do so no more.” And *all* should pray, “ Remember me with the favour which Thou bearest unto Thy people, and visit me with Thy salvation, that I may *see* the felicity of Thy chosen, and *rejoice* in the gladness of Thy people, and *glory* with Thine inheritance.”

‘ Thus I believe that assurance is attainable, and is to be *sought* by all ; because I have read, and I believe, my Bible.

‘ See the following passages :—2 Cor. xiii. 5, and 1 John v. 13, which latter text is especially interesting when compared with John xx. 31. Paul would have the Philip-

pians “rejoice in the Lord alway;” for Christianity is a happy as well as a holy religion.

‘Little faith is safe, but it is not so happy or so useful as great faith; and no one should be content with *little*, when he might have *much*.—Yours affectionately,

‘WILLIAM MARSH.’

TO JAMES GRANT, ESQ.

‘DEAR MR. GRANT,—I am glad that your inkstand is not dry. I want you to write on the following subjects:—Grieving the Holy Spirit; quenching the Holy Spirit; resisting the Holy Spirit; doing despite to the Holy Spirit.

‘I fear these important subjects are too much overlooked.

‘I should like you to write also on the following subjects:—The evil spirit is represented as a *destroyer* (roaring lion); as a *deceiver* (the serpent); as an *adversary* (Satan); as an *accuser* (the devil).

‘If the plans of the evil spirit were more considered, and the power of the Holy Spirit more invoked, what prayer there might be; and how would the influence of the Holy Spirit be cherished; and the injury of grieving or quenching Him be manifest; and the extreme danger of resisting Him, or doing despite to Him, be evident.—Yours faithfully,

WM. MARSH.’

A quarterly clerical meeting was held at the house of the Rev. Robert Tritton, rural dean at Morden, in the neighbourhood of Beddington, and although my father

could not be present, yet Mr. Tritton's thoughtful kindness in letting him know beforehand what would be the passage of Scripture under discussion, enabled him each time to take his regular part in it, by writing down a few thoughts which were read aloud at the ensuing meeting. A copy of one of these letters had been taken, from which the following extracts are given :—

On 2 Timothy i.

‘ DEAR MR. TRITTON,—In accordance with your request, I willingly send a few thoughts on the passage of Scripture to be considered at your next meeting.

‘ Ver. 5.—I have often been much delighted in observing (for I have seen it in many families) the children of believing parents following in their steps, and the promise being fulfilled, “ The children of Thy servants shall continue, and their seed shall be established before Thee ” (Ps. cii. 28).

‘ With regard to the 7th verse, I have thought that it contains all that we principally need. In discussing this verse some time ago with a brother clergyman, I differed from him in thinking that the word “ power ” related to the authority of the minister over the people, believing it in that place to mean *courage*. When a doubt arises as to the correct rendering of a word, the context will often decide its true meaning.

‘ Here, in the 8th verse, it is opposed to fear, or cowardice, to which temptations the ministers of Christ in those days were especially subject, in consequence of the persecution they might have to endure.’

A well-known Greek scholar, who was present at the time, said, that undoubtedly the word *δύναμις* was used sometimes in the sense of ‘courage.’

‘But courage must be softened by love, and courage and love must be under the direction of a “sound mind” to make the completeness of the Christian character. “Wisdom is profitable to direct,” and reading, meditation, and prayer will further the growth of this heavenly wisdom, and keep the fire burning—*ἀναζωπυρεῖν*, ver. 6.

‘It would be a useful petition to offer up every morning,—“Give me the spirit of power, and of love, and of a sound mind.”

‘Ver. 9.—How careful the Apostle is to exclude human merit from any part in our salvation; yet there never was a more *special pleader* for good works than St. Paul.

‘In this verse we may also notice that he ever maintains the sovereignty of God, which is always exercised in showing mercy.

‘In the 6th verse he equally maintains the responsibility of man.

‘Ver. 10.—How thankful we should be who live under the light and liberty of the Christian dispensation!

‘Ver. 12.—What courage confidence in Christ will give!

‘Ver. 14.—May we always remember how dependent we are on the Holy Ghost for the reception, maintenance, and preservation of Divine truth.

‘Vers. 16-18.—The servant, like his Master, notices and remembers every act of kindness shown to him.

‘ Oh, *how much* is contained in that expression, “ Find mercy of the Lord in that day !”

‘ My prayers often ascend for a blessing on your clerical meeting.

‘ The following Collects have occurred to me as suitable to this subject :—The Collect for St. Stephen’s Day, for Quinquagesima Sunday, and for the Ninth Sunday after Trinity.—I am, dear Mr. Tritton, yours most sincerely,

‘ WILLIAM MARSH.’

TO HIS GRAND-DAUGHTER.

‘ *May 11, 1864.*

‘ DEAR DARLING LITTLE LUCY,— . . . “ Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God,” and the Word of God leads to the Saviour, and the Saviour leads us to heaven. That Word also leads us to seek to be useful to others by the way.

‘ A poor boy subscribed for a Bible. When it was brought to him, he said, “ I only want the first part. I will not read your Christian Scriptures, I am a Jew.” Those who carried the Bible, however, persuaded him to keep it. After more than a year the same collectors re-visited this district. They inquired for the boy ; a poor woman said, “ Ah ! he is dead ; we all remember him. He used to visit the sick in our court, read the Bible to them, and often out of his little earnings give them a few pence.”

‘ We ask for “ power from on high ” to be given to Captain Trotter and Mr. Blackwood, for their addresses at Willis’s Rooms. My love to dear Lord and Lady Kintore ;

and tell them I pray for a deep and lasting blessing to rest on all their endeavours to hasten the coming and the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ. The sowing-time will soon be over, and then the sowers and reapers will shout together at the Harvest Home. You will like to read the enclosed. It gives a pleasant glimpse into the happy and useful lives which our dear little Mya and Mr. Bolland are leading in the midst of their crowded parish. What changes I have seen wrought in various places, during my long lifetime, by the untiring efforts of many a devoted evangelical clergyman of our Church. They have been workers, indeed! But still the labourers are few *compared* to the need of the vast fields of corn standing "white unto the harvest," so that we may bless God for sending us again, in these latter days, the help of laymen full of faith and power," "sanctified and meet for the Master's use." . . . Give my love to dear Car Maitland, and bid her come and see her old friend on her way back to Park Place.—Ever your loving grandfather.'

TO THE REV. DAWSON MASSEY.

'June 24, 1864.

'DEAR MR. MASSEY,—I shall receive with thankfulness such a gift. Sure I am that when I have read it I shall have to thank you again, and most readily to recommend it. You have taken the history of an interesting period. So many centuries under Pagan Rome and under Papal Rome, twin sisters.

'That the professed *teachers* of mankind should have

been the *deceivers* of mankind will form a melancholy chapter in the history of our world. Yet so it has been—to wit,—Brahmins among the Indians, Moulvies among the Mahometans, Rabbis among the Jews, and Priests among the Christians.

‘Where the Scriptures are unknown or neglected, error must prevail. The Bible is the only infallible book of faith and practice. The opposition of the Church of Rome to the study of it, in itself proves that she is no longer a Church of Christ; and yet we hope that numbers of Romanists, after all, trust only in the Saviour,—and so will help to fill His kingdom.

‘We are praying that Ireland may obtain increase of light. God bless you in all your labours to win sinners to the Saviour, and to lead believers to adorn His doctrine. Many thanks for the sweet text which you have sent to old eighty-nine.—Yours ever affectionately,

‘WM. MARSH.’

He has more than once described the difference between a true and false religion, by standing before us, first as a teacher of a false religion with a closed Bible behind him, saying, ‘You are to believe what I tell you, and be satisfied with the voice of the church.’ Then coming forward as a teacher of the true religion, with the Bible wide open, he would say, ‘Believe nothing that I teach you which you cannot prove for yourselves by most certain warrant from Holy Scripture.’

TO MISS MANN.

‘ . . . “The accuser of the brethren,” in order to harass and hinder them, brings past sins before them again and again, after they have been repented of, and washed away in the blood of the Lamb, and forsaken. But they were all foreknown and pardoned when the Saviour said, “It is finished.”’

‘ “Only believe.” The plan for us is,—Believe and be at peace; believe and love; believe and work; believe and suffer; believe and die; believe and go to heaven. “Lord, increase our faith!”’

‘ One of the old divines said, when on a dying-bed, “A list of all my sins was presented to me. I knew it was done by the enemy; so I said, Write at the bottom, ‘The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from *all sin* ;’ and the temptation to despair fled away.”—Yours truly,

‘WM. MARSH.’

The two following letters, although they have found a place here considerably beyond their date, could scarcely be omitted without loss :—

TO THE LATE COLONEL JACOB, BOMBAY ARTILLERY, ON THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE, WHICH TOOK PLACE ONLY A YEAR BEFORE HIS OWN.

‘RECTORY, BECKENHAM, *March 18.*

‘ DEAR COLONEL JACOB,—I have known what it is to be turned out of Paradise, and can indeed sympathize with you. All I could say for some time was, “Thou art

righteous, O Lord!" but when I could reflect upon the happiness of the departed, the grief was a little assuaged.

'How difficult it is not to look down into the grave when it is actually open—yea, and oftentimes after that; but she is not there. Wherever Paradise is, there are the blessed dead. We are therefore taught to look upward.

'I have just been preaching on Psalm xciv. 19: "In the multitude of my thoughts within me, Thy comforts delight my soul." 1st, The state of mind here described. 2d, The consolation afforded.

'I will only send you some of the latter.

'Sorrow may not be speedily removed, but it shall be alleviated by covenant truths and promises: By positive assurances of good from all events; and by the prospect of our future rest.

'God has loved His people with an everlasting love. Therefore all His arrangements for time have a reference to their good in eternity.

'But the Comforter alone can truly comfort (Prov. xxv. 20).

'May that Eternal Spirit bring every alleviating and consolatory thought to your mind.

'Tears, indeed, are not forbidden. It was at a grave that—"Jesus wept." HE can sympathize with you.

'God help us all to look forward to His kingdom, in which tears are for ever wiped away.—Yours very truly,

'WM. MARSH.'

TO THE LATE HONOURABLE MRS. MACKENZIE, ON THE DEATH
OF HER LAST SURVIVING SON, AGED TWENTY-ONE.

‘DEAR MRS. MACKENZIE,—What can I say to comfort you? Dear Frank came of age, and was immediately put in possession of his estate in Paradise. Follow him there in thought, as you will at the appointed time in person. Then also you will see what he has escaped in this world of trial, sin, and suffering.

‘Some live a long life in a short time. It was so with him. Though not in age, yet in grace; he was “like a shock of corn that cometh in, in his season:”—

“To such we’ll follow on,
Leaning on Jesus all the way,
Who on our hearts lets down a ray
Of comfort from His Throne.”

‘Perhaps faith could never be fully exercised, if circumstances we suppose improbable under the government of love, did not arise. “If thou hadst been here, my brother had not died.” A natural thought. But we know the reason why Lazarus died, and though indeed the veil was very soon removed in that case, yet, it is but a little while and the veil will be removed in other cases.

‘I was glad darling Katie was well enough to go at once to Cambridge. She found in your dear daughter a remarkable example of faith and resignation. The good Lord comfort you all, and give you bright views of the coming re-union—the coming glory of the Lord and all His people.—With hearty sympathy, yours very affectionately,

WM. MARSH.’

CHAPTER XVII.

'WITHIN SIGHT OF THE CITY.'

'THE Celestial City is full in my view. Its glories have shone upon me, its breezes fan me, its odours are wafted to me, its sounds strike upon my ears, and its spirit is breathed into my heart. Nothing separates me from it but the River of Death, which now appears but as a rill, that may be crossed at a step.'

PAYSON.

‘ WITHIN SIGHT OF THE CITY.’

AT midsummer of 1864, Mr. French, whose services my father had highly appreciated for his parish, was appointed to a church in Cheltenham. The following extract from his farewell letter will show how deeply he, on his part, had valued the association with my father:—

‘ MY DEAR DR. MARSH,—I do thank you most sincerely for all the fatherly kindness and consideration you have shown me since I became your curate. And I trust my ministry, whether long or short, may ever bear the impression of Beddington and Beckenham,—the Bethany and Bethphage, I would fain believe, the blessed Lord would have chosen had He preached to London instead of to Jerusalem.’

The glowing beauty of the cloudless summer of that year seemed to be reflected about him. Never had we seen his face so brilliant in colouring and expression—never had the charm of his conversation been more rich and spark-

ling—never had his heart of love so poured forth its heavenly warmth and tenderness.

All the lingering symptoms of his long illness had been mercifully removed, and we only knew how fragile was the life just verging on its ninetieth year, by the increasing transparency and beauty of his face, just as our hearts faintly foretold his nearness to heaven by looks and tones and ways too lovely for earth.

More than ever he was the centre of delight to his family. Every hour seemed to have suffered loss which was passed away from him. Yet his presence, with his own close and evident communing with his Saviour, his earnest charges to all to work while it is day, and his warm sympathy and fervent prayers for blessing in every attempt to serve that Master, stimulated those about him to fresh efforts in such service.

The home circle was frequently enlarged by the visits of those whom we knew would especially value the privilege of seeing him, and hearing him converse. Amongst these, the youngest daughter of his valued friend the late Mr. Hardy, M.P. for Bradford, well known for his noble Christian character, clear scriptural views, and steadfast Protestantism, was staying at the rectory for part of that summer. The youngest sister of Hedley Vicars came to pay a farewell visit before leaving England with her husband, the Rev. Frederick Tayler, who had been appointed Head of the College of Perth in Australia. The young clergyman, whose frank and manly character at once attracted my father, beheld with admiration and delight the aged saint who had entered the land of Beulah,

' where the sun shineth night and day ;' and just before they sailed he wrote, that the memory of that face would ever be a call to them to ' serve the Lord with gladness' in their distant home. The daughter of Lord Wriothesley Russell had asked to bring a friend who had been educated at a school in her father's parish, and was one of the members of his Bible class. After preparing her for confirmation, he had watched with hopefulness her growing interest in the things of God ; but now, when she was returning to her home, with her heart still wavering between the world and Christ, it occurred to his devoted Christian wife and daughter that it might be the turning-point of her life if she could see how bright and beautiful was the sunset light of a day—the morning, noon, and evening of which had alike been spent in the Lord's vineyard. The answer to their prayers was granted ; for, during the visit, that young heart surrendered itself to the Saviour's call.

The evenings were chiefly passed around my father's arm-chair in the drawing-room ; and often he would lay down his book, and hold his listeners entranced by anecdotes of his early friends and early days, and of wonders wrought by the grace of God, all told with an animation and charm which carried his hearers into the very centre of the scenes he described.

Then he would pause for a time and resume his reading, and again his rejoicing spirit would break forth in singing some of the hymns of praise he loved so well.

It was his wish, with reference to his birthday gathering, that this year there should be connected with it a call to his clerical brethren, to meet specially for prayer and

addresses on the subject of the Coming of the Lord. Several laymen were also invited, and the day fixed for it was Tuesday the 19th of July, the eve of his birthday. When we recall the thought and prayer with which he arranged the plans for both these meetings, it seems to us now that there must have mingled with the gladness with which he looked forward to the festival, a solemn yet joyful presentiment that it was to be his last anniversary on earth.

The following was the form of invitation which he sent for the 19th :—

‘ “THE NIGHT IS FAR SPENT, THE DAY IS AT HAND.”

‘ We intend, therefore, in obedience to the apostolic command, to “assemble ourselves together, and to exhort one another, so much the more as we see the day approaching.”

‘ Will you join our gathering here at half-past three o’clock in the afternoon of Tuesday, the 19th instant? And, in the meanwhile, unite with us in fervent prayer, that the power of the Lord may be present with us, that we may be “filled with joy and with the Holy Ghost,” “looking for and hasting unto the coming of the day of God.”—Your faithful servant and brother in the Lord,

‘ WILLIAM MARSH.’

Hearty and numerous were the responses to this invitation, and those who were present will not soon forget the power with which he spoke that day; the clear testimony to the blessedness of resting alone on the finished work of Christ, of walking in conscious, unbroken com-

munion with Him, and of looking for His coming glory ; nor the pouring out of his soul in prayer, and the sudden burst of sacred song—the overflow of the joy with which he ‘ drew water from the wells of salvation.’

After alluding to the more widely diffused expectation of the near Coming of the Lord, and to the numerous calculations of dates in the prophecies which converge in the present decade, he went on to say—‘ But be that as it may, we are expressly told by an apostle, that the First and Second Advents of the Messiah are the great subjects of Holy Writ, for the Spirit of Christ was in all the prophets, testifying beforehand of the sufferings of Christ and of the glory that should follow. For what end did the Redeemer come into this world? He came to glorify God, to magnify the law, to make “ a full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice” for the sins of the whole world, to offer a free pardon to guilty man, and so to take out of the way every obstacle which hindered his coming to God for pardon, peace, and grace here, and for glory hereafter.

‘ At the First Advent of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, it appears to me that He came especially to exercise the office of a prophet, as the great Prophet that should come into the world.

‘ Since His ascension into heaven, His work as a prophet being ended, He has assumed the office of a priest ; the forerunner is for us entered within the veil, “ even Jesus, made an High Priest for ever.” By His intercession, He keeps the way open to the throne of grace, and therefore mercy and grace can flow freely to us.

‘ Some, alas, have a very imperfect view of the way in

which God deals with man. They have not got a proper understanding of either His justice or His mercy. They look upon the work of Christ as accomplished in the perfect example which He left to us by His life, and overlook the purpose of His death as the sacrifice for the sins of the world, that He might be at the same time "a just God and a Saviour."

'Doubtless the blessed Redeemer left us an example that we should follow His steps; and the more watchfully, prayerfully, and faithfully we follow in that blessed pathway, the fuller will be our peace, the brighter will be our light, the wider will be our usefulness. But equally without doubt His death took place that we might be pardoned and accepted through it alone, and have life and peace in time, and glory in eternity.

'A poor man who had sought and found salvation through Jesus Christ, and was rejoicing in Him, was asked by a friend whether he did not fear that his soul would be in danger if he should lose his joy. He replied, "Never! for I am on the Rock, and though I may tremble on the Rock, the Rock never trembles under me."

'What a beautiful view is given to us of the perfection of the work of our blessed Redeemer, in that He could say with His dying breath, "IT IS FINISHED."

'Dear friends, on that short saying *I rest all my hopes of eternal life*, and I beseech you all to do the same.

'But now let me speak to you of the Second Advent, which is the Christian's great hope (as the First Advent is the foundation of his faith); for then Christ will assume His office of King; and not till then will the great enemy

of souls, the "accuser of the brethren," be bound, error be banished, sin be subdued, and creation cease to groan; because at His coming He will establish the kingdom of truth, righteousness, and peace. What Christian is there who, believing this, when he hears the Saviour's voice saying, "Surely I come quickly," will not reply, "Amen, even so, come, Lord Jesus!"

'The First Advent is the source of all our hopes of eternal life; but when we have been admitted freely into the kingdom of glory through the Saviour's obedience unto death, we shall find, at the Second Advent, that there is nothing that we have either done or suffered for Him that will not be graciously remembered, and even rewarded by Him.

"Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord."

'Be steadfast in this faith, that Christ died for our sins.

'Be unmoveable from this hope, that through His resurrection all who believe on Him shall have a joyful resurrection, when all sins and all infirmities shall be gone for ever. For "So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption. It is sown in dishonour; it is raised in glory. It is sown in weakness; it is raised in power. It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body."

'Lastly, be always abounding in the work of the Lord. The fruit of such work may be, and often is, seen even here, and most certainly shall be seen hereafter; for "the

day shall declare it," and the reward shall be reaped, for "ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord."

'I remember a good minister, who said, when leaving a country parish for a charge in London, "I do not know that I have been a blessing to one soul in this place." But not long after this he received a letter, signed by a hundred and twenty persons, thanking him for the good they had derived from his ministry.

'A faithful and prayerful discharge of religious, moral, and social duties and services can never be "in vain in the Lord." This is illustrated in His parable of the talents (Luke xix. 12-28).

'Oh what a Saviour is ours, who forgets our sins! "I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins." "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin."

'Oh what a Saviour is ours, who never forgets our services, however poor and imperfect! "Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

'Let us then diligently "search the Scriptures," which make known to us such a Saviour and such a Master.

'Trust in the finished work of salvation accomplished by Christ at His First Advent, and look for the glory to be revealed at His Second Advent; that, when He says, "Surely I come quickly!" you may be ready to reply, "Amen: even so, come, Lord Jesus."

The 20th of July was celebrated as usual by a large gathering of poor and rich, all invited to an early tea on

the rectory lawn. It was one of the sunniest days of that brilliant summer; friends gathered around him, from far and near, to wish him joy on entering his ninetieth year; and nothing seemed to be wanting to add to the interest and grace of the scene.

The first visitors who arrived were two who held places very near his heart, the Duchess of Sutherland and Lord Shaftesbury. Two years earlier the Duchess had made his acquaintance, and from that time had ever been regarded by him with tender and prayerful interest. On his preceding birthday, she had brought him a beautiful copy of the "Bible, with Commentary wholly biblical," which was treasured by him with special value. The charm of her bright and gentle presence from time to time, with her open communication and warm sympathy on the subjects nearest his heart, combined with her unvarying thoughtfulness about him in absence, were amongst the pleasures which a loving Father had provided so richly for his aged servant to enjoy in his last years out of Paradise.

The next who arrived was his valued old friend, the Rev. Henry Venn, of the Church Missionary Society, with the first black bishop, just then on the eve of his departure for his diocese of Abbeokuta and the Niger. To him my father said, 'If a man desire the office of a bishop, what saith the Word of God that he desireth?—a large income?—a palace?—to be called "my lord?" No! "he desireth a *good work*." Work for Christ is the true honour of the bishop!' And turning to Mr. Venn he said, 'You, dear brother, have large opportunities of working

for Christ; continue to work zealously, faithfully, prayerfully. Work while it is day.’¹

Between three and four hundred women and girls were assembled round the tea-tables on the lawn; and on the terrace which overlooked it, their aged rector, in his wheel-chair, was surrounded by others of his parishioners, and new friends, and old friends,—some of whom had not seen him for many a year; amongst these were Lord and Lady Mayo² and their daughter; a beloved sister of Hedley Vicars, with her husband, the Rev. Leonard Burrows of Rugby; Mr. Goodhart; Mr. Auriol, and several other of my father’s clerical brethren, besides many of the laity, gathered around him. Behind his chair, in their scarlet turbans and dark-blue flowing robes, stood two Afghans;³ and on his right hand stood the Archbishop of Canterbury, now benevolently enjoying the scene, again looking with reverence on the holy and radiant face of the patriarch by his side, and then, at his request, commencing the service of the day with prayer.

¹ From a letter from Mr. Venn, who also wrote of this interview as follows:—‘Upon my rejoining Bishop Crowther, after seeing your beloved and revered grandfather, he said to me that the venerable man appeared so ready for his entrance into glory, that he almost expected it might take place that moment.’

² Since that time Lady Mayo has also entered into rest, saying on her dying bed, ‘Lord Jesus, take me quickly to Thyself! I long to be with Thee.’

³ Ghoolam, one of these Afghans, had formed such a reverent attachment to my father, that when the tidings reached him that he had passed into the presence of his Saviour, he exclaimed, ‘His religion shall now be my religion, his God shall be my God; for I must go where he is, and see his face again!’

After this, many voices joined in the hymn which thus begins,—

‘ Lord, I hear of showers of blessing
 Thou art scattering full and free,
 Showers the thirsty land refreshing,
 Let some droppings fall on me,
 Even me.’

The singing was accompanied by a harmonium, which had been placed on the terrace, and was played by Mr. Hawkins (afterwards ordained to the curacy of Beckenham), who had won my father’s affectionate regard from the days when he was one of the first to propose the Bible-reading amongst the cadets at Addiscombe, and, as a sub-officer, to open his room for it.

Every sound was hushed, when the first words were heard from my father’s lips, as he began :

‘ Beloved friends,—including all my dear parishioners here,—One of the first martyrs, at his trial, said, “*Eighty and six* years have I served Christ, and He has never forsaken me, and I will not forsake Him in my old age.” And, faithful to his word, he died a martyr.

‘ Although I cannot number so many years in the service of that blessed Master, this I can say, *seventy-one* years ago a faithful and revered minister of Christ taught me to love my Bible, showed me that it was the Word of God, and the only book in our world which could teach us the way of salvation.

‘ That man was Mr. Cadogan. The Lord Chancellor of that day—Thurlow—passing through Reading, heard from the landlord of the Crown Hotel that the vicar of St. Giles’s Church was just dead. The living was in his gift ;

and Lord Thurlow made up his mind at once as to the disposal of it. Early the next morning he went to Caversham Park, then the residence of Lord Cadogan, for whom he inquired. The servant replied, "You can't see his lordship yet; but you may sit down in the hall, if you like."

'So the Lord Chancellor sat down; and, after some time had passed, Lord Cadogan came through the hall, and started with surprise as he recognised his unexpected guest.

' "Why, my Lord Chancellor! how came you here?"

' "Your servant gave me leave to sit down in your hall."

'So, after a good laugh together, they went into the breakfast-room. The Lord Chancellor then said, "I heard that the vicar of St. Giles's was dead, and I thought it might be pleasant to your family and to your son if I offered him the living."

'It was accepted. And that was the manner in which Mr. Cadogan's ministry was brought to Reading. I have thought very often of him lately, because he taught me to love my Bible, and to believe that it made known salvation to fallen man; and from that time a friendship was formed between us which lasted till his death. At his first entrance on the ministry he did not so clearly know the way of salvation as he afterwards learned and preached it; but he had great earnestness and zeal on the subject of religion, and that is a good beginning.

'A former acquaintance wished to lend him the works of Paine and Voltaire; he wrote him word in reply, that

he had not yet done with Moses and the prophets. An admirable determination, that! And we shall never have done with Moses and the prophets, because they are "the servants of the Most High God, and show unto us the way of salvation;" afterwards more fully developed in the New Testament.

'On the death of Mr. Cadogan, a tablet was erected to his memory in St. Giles's Church. Bacon, who was chosen as the sculptor, begged permission to write the epitaph. Having given the name and date, he carved a pillar with these words upon it, "I will make him a pillar in the temple of my God." And on the tablet he thus described Mr. Cadogan as a minister: "Christ was his theme, his refuge, and his joy."

'It was this that gave energy to his ministry, and success to his labours. His last words were, "I die in the faith of Jesus Christ, and in love to all mankind, and in special love"—here his voice failed; it was supposed he was going to add, "to all Christian brethren."

'I have paraphrased that epitaph thus, "Christ was his theme as a minister, his refuge as a sinner, his joy as a believer."

'I need not dwell on "Christ his theme as a minister," before you, my beloved friends in the ministry, who are here to-day, because I believe Christ *is* your theme. But let me say a few words to all present on "Christ his refuge as a sinner." Dear friends, what other refuge have we? The law of God condemns us. Under that condemnation we must be banished from the Divine presence. But Jesus Christ is the refuge, "the shadow

of a great rock in a weary land." By faith I come to my Saviour, and I find He has fulfilled the law for me; He has died for me; He has done all for me; and as it was with John Bunyan's pilgrim when he came to the foot of the cross, the burden of sin falls off and rolls into the Saviour's grave.

'Never enter any other refuge, whatever it may be, for all others are false. JESUS ALONE must be your refuge. In Him you will find the propitiation for the broken law of God, and all the righteousness which its precepts demand. I have no other hope, in the prospect of death, but in the Saviour's words, "IT IS FINISHED." When He uttered them, He ratified the promises, embodied the types, fulfilled the prophecies, and yielded a perfect obedience unto death, which glorified God and brought pardon and peace to man.

'Are we not in the habit of thinking of our Saviour as a great way off? It is not so. He is near, He is present—a refuge in temptation, under trial, and in the hour of death.

'But it was not only said of Mr. Cadogan that Christ was his refuge as a sinner, but also that "Christ was his joy, as a believer."

'And now I can blame my own ministry, doubting whether I have dwelt enough on this truth, that Christ brings *present* happiness. Christianity is for the present happiness of believers, as well as for their future joy in eternity.

'St. Paul writes to the Romans: "Being justified by faith, we *have* peace with God through our Lord Jesus

Christ;" and prays for them that they may "be *filled* with all joy and peace in believing, and *abound* in hope by the power of the Holy Ghost." And he thus exhorts the Philippian Christians: "*Rejoice* in the Lord *always*; and again I say, *Rejoice*."

' I do not say that the assurance of hope is *essential* to salvation; but it is a very blessed privilege, and one that should be diligently sought after.

' There are two remarkable passages on this subject in the inspired writings of St. John; one in his Gospel, the other in his first Epistle.

' In the 31st verse of the 20th chapter, he assigns the reason for writing his Gospel:—

' "These are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through His name."

' And in the 13th verse of the 5th chapter of his first Epistle, St. John addresses those who have believed, and tells them it is on their account that he has written the Epistle, as supplemental to the Gospel.

' "These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God; that ye may *know* that ye *have* eternal life." Know it for your support amidst trials and persecutions, in the time of sorrow and in the hour of death; and that you may persevere in that blessed faith, knowing that "believing on the name" of our Lord Jesus Christ you *have* eternal life."¹

¹ During the last few years of his life he always kept beside him a supply of the Bible Society's small edition of St. John's Gospel, and to each of his visitors he gave a copy, with this note written on the margin, by the 31st verse of chap. xx.: 'See 1 John v. 13.'

‘ Dear friends, the three cardinal graces of Christianity—Faith, Hope, and Love—have a direct tendency to promote our happiness.

‘ As sinners, *faith* leads us to the Saviour, and will divest us of all slavish fear.

‘ Whilst passing through a world of sorrow and trial, *hope* points us to Heaven as the world of uninterrupted joy and eternal rest.

‘ And sure I am (for in selfishness there can be no true happiness), that in the exercise of *love* to God and man there is real and lasting pleasure.

‘ Thus it can be clearly proved that faith in an atoning, pardoning Saviour, working by love, which is Scriptural Christianity, brings present happiness, as well as insures future bliss. Let me exhort you, therefore, diligently to “search the Scriptures,” and earnestly to pray for the Holy Spirit, that, through His grace and power, you may live and die in the exercise of Faith, and Hope, and Love.

‘ Thus our Church would lead us to pray, in the words of one of her beautiful collects--

‘ “Almighty and everlasting God, give unto us the increase of faith, hope, and charity; and that we may obtain that which Thou dost promise, make us to love that which Thou dost command; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.”’

A few of the guests were obliged to leave early; and amongst them Lord Shaftesbury: not wishing to be called upon to make a speech, he was keeping out of sight. ‘ But I cannot let him go without his saying a few words

to my people ; and he is such an old friend, I must hear his voice again,’ urged my father ; and when, unable to resist the plea, Lord Shaftesbury came forward, and heard the entreaty, ‘ Do speak to them ; tell them to read and love their Bibles ;’ he hesitated no longer, and gave them a brief and impressive address on the priceless value of the Scriptures.

After some hymns had been sung, Mr. Auriol and Mr. Goodhart, followed by Colonel Travers and Mr. Blackwood, spoke words of counsel and comfort to those assembled ; and the meeting was concluded with prayer by Mr. O’Rorke and Mr. Gordon.

No shadow fell on our hearts amidst the gathering shades of that lovely summer’s evening, foretelling that that day five weeks the ‘ hoary head,’ which was our ‘ crown of glory,’ would be laid upon the bed of death ; and that his next birthday would be when ‘ an entrance was ministered unto him abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.’

The following letter, though not received until some time later, may be inserted here :—

FROM H. PHILLRICK, ESQ.

‘ To me his memory is hallowed with such an elevation of Christian excellence as to be unrivalled. I never knew any one so altogether rooted in Christ—so altogether growing up and flourishing in Christ—as he was from first to

last. I thank God for his holy teachings in my boyhood, and for his lovely life, which (as it seems to me) would need but little transformation to become that of the risen saint, with the exchange only of his earthly crown of joy, for the crown of glory that fadeth not away.'

An anecdote in the following letter, illustrative of his benevolence to animals, recalled to us his kindness to a white cat, the gift of one of his friends at Beddington. The little creature had attached itself so faithfully to him that it would watch from sunrise at the door of his room, ready to seize the first opportunity of springing in there to establish itself as his companion for the day. When he was dangerously ill, and scarcely able to bear any weight, it still maintained its accustomed place on his coverlet, because he refused to allow its comfort to be interrupted for his own:—

‘BREHERTON PARSONAGE, 10th Oct. 1864.

‘ACCEPT my grateful thanks, for the remembrance of your dear father, whose loveliness by nature and grace is afresh brought before me. I have known not a few of God’s best servants in our day, but—during forty years, since I first saw him—I have never yet come across any man to be measured with your now sainted and happy father for winning sweetness, heavenly-mindedness, and entire annihilation of self. . . . One day, when I called upon him, I found him in his study, but not in his accustomed place; for his favourite cat was asleep in his own easy-chair. He said to me, with that gentleness so peculiar to him, “Mr. Wilde, please not to disturb him.”’

It was so like him,—a tender word for dumb animals even, as well as for all his fellow-creatures, old and young, who happened to fall in his way.

' I had learned to esteem and admire his pure and exalted character long before I personally knew him. Mutual friends (amongst them the late Miss Hancock of Norwich, useful in her day and generation) prepared me for those rare excellences and attractions I met with in dear Mr. Marsh, while I was his curate in Birmingham. If all Christian ministers were of like mind and mould with that charming man, *how* the Gospel would win its way in the world, and its power, its wisdom, and its grace, so developed, would draw others to the Saviour.— Believe me, very faithfully yours, RALPH WILDE.'

It was during a wakeful night that the following little paraphrase of the Lord's Prayer was composed by him, and written down from his dictation the next morning:—

' *Our Father*,—

By right of creation,
By gracious adoption.

' *Which art in heaven*,—

The home of Thy angels,
The seat of Thy glory.

' *Hallowed be Thy Name*,—

By the thoughts of our hearts ;
By the words of our lips ;
By the actions of our lives.

- ' Thy kingdom come,—*
Of Providence, to protect us ;
Of Grace, to refine us ;
Of Glory, to crown us.
- ' Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven,—*
Submissively, cheerfully,
And, finally, perfectly.
- ' Give us this day our daily bread,—*
Of temporal things for our bodies,
Of spiritual things for our souls.
- ' And forgive us our trespasses,—*
Against the precepts of Thy law,
And the grace of Thy Gospel.
- ' As we forgive them who trespass against us,*
In imitation of Thy love,
And to the glory of true religion.
- ' And lead us not into temptation,—*
Of such honours, riches, or pleasures
As might war against the soul.
- ' But deliver us from evil,—*
Of Satan to deceive us ;
Of sin to defile us,
- ' For Thine is the kingdom,—*
Of Providence and Grace.
- ' The power,—*
To establish it.
- ' And the glory,—*
Of all good.

‘ *For ever, and for ever: Amen,—*

So let it be;

So it is;

So it shall be.’

‘ By this Prayer of our Lord—

The Father bless,

The Son adore,

The Spirit praise,

For evermore.

Amen, and Amen.’

Towards the end of July, his eldest daughter, with her husband and children, was going abroad for a time, and she was able to leave with comparatively little anxiety, as he appeared remarkably well. On her birthday, which she usually spent with him, as it occurred within four days of his own, he gave her a travelling desk, and said, as he placed it in her hand, ‘ I was going to make you a speech, but Moses shall speak for me;’ and then quoted Numbers vi. 24-26. It was his farewell blessing, for they were never to meet again in this life.

The days of that summer glided by, each one brighter and happier than that which had gone before. On Sunday the 14th of August, he seemed if possible to be even in fuller enjoyment than ever of the day so dear to his heart. His awaking was always bright and instantaneous, and generally announced by some morning song of praise. This time it was—

‘To-day He rose and left the dead,
And Satan’s empire fell ;
To-day the saints His triumphs spread,
And all His wonders tell.’

It was the Sunday when the early communion was administered in the church ; and, before we left the house to join in it, he gave us his blessing. On our return, he said, ‘ I was with you in spirit. I read the service here ; it is a beautiful expression of depths of humiliation and heights of adoration. Our worship can take no higher flight than this ascription—rising above all thanksgiving connected with ourselves—“ We give Thee thanks for THY GREAT GLORY.” You find the same note struck by the Psalmist, “ Give thanks at the remembrance of HIS HOLINESS !” ’

He read, as had always been his custom whenever prevented from joining in public worship, the morning service inclusive of the psalms and lessons, with the utmost devotion of countenance and manner. Afterwards, he returned to the reading of the Bible, with which he had begun the day. Since he had been deprived of ‘ going to the house of God in company,’ he had made Sunday a day for feasting on the Holy Scriptures, spending at least four hours in reading them ; intent as a schoolboy on a new story, scarcely able to lay down the book. Yet, if any one came in, desirous of conversing with him on sacred subjects, he would put it away for the time, not only with his wonted gentle courtesy, but with thankful readiness to take up any work which the Lord had appointed for him.

On that Sunday evening, he was in gay spirits ; and

when the family party had assembled round the tea-table, he said to a beloved young grand-daughter who had been spending the summer with him, 'Now, dear little Agnes, you shall hear a celebrated vocalist!' And then he sang a Hebrew chant :

' Ail bene, Ail bene,
Bene, bene, beth cara.'

' Lord build, Lord build Thy house speedily ! even in our day.' Then he resumed his reading ; but shortly afterwards, with clasped hands and upraised eyes, he sang again, with wonderful power of voice, part of the Hallelujah chorus, commencing with the words, ' King of Kings, and Lord of Lords,' and ' He shall reign for ever.' Then passing, with the rapid transition of thought, from the coronation of the King of kings to the fulfilment of His promise, that His redeemed shall sit down with Him on His Throne, he sang the hymn beginning—

' There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign.'

Monday morning was spent as usual in reading and writing, but in the afternoon he suffered from faintness and oppression of breath ; still the night brought refreshing sleep, and on Tuesday the 16th he was able to go out in his wheel-chair, to take what he called his ' grand tour' round the garden and field ; and in the evening he remained in the drawing-room later than usual. Well do those who were around him remember how beautiful a picture he looked, as he sat in his own arm-chair, dressed

in his sky-blue wrapper, reading a large New Testament beneath the shaded lamp which cast a glow of light upon the noble head, with its crown of silver hair, resting against a crimson cushion ; while, for a background, on the white wall, hung coloured sketches of Jerusalem, and of scenery in the Holy Land ; and beside him, through the bay window, surrounded by roses and jessamine, the rising moon could just be seen above the trees. Presently he put down his book, and began to sing—

‘ Israel, thy Creator bless,
And with joyful tongue express,
That His mercies far extend,
And His bounty knows no end.’

Then, as if his heart was too full of praise to restrain itself, again his voice rose with

‘ Salvation, oh ! the joyful sound,
’Tis pleasure to our ears,
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.’

And he sang the whole hymn, ending with the chorus—

‘ Glory, honour, praise, and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever,
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer,
Hallelujah, Amen.’

And yet once more he sang aloud his favourite Hebrew melody, ‘ Lord, build Thy house speedily.’

There was no undertone, in the glad music of that summer night, foreboding that it was the last of long

years of happy family evenings, and that none other like it remained for us on earth. Little we thought, as the beloved voice sank into silence, that his next song of praise would be sung with 'angels and archangels, and all the company of heaven.'

'The twilight of a Sabbath eve
Was deep'ning in the west,
As one by one a household met
To share its sacred rest.

Around the window where they sat,
Beneath the moon's fair light,
Hung the bright stars of jessamine,
And trailing blossoms white.

But evermore each eye was turn'd
Where one, in honour'd age,
Mused in his tranquil solitude
Upon an open page.

For he who long his Master served,
In combat undismay'd,
Borne from the heat of battle now
Upon his shield was laid!

And in this patient waiting kept,
So long he tarries still!
"Till his Lord come," we almost said,
"What if it be His will!"

A light upon his brow serene,
Its fullest radiance beam'd,
And on the crown of silver hair,
Which like a glory seem'd.

But brighter far than all, the glance
Of calm, yet deep content,
And the sweet smile whose sparkling play
Like sunshine came and went:

‘ While now he sang of Canaan’s land,
And of its fields of light,
And of the perfect day which fears
No darkening shades of night.

And yet in louder, fuller strains
He raised his joyful song ;—
Then waved his hands with parting grace.
As if he blessed the throng.’¹

BEDDINGTON RECTORY.

August 1864.

¹ By the author of *Grace and Remembrance*.

CHAPTER XVIII.

‘ THROUGH THE FLOOD ON FOOT.’

.
So we went slowly down
 To the river side,
Till we stood in the heavy shadows
 By the wild black tide.
We could hear that the Lord was speaking
 Deep words of grace ;
We could see their blessed reflection
 Upon our father’s face.
“ Farewell !—I cannot fear.
 Do *you* not see His grace ?”
And even as he spoke he turn’d
 Again to the Master’s face.
So they two went closer down
 To the river side,
And stood in the heavy shadows
 By the wild black tide.
But when the feet of the Lord
 Were come to the waters dim,
They rose to stand on either hand,
 And left a path for Him.
So they two passed over quickly
 Towards the goal,
But the wistful longing gaze
 Of the parting soul
Grew only more rapt and joyful
 As he held the Master’s hand ;
We think, or ever he was aware,
 They were come to the Holy Land.’

.
B. M.

‘ THROUGH THE FLOOD ON FOOT.’

ON Wednesday, my father awoke weak and weary ; and as the day wore on, he became more ill, so that in the afternoon his daughter Matilda, whom he was accustomed playfully to call his ‘ chief doctor,’ was sent for. Although there was no alarming symptom, he evidently felt that his end was drawing near, for he said to Mrs. Marsh, as she sat anxiously and tenderly watching by him, ‘ It is right you should be prepared, dearest,—this is dying.’

Thursday morning brought no improvement, and Mr. Skey was sent for from London. He came at once, and pronounced the illness to be very serious, but at the same time he gave us some hope that the wonderful power of rallying in his constitution might yet enable him to recover ; and we, who had so often seen him given back from the very gates of death, in answer to our prayers, took comfort from this hope.

Notwithstanding great suffering and weakness, his spirit of loving consideration for all around him, and the bright playfulness of his disposition, shone out continually. He had a kind word for every one who came into his room.

To Mr. Skey he said, 'Dear friend, what a shadow that vanisheth away is the longest human life ! But there *is* a heaven, and there *is* a Saviour. Seek that Saviour, and heaven is yours, and all is well.'

In the afternoon he received a letter from his eldest daughter from Germany, which he read with great interest, and then said to us, 'Do not let darling Mary be made anxious, and her holiday be spoilt.'

Yet we longed to telegraph to her, knowing how earnestly she would desire to be beside him in his illness ; but no address had been given where letters could reach the travellers until Saturday, and we still leant upon the hope that by that time there might be a change for the better.

In the afternoon he was moaning frequently, as if in much pain ; but whenever any one spoke to him, or even stood by his side, he answered in a cheerful voice, and with his own bright smile. From his deafness he did not know that his expressions of pain were audible, and evidently thought that by speaking cheerfully he could spare us the knowledge of his suffering.

During the night he slept very little, but though worn and weary, his heart was overflowing with love. When his youngest daughter was standing by him, he said, 'Stay where you are a minute, my darling, that I may see your face well. If I were only a second Sir Joshua Reynolds, I would paint it at once, that I might wear it always next my heart.'

On Friday, Lady Emma Dalzell, who had been almost as a daughter to him, came from Beckenham ; and he asked

tenderly after her brothers, especially one who was an invalid; for no suffering of his own caused him to forget the anxieties of others. Never did we hear him utter a complaint or murmur. His lips were ever full of thanksgiving, and praise was the constant occupation of his dying days as it had been of his long lifetime.

It is impossible to describe the change that came over the whole household as day by day his illness increased. All longed to be with him constantly, but while there was any hope that the precious life might be preserved, it was right that his room should be kept as quiet as possible. The door was left open; and those who sat in the drawing-room, listening sadly to the heavy breathing, felt the shadow of the gathering cloud darken their hearts. Yet even then we scarcely thought that in less than a week the whole heaven of our happy home would be 'black with clouds,' and its sun have set for ever.

He had frequently of late expressed his conviction that we were entering upon troublous times; and in one of his latest letters had dictated the following sentence:—'I am a Jeremiah about my Church and my country. The Church is on an inclined plane towards the precipice of Romish error, and there are some who seem to be patting her upon the back who are in reality pushing her downwards.' At another time, he said, 'Avoid all that symbolizes with Rome.' And then, with an expression of deep distress in his countenance, 'I pray for those who are within convent walls—those prisoners without crimes. The whole system is opposed to the revealed will of God.'

To Dr. Carpenter he said, 'Train up your children in

Bible knowledge, for a time of great trouble is at hand, and no other knowledge will enable them to stand in the day of trial and temptation.'

In the course of the afternoon he sent to his granddaughter, who had kept out of his room a good deal that day, as the doctors had requested that only three should be there at one time, saying, 'Surely I have not seen you since 1764!' Adding, 'My darling, how I have loved you!—and how I have prayed for you!'

On Saturday night he scarcely slept at all, but seemed enjoying a rapt communion with his Saviour, often saying, half aloud, as if answering one who had spoken to him, 'My Saviour—my dear Saviour. Yes, my Lord, my blessed Saviour.'

The days and nights had passed so strangely with him from the want of sleep and of his usual occupations, that on Sunday morning he awoke, for the first time probably for more than seventy years, without knowing that it was the Lord's Day. It was not till the afternoon that he said to a faithful and devoted nurse, who had come over from Beckenham, 'Is this really Sunday? What a thoughtless man I am! I never spent such a Sunday as this before!' adding, with a smile, 'You had better send me out of the world, that I may learn how to keep a Sabbath!' But seeing her eyes fill with tears, he said, 'There is the eternal Sabbath, you know, which we shall all spend together;' and continued, as if speaking to himself, 'The dear Archbishop wrote to me from his dying bed that we should meet soon "where Sabbaths never end."' In the morning he had dictated a beautiful and animated

letter to Mrs. Joseph Sturge, whose husband's life he was reading, concluding with the words : ' Oh ! blessed brother and sister, how happy they must be in a world where they can neither see, nor feel, nor hear anything contrary to true happiness. And not only so, but where they realize the certainty that the blessed system is becoming universal. " For He must reign until He shall have put down all rule, and all authority and power " opposed to truth, righteousness, and peace.'

By Sunday night his deafness had increased so much that he could not even hear a word. He continued patiently and gratefully to take the food and medicine offered him ; and though it was evidently with great effort that he swallowed it, he always had some playful and tender saying for those who brought it.

His grandson, Mackenzie Chalmers, walked from Beckenham in the afternoon, and received his fervent blessing ; and in the evening one of his grand-daughters, Katherine Wathen, arrived, with her husband, to take leave of him. He welcomed them with one of his bright, loving smiles, and blessed them.

He had a few hours' sleep on Sunday night, and we felt that it was given in answer to the prayers offered up for him, from far and near, that day ; for by this quiet sleep his sufferings were lessened. He awoke on Monday morning repeating the verse—

' Poor, guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
Into thine arms I fall ;
Thou art my strength, my righteousness,
My Jesus, and my all.'

When the doctor arrived he told us that he feared a few days only remained of that blessed life. Again was his absent daughter telegraphed for, and we began to count the hours till the time when we thought it possible she might arrive.

During the day he spoke but seldom, as his voice was very hoarse. But now and then he repeated a text or a verse of a hymn; and once remarked, 'I like that pretty saying,—

“ Give me a place at Thy saints' feet,
Or some fall'n angel's vacant seat.”

To his second daughter, who was standing by him, he said, 'My Matilda—my sister' (and then smiling at his child, he added, 'and *you* are *my Matilda* too) said, when she was dying, and her throat was closing,

“ My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.”

'*My* throat is closing now, and I say also,

“ My days of praise shall ne'er be past.”'

Several times in that day we believe that he was allowed to see one or more of the redeemed spirits, who would, we felt, be crowding down to the brink of the river to watch for and to welcome him; for he spoke more than once to our mother—the beloved of his early days—saying, 'Maria, darling;' and two or three times smiled, and waved his hand towards the foot of the bed, when none whom *our* eyes could see were standing there.

As he tenderly bade his son good-night, he gave him

the texts, ‘ I will bless thee, and thou shalt be a blessing,’ and ‘ Ye are my witnesses, saith the Lord of hosts.’

Dr. Carpenter came about ten o’clock, and after he had seen him, told us that this night would be a crisis in his illness, and a most anxious one. As he was unable to remain, we asked him to send Dr. Lanchester, one of his partners, who came at once, and whose attentions were a great comfort to the beloved one.

At twenty minutes to twelve he suddenly spoke, but in a voice so strange, *so distant*, that had we not known the words he was saying we could scarcely have understood them, and repeated the following hymn :—

‘ When all thy mercies, O my God !
 My rising soul surveys,
 Transported with the view, I ’m lost
 In wonder, love, and praise.
 Ten thousand, thousand precious gifts
 My daily thanks employ ;
 Nor is the least a thankful heart,
 That tastes these gifts with joy.
 Through every period of my life
 Thy goodness I ’ll proclaim ;
 And after death, in distant worlds,
 Resume the glorious theme.
 Through all eternity to Thee
 A joyful song I ’ll raise ;
 But, oh ! eternity ’s too short
 To utter all thy praise.’

Closing with the sentence, ‘ When I consider the works of God, in providence and in grace, they seem marvellous.’

His grand-daughter was waiting to write down any words that might fall from his lips, to be our treasures when we

should hear that voice no more—but no words came—the silence of death had begun already; he was gradually being withdrawn from all intercourse with earth, for he could no longer hear our voices, or speak to us.

About six o'clock on Tuesday morning he signed for a slate, and when Mr. O'Rorke handed it to him, he wrote the following words with trembling hand:—'Tell the clergy to preach Christ, to live Christ, to serve Christ, and they shall joy and praise in eternity.' He could not speak, but we could tell by the movement of his lips that he several times repeated the words 'MY SAVIOUR.' He also wrote two or three short sentences on the slate: 'Do not sorrow, you are kept, etc.,' for he had not strength to finish the text. From having had little or no sleep, he thought it was the middle of the day, while it was still early morning, and, with his usual thoughtfulness for others, wrote on the slate, 'Dr. Lanchester, luncheon.'

The evening drew on, and with every sound of wheels our hopes pictured his daughter's arrival, while we continued to pray (but it was *all* that we dared to ask *now*) that the Lord would leave him just long enough to see her, for we felt that for ourselves we could let him go that hour, rather than see him suffer, or detain him for our selfish pleasure from the sight of Him for whom his soul thirsted.

' A pilgrim for his new abode
 Is making preparation,
 Who long hath closely walk'd with God
 In joy and tribulation.
 Now faint and weary with his load,
 He pants to reach the blest abode
 For which he long hath striven :

His soul is thirsting, God, for Thee ;
O grant him, grant him soon to see
Thy glorious face in heaven.

Lord Jesus, through death's gloomy night
This pilgrim soon must wander ;
Light of the world, be Thou his light,
Uphold, and guide him yonder.
In life he walk'd with Thee ; in death
Do Thou receive his parting breath,
Sweet rest of weary mortals ;
Thou wast his help in life ; be Thou
His help and comforter e'en now,
Through heaven's eternal portals.'

At midnight the final change commenced ; and for only one more night the privilege was ours of watching beside and ministering to him who was our joy, our crown, our glory. His daughter printed in large letters to catch his failing sight, the words, ‘ A pillow for my heart's beloved.’ ‘ GOD IS LOVE.’ (He says), ‘ I have loved thee with an *everlasting* love.’

It had been for some time his custom, the last thing every night, to ask for a text from one of his daughters for special meditation, and this he used to call his ‘ pillow.’ Those were the last words on which his eyes rested, and as they rested there, a heavenly light shone in them.

We watched in silence through the night in the dimly lighted room, listening to the laboured breathing, and scarcely daring to think of what lay before us on the coming day.

Early in the morning he made a sign for his spectacles and put them on, himself, with a little help from Mrs. Marsh, and then looked round on us all with inexpressible

tenderness; he tried to write again, but his hand could scarcely guide the pencil. Suddenly the voice which we thought we should hear no more till the Resurrection morning, broke the silence, and in a tone of wonderful love he said the one word, 'Mary!' whilst his eyes, which were already growing dim in death, were for a moment bright with life and power.

One by one we all drew near and knelt to kiss his hand, and to receive its gentle pressure, as he raised his eyes in prayer, and thus we took our silent farewell. His wife, son, son-in-law, daughters, grand-daughters, his curates, and several dear friends, besides the devotedly attached servants of the household, and from Beckenham Rectory, each in turn, received that unspoken blessing. Then most of them withdrew to the end of the room, leaving his family around his bed. He looked tenderly towards Mrs. Marsh, and pointed upwards, when he saw her tears.

He signed for the window to be thrown wide open, and the sunshine came streaming in on his heavenly face. After the heavy rain in the night, everything was looking refreshed and lovely, and the clematis, then in blossom, which hung around the library window, was glittering in the sun, as it formed the frame through which he took his last look into the garden.

He lay tranquilly, surrounded by those who loved him best. Presently Dr. Lanchester felt his pulse for the last time, and afterwards he himself signed to his daughter Matilda to come near, and placed the thin wrist in her hand, with a smile of tenderest confidence, knowing that she would like to be the last to feel its faint and now

fast-failing beating. Then, with serene dignity, and almost a leisurely calm, he raised his hand, and closed his own eyes,—to spare us one pang, and to draw the curtain that would hide earth from his sight and leave him alone with his Saviour.

No sound of sorrow broke the stillness of that holy place. We had gone with him to the bank of the river, and there waited in silence for the arrival of the Shining Ones who were to carry him to the Celestial City.

The heart that had so overflowed with love still beat with tremulous motion; and the hand which clasped a hand of the daughter whose life's blessedness it had been never to be parted from him, closed firmly, as if he would have drawn her into the promised land at the same moment with himself, by the power of that 'love which is strong as death.'

Then as the church bells began to chime for the service, with a few gentle breathings his spirit passed away.

By the look of radiant joy, adoration, holy awe, and almost surprise, upon his face at the last, we felt that it was no angel guard alone that had come for him, but that his eyes had seen 'the King in His beauty;' that he had not only been made 'most blessed for ever,' but also 'exceeding glad with his Saviour's countenance.'

'Soft through the open casement
Stole in the summer air,
And faintly came the chiming
Of bells that called to prayer:

While on his couch reclining,
 That loved one rested now ;
 The gracious lips were silent,
 And chill the stately brow.

But on the face there deepen'd
 A look of tender awe ;
 As when the loved disciple
 His risen Master saw.¹

As when the untold glory—
 The unapproached light,—
 Veil'd from our mortal vision,
 Burst on the martyr's sight,

And in that hush of wonder,
 And love, and awe, and praise,
 Gently his spirit enter'd
 Upon eternal days.

Still was that vision's rapture
 Upon the face express,—
 Only the silence told us
 He was indeed at rest.

They say that Death has enter'd,
 And here his vigil keeps !
 But still we know the Master
 Has said his servant "*sleeps.*"

He comes Himself to wake him ;—
 Perchance the morn is near—
 So, though our home be darken'd,
 Say not that Death is here.²

BEDDINGTON RECTORY,
August 1864.

¹ John xxi. 7.

² By the author of *Grace and Remembrance.*

CHAPTER XIX.

'THE QUIET RESTING-PLACE.'

'AND needest thou our prayers no more, safe folded 'mid the bless'd?
How changed art thou since last we met to keep the day of rest!
Young with the youth of angels, wise with the growth of years;
For we have pass'd, since thou hast gone, a week of many tears.'

.
How wise, and great, and glorious, thy gentle soul has grown,
Loving as thou art loved by God, knowing as thou art known!
Yet in that world thou carest still for those thou lov'dst in this;
The rich man did in torments, and wilt not thou in bliss?

For sitting at the Saviour's feet, and gazing in His face,
Surely thou 'lt not unlearn one gentle human grace.
Human, and not angelic, the form He deigns to wear;
Of Jesus. not of angels, the likeness thou shalt bear.'

By the Author of 'The Three Wakings.'

‘ THE QUIET RESTING-PLACE.’

IN accordance with his own wish, he was buried in the church-yard at Beddington : where his grave was made, beside the porch, by the little path leading to the vestry.

The 2d of September was the burial day; and from far and near friends gathered to follow him, mourners in heart for the father in Christ who was that day to come to his grave ‘in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season.’ The precious body was laid in a plain coffin of polished oak, its only ornament a silver star, bearing the following inscription :—

‘ REV. WILLIAM MARSH, D.D., Rector of Beddington.

‘ Born July 20th, 1775; died August 24th, 1864.

“ All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come: Thou shalt call, and I will answer; Thou wilt have a desire to the work of Thy hands:” “ For the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the Archangel, with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first.”

“ Wherefore comfort one another with these words.”’

The coffin was placed in the library until the hour came for its removal to the grave. In the interval of waiting, the executors opened a small packet of papers addressed to themselves, and thus found the following parting blessing; which came like a voice from heaven to comfort his heart-stricken children and grandchildren :—

‘ DARLING KATIE AND ALL MY CHILDREN,—Let not my departure over-grieve you. You will consider how long my life has been spared. But, above all, look forward to the happy meeting which the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ will grant; and I know you will like to serve Him by the way.

‘I thank you all for your most dutiful and affectionate, yea, most loving conduct. Never was a man so blessed with such children.

‘I have often thanked God for my children, and those to whom four of them have been married; and since, those to whom my grandchildren have been married. They have all been most dutiful and affectionate. May the Lord “who has fed me all my life long”—the angel (or messenger of the covenant of grace, our blessed Redeemer) “who has redeemed me from all evil,” bless them all, and my great-grandchildren. May they live in faith, and hope, and love. It is the happiest life in this world, and prepares for perfect happiness in the world to come.

‘I pray God to bless my kind executors, and all my friends, especially the dear people among whom I have ministered.

‘I have been spared to see my children’s children. Oh that they might see “peace upon Israel,” and all finally meet in the land of light, and love, and joy, to the praise of God and the Lamb for ever!

‘I wish my executors to place all my papers, and manuscripts, and letters, etc., in the hands of my daughter Catherine, for any use she may wish to make of them. (Signed) W. MARSH.’

At length the hour came; to no stranger hands was the privilege granted of rendering the last act of respect, but ‘devout men’ from amongst the recent converts at Beddington, and some from an earlier work of the grace of God at Beckenham, were waiting with reverent tenderness to ‘carry him to his burial.’

After a brief prayer by Mr. Chalmers in the library, the mournful procession was ready to depart. Many of the number, but a few weeks before, on his birthday, had rejoiced with them that did rejoice, as they saw him come forth from that very room, radiant with life and beauty; and now they stood as mourners in the hall, weeping with them that wept, as from the same door was carried forth the silent form of the dead.

Followed by his wife, his son, his daughters, and his grandchildren; by relations and friends, near and distant; by grey-haired brethren in the ministry, veterans in Christ’s service; by laymen whose hands he had upheld with his counsel, his sympathy, and his prayers; by young officers whose faith he had

strengthened to withstand the snares which surrounded them; by his old churchwarden from Colchester, and sons of friends who had died in the Lord there; by members of his old congregations in Leamington and Birmingham; by some of the Society of Friends; by a large company who loved him from Beckenham and Bromley; by many of the clergy from the neighbourhood; by numbers of his parishioners; by faithful and sorrowing servants from both rectories; by mourners old and young, rich and poor, the friends of years and the friends of weeks—the body was borne to the grave.

The road from the rectory was lined with people, who filled the churchyard when the procession had passed into the church; and by their solemn stillness showed their deep sympathy.

Mr. O'Rorke and Mr. Gordon, who sorrowed as sons for a father, met the funeral at the gate. In the pause, whilst the long train quietly took their places in the church,—to soft, low music, his favourite hymn was sung,—

'There is a land of pure delight.'

Profound silence reigned in the church during the reading of the service. The last declaration of faith had been made, the threefold blessing pronounced; and whilst the mourners were still standing around the open grave, and hundreds lingering sorrowfully, unwilling to leave the place where he was laid, words of comfort were spoken¹ on the Voices which bear their testimony at the beginning of the burial service.

The voice from heaven—

'I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die.'

The voice from the dead—

'I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God; whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another.'

The voice of the bereaved—

'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.'

¹ By the Rev. Edward Hoare, of Tunbridge Wells.

All day the rain had fallen heavily until just before the funeral left the rectory. But now, as the preacher's voice ceased, the setting sun broke forth from behind a bank of gloomy clouds, and poured such a flood of golden light over all the scene, that it seemed as if heaven's gate had been thrown open to let its glory stream a while upon earth. At the same moment a white dove was seen slowly descending towards the grave, over which it poised with outspread wings, and after resting there awhile, soared out of sight towards heaven :—meet emblem for him whose peaceful and loving spirit had passed into the skies.

As many had come from a distance, and wished to remain until late in the evening, refreshment was provided for them in the school-room; and afterwards a meeting was held there, by the curates, for prayer for the parish which had suffered so great a loss, for the bereaved family, and especially for the daughter whose absence from her father's death-bed added such poignancy to her share of the sorrow so deep for all.

It was whilst these prayers were being made for her, that she entered the desolated home. No tidings of his illness had reached her until five days after his death. Although hopeless then of looking upon the beloved face once more, she had travelled day and night to be in time to follow him to the grave. On her account the funeral had not taken place until after the arrival of the express train from Folkestone; but then all expectation of her return that day was at an end.

Watch was kept by the grave that night, for it was left open that she might see his quiet resting-place.

‘ Another chamber yet,
Its curtain is of grass, and closely drawn ;
But the pale pilgrim, in its portal set,
Looketh toward the dawn.

Ofttimes red roses lie
On the green curtain of that chamber low,
And blossoms like the deep-blue summer sky,
Or like the winter snow.

Now lay the pilgrim down—
Set thou his feet, and face, and closed eyes,
Where they may meet the golden-raying crown
Of Christ's own great sunrise.

So let him rest.

Unheard all sound of mourning—let thy weeping cease :

Translate the grave into a gentler word—

Call it the chamber Peace !¹

On Sunday, the 4th of September, funeral sermons² were preached in Beddington Church by the Rev. John Venn (who, with great kindness, came from Hereford, at considerable inconvenience), and the Revs. Henry Elliott³ and Charles Goodhart, who had each for many years known, loved, and honoured the aged saint, to whose holy living and dying they now bore their testimony.

To these was added another public tribute, when, on the following Sunday evening, the school-room was filled with sorrowing parishioners to hear an address given by his dear friend, Colonel Rowlandson, on the farewell words of St. Paul (2 Tim. iv. 1-8), as illustrated in the life and death of their aged pastor ; by his following Christ, renouncing all righteousness of his own ; his personal and heart-felt reliance upon the atoning blood and righteousness of the Lord Jesus ; his liberty of access to the throne of grace ; his abiding joy in God, which was the source

¹ 'The pilgrim they laid in a chamber whose window opened toward the sun rising ; the name of the chamber was Peace, where he slept till break of day.'—*Pilgrim's Progress*.

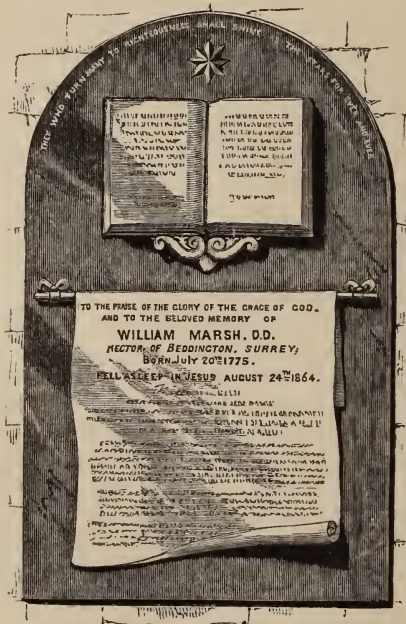
² Published in a small volume, entitled, *Memorial Sermons on the occasion of the Death of the Rev. William Marsh, D.D.*

³ The Rev. Henry Venn Elliott, incumbent of St. Mary's, Brighton, where he faithfully exercised his varied and eminent gifts in the work of the Lord for thirty-eight years. Though he had laboured for so long a period, with unceasing devotedness, in that glorious service, he was full of life and energy, as was shown by his coming from Brighton to attend the funeral on Friday, returning in the evening to prepare his sermon, and coming again on Saturday night to be ready for his Sunday's work. A twofold act of kindness, which can never be forgotten by those whose hearts experienced the comfort of his considerate and self-forgetting sympathy, and the help of his holy conversation and prayers, together with those of the two other valued and mutual friends.

Mr. Elliott preached in his own church on New Year's Day, 1865, from the text, '*Occupy till I come ;*' but before the first month of that year had closed, he had heard the blissful words, '*The Master is come, and calleth for thee.*'

and secret of his abiding victory over the world and sin; his reflection of the Saviour's image before his fellow-men, caused by the indwelling of the Holy Ghost; his constant recourse to the Wonderful Counsellor; hence his calmness, making the language of complaint a thing unknown to his lips; his love to all who belonged to the Lord Jesus, and his zeal for God; his chief delight and study in four books, within the reach of all: the book of God's creation; the book of God's providence; the book of the human heart; the Word of the Living God; his love for and earnest expectation of the appearing of the Lord Jesus Christ.

And lastly, his creed and motto through life were, 'Jesus only,' and 'My fresh springs are in Thee.'



"THEY WHO TURN MANY TO RIGHTEOUSNESS SHALL SHINE
AS THE STARS FOR EVER AND EVER."

"BUT THESE ARE WRITTEN, THAT YE MIGHT BELIEVE THAT
JESUS IS THE CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD; AND THAT BELIEVING,
YE MIGHT HAVE LIFE THROUGH HIS NAME."—JOHN XX. 31.

"THESE THINGS HAVE I WRITTEN UNTO YOU THAT BELIEVE
ON THE NAME OF THE SON OF GOD; THAT YE MAY KNOW THAT
YE HAVE ETERNAL LIFE, AND THAT YE MAY BELIEVE ON THE
NAME OF THE SON OF GOD."—1 JOHN V. 13.

TO THE PRAISE OF THE GLORY OF THE GRACE OF GOD,
AND TO THE BELOVED MEMORY OF

WILLIAM MARSH, D.D.

RECTOR OF BEDDINGTON, SURREY;

BORN JULY 20TH 1775,

FELL ASLEEP IN JESUS, AUGUST 24TH 1864.

FOR SIXTY-FOUR YEARS

HE WAS "A GOOD MINISTER OF JESUS CHRIST,
NOURISHED UP IN THE WORDS OF FAITH AND OF GOOD DOCTRINE,"

"AN EXAMPLE OF THE BELIEVERS IN WORD, IN CONVERSATION,
IN CHARITY, IN SPIRIT, IN FAITH, IN PURITY."

IN HIS BIBLE THESE WORDS WERE FOUND WRITTEN—

*AT THE CLOSE OF MY MINISTRY, MAY MY SPIRIT BE THAT
OF THE PUBLICAN, "GOD BE MERCIFUL TO ME A SINNER:" MY
PRAYER THAT OF STEPHEN, "LORD JESUS RECEIVE MY SPIRIT:"
MY FAITH THAT OF DAVID, "INTO THY HANDS I COMMEND MY
SPIRIT; THOU HAST REDEEMED ME, O LORD GOD OF TRUTH."*

NOT VERY LONG BEFORE HIS DEATH, HE WAS HEARD SAYING,
"BLESSED SAVIOUR! WASHED IN THY BLOOD, CLOTHED WITH
THY RIGHTEOUSNESS, PREPARED BY THY SPIRIT, EMPLOYED
IN THY SERVICE, RECEIVED INTO THY KINGDOM;
PRAISE, PRAISE, TO THEE!"

*"THE SAME MAN WAS JUST AND DEVOUT, WAITING
FOR THE CONSOLATION OF ISRAEL; AND THE
HOLY GHOST WAS UPON HIM."*

FAREWELL, my Father, until 'the trumpet shall sound
and the dead shall be raised.'

'Sacred and sainted now to us is thy familiar name :
High is thy sphere above us now, and yet in this the same ;
Together do we watch and wait for that long-promised day,
When the Voice that rends the tombs shall call, 'Arise, and
 come away,
My Bride and my Redeemed, winter and night are past,
And the time of singing and of light has come to thee at last ;
When the Family is gathered, and the Father's House complete,
And we and thou, beloved, in our Saviour's smile shall meet.'





Princeton Theological Seminary-Speer Library



1 1012 01036 3200